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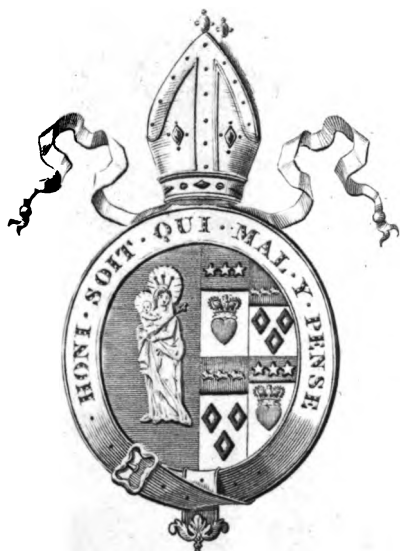
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***SERIES THE THIRD.***

**VOL. XI.**

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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

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ART. I.—*An Enquiry into the Principles of Civil and Military Subordination, by John Macdiarmid, Esq. Sup.*  
10s. 6d. Baldwins, 1806.

POLITICAL discussion is favourable to the best interests of mankind. It tends to give the governors and the governed a clearer insight into their respective duties. It teaches the necessity of justice and humanity to the one, and of patience and obedience to the other. Even inquiries into the abstract principles of government, are of great practical importance. They shew that those principles are founded in the nature of man, and the constitution of things, and that there is a necessity for civil government, which nothing can supersede. The crude theories of government, which preceded the French revolution, and which have accompanied its progress, displayed a gross ignorance of the nature of man, and the circumstances in which he is placed; and of the political institutions which were best adapted to that nature, and those circumstances. They tended to abolish that degree of restraint which is necessary to the social and the moral well-being of man, and to engender a state of anarchy and confusion. In Mr. Macdiarmid's Enquiry into the Principles of civil and military Subordination, we discern the marks of a penetrating, judicious, and reflecting mind; not dazzled by any political theory, nor bewildered by any Utopian speculations, but searching deep into those natural and moral causes, in which must ultimately be sought the real origin, and on which alone, when properly understood, and practically applied, can be erected the solid structure of political society.

Many years have not elapsed since equality was the universal cry; but few understood the meaning of the term, or applied to it any notions consistent with the existence of practical government; the majority, deluded with the sha-

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dow of a dream, used it to denominate an imaginary system, which it was physically and morally impossible ever to realize. The equality which these political visionaries desired, would have gone to the length of abolishing all subordination, all distinction of rank and circumstances. These persons did not consider that there is a natural as well as an artificial inequality, an inequality which is immutably fixed in the order of the world, and which consequently must exist in every form and under all the possible modifications of political society. The institutions of man cannot alter the appointments of God. No political institutions can prevent the almost infinite variations in the mental and corporeal faculties, in the powers and circumstances of individuals. In any particular country it is hardly possible to find any two individuals who are perfectly alike in any one faculty or habit, in any mental or corporeal endowment, in any advantage of circumstances or situation; and if two such individuals could be found, between whom there was such a perfect equality this moment, it could hardly be expected to continue to the next: for the least degree of exertion either greater or less, or the most trivial accident might produce a difference. When we come to investigate the popular desire of equality, or decompose it into its primary constituents, we find it made up of ambition and rapacity. It is not a desire to fall, but to rise in the scale of distinction, of opulence and power. All men would willingly be equal to those above them in these respects; but who is solicitous to descend to the level of his inferiors? Who is emulous of this equality? The liberty and equality which were lately the watchwords of democratic rage, and which were so well fitted to dazzle and deceive the ignorant and credulous multitude, were intended to convey the idea of an exemption from those restraints, and of an abolition of those differences among men, which are rendered necessary by the constitution of things, and are essential to the well-being of society. Nature has established a difference of ranks, which it is the duty and the interest of man to imitate in the artificial combinations of political existence. The only state of equality which it is possible to create and render permanent under those political institutions, which should be contrived by the most consummate wisdom and the purest benevolence, is that which would secure to every individual an equal protection from injustice and oppression.

Those differences of ranks, and multiform inequalities of mankind, which the Author of nature has established, are such, that there is no one individual, however high he may

be elevated in the scale of natural or political aggrandizement, who is, in all the various points of comparison, superior to the rest; and there is no one so low in the scale of subordination, who may not form some advantageous comparisons in his own favour, even when viewed in conjunction with the highest individual in the state. There are some points, whether physical or moral, whether of mental or corporeal habitude or excellence, in which he who is placed in the lowest line of subordination, is superior to him who seems resplendent and unrivalled in the highest. Nature seems to proceed on a principle of compensation; and by the comprehensiveness of its plans, and the wisdom of its arrangements, it knows how to harmonize the most discordant differences, and equalize the greatest inequalities. It well becomes man in the forms and combinations of political institutions, to copy as far as possible this *admirable* method of wisdom infinite, and benevolence divine. If there be no one individual, however high he may be placed in the scale of natural or artificial rank, who is superior to another in all the possible points of comparison; but if on the contrary, there may be many points of consideration, in which those in the highest, are inferior to those in the lowest ranks of life, the terms 'superior' and 'inferior' may be interchanged more often than is commonly imagined; and hence even the most indigent and distressed are furnished with reasons of no small weight for acquiescence and contentment. The terms 'rich' and 'poor,' which constitute two ranks, between which there appears so great a difference, are far from being synonymous with the terms 'happy' and 'miserable.' For, if by the 'poor,' we mean those who must procure their daily subsistence by their daily toil, and by the 'rich,' those who can live at their ease without any such necessity, we shall find that there are many points of comparison in which the poor are superior to the rich.

In the dextrous use of various corporeal faculties, which constitute one of the species of natural rank, and the possession of which gives a degree of controul over some of the means of gratification, which those who do not possess, cannot have, the richest capitalist will sink in the comparison with the peasant and the artisan. And even the constancy of exertion, to which such persons are forced by the necessities of their situation, is, in some measure, a constancy of gratification; for, independent of the hope of recompense, one of the pleasurable feelings with which it is attended, there is something in every species of exertion, when abstracted from the pains of excessive toil, which has a physical tendency, agreeably to quicken the motions of the spirits and the blood. Thus the active labourer is

exempted from the experience of that nervous depression and corporeal debility, to which the rich and passive voluptuary is so often exposed. Mr. Macdiarmid makes, indeed, what we think a strange assertion, neither warranted by reason nor experience, that 'all exertions of our powers are attended with uneasy sensations; and, while they continue, while they are begun and not yet ended, they are accompanied with a greater or less diminution of our happiness, in proportion as they are more or less violent or intense.' (p. 151.) All exertion may be divided into mental or corporeal. Now we think that all trains of mental or corporeal exertion, as long as they are kept on this side of the line of fatigue where pain begins, are in themselves, and independent of all associated considerations, physically pleasurable. To say the contrary is in fact to make happiness consist in sloth, or the opposite to exertion and to industry. Reflection is one of the species of mental exertion; but the organization of his brain must be very different from the common, to whom this operation of the mind is not pleasurable, even during the continuance. Reflection, 'while it is begun and not yet ended,' is so far from being, according to the hypothesis of Mr. Macdiarmid, 'accompanied with a greater or less diminution of our happiness,' that it is on the contrary almost uniformly attended with a greater or less degree of pleasurable sensation. To us, happiness like virtue appears to reside not so much in action as in activity. Activity of body or of mind is the soul of happiness. It is the antidote to misery and care; and it produces bliss not only after the cessation, when the fruit of exertion is obtained; but during the continuance, when the mind or the body is really engaged in the acquisition. During the higher and more intense exertions of the mind, one of our greatest physiologists (Darwin) conjectured that a fluid, as fine as the electric aura, was generated in the brain and diffused over the nerves. But whether this be true or not, the experience of every reflecting individual will prove that pleasure accompanies the process of reflection. Mr. Macdiarmid, in a note on this subject at the conclusion of the volume, says that pleasure is consequent on the success of our exertions; but that it does not accompany actual exertion; and he employs a considerable share of logical subtlety to prove his assertion, which, however, we think that only a little common sense is wanting to dissipate into air. That the agreeable sensations which are produced by exertion do not depend, as Mr. Macdiarmid seems to suppose, on its successful termination, but accompany the exertion itself, is clear from this, that we often derive pleasure from exertions which do not terminate successfully; as for instance, from a walk



to see a friend whom we find absent from home ; from various mental and corporeal exertions, as from an attempt to make a piece of machinery, which we cannot successfully execute; or to write a poem or other literary performance, which we abandon before we have brought to a conclusion. In these cases the action of the corporeal or mental organs produces pleasure, independent of the successful execution. The truth appears to be that all exertion, whether mental or corporeal, when not carried to excess, is physically agreeable. And indeed by this wise arrangement Providence seems to have produced in some degree an equilibrium of happiness between those situations in which, from the great disparity of circumstances, it seems impossible that there should be any thing like an approximation to equality of bliss. The peasant who is obliged to toil for the bread which he eats, probably derives from those very exertions, which are imposed by the necessities of his situation, a degree of pleasurable sensation equal to that which is felt by those who can command many kinds of sensual gratification without any personal exertion. But while, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Macdiarmid, we think that a certain degree of pleasurable sensation accompanies exertion, we agree with him that pleasure is consequent on the successful termination. Thus by the beneficent appointments of Providence, a double recompense is assigned to industrious exertion; the recompense of pleasure, which accompanies the continuance, and which follows the conclusion. Labour besides leaves behind it a pre-disposing fitness for other gratifications, which are denied to indolence and inaction. It gives a zest to ease and repose, which labour only can procure. It makes the coarsest fare relish as well as the most costly viands; and the sleep of the labouring man on his pallet of straw or his bed of turf, is more sweet than that of the monarch on his couch of eider-down. If, abstracting our thoughts from sentient and contemplative man, we turn our attention to those animals who, by being debarred from the reflex operations of mind, are not susceptible of the pleasures of reflection, we shall find that exertion itself, independent of the successful termination, is to them an abundant source of pleasurable sensation. The horse and the hound give no uncertain indications of the pleasure which they experience in the chase. Consider the playful motions of the calf, the colt, the kitten, or the lamb. What exquisite gratification do the feathered songsters seem to derive from the exertion of their vocal organs? Indeed, the goodness which has given to the diversified orders of sentient existence so many powers of exertion, is palpably evinced in having connected pleasure with the exertion of those powers.

Mr. Macdarmid has ably proved that political society can never assume such an appearance, or political institutions be so modified, as to abolish the distinction of ranks, or to annihilate that regular chain of subordination which connects the scattered interests of society. No two individuals are ever likely to be equal in every respect. Some will be more powerful, more wise, more rich than others. In mental operations there will be a difference from natural capacity, habit, culture, &c. &c. which will cause in individuals almost endless variations in the facility of the execution and the perfection of the work. The use or disuse of the corporeal powers, the different periods of life, the different states of body, the variations of the atmosphere, and a thousand accidental and fortuitous circumstances, will occasion infinite difference in the corporeal operations of individuals. In short the different powers of body and of mind, as far as they give controul over the means of gratification, can hardly be the same in any two individuals, much less can they be thoroughly equalized through the great mass of society.

Among the causes which give one individual a superiority to another, which increase their command over the means of gratification, and raise them in the scale of natural subordination, may be reckoned influence, in proportion to the possession of which we are able to operate on the will and affections of our fellow creatures. This influence may be dependant on the opinion of power, of talent, or of virtue. This opinion of power, whether it be real or imaginary, is one principal cause of that homage which is paid to those who are called great. The practice of a physician is increased by the opinion which is entertained of his skill; and a person in distress possesses that influence which causes others to administer relief, in the opinion which is entertained of his integrity and worth. Even helpless infancy ranks high in the scale of influence from the hold which it has on the affections. Influence is often continued by habit, when the opinion which first produced it, has ceased to operate.

Though the difference of ranks, which nature has established between men, is no less real than that which has been determined by political institutions, yet the former could not be so easily ascertained. Thus though a difference of mental or moral qualifications constitutes a real difference of rank, yet, from ignorance of the subject, we should often find it difficult to determine in respect to these qualifications, what degree of rank belongs to any particular individuals. The gradations of superiority, which we may be inclined to fix on these occasions, must often be fallacious and imaginary.

The degree of excellence, to which any individual has attained in any of the qualifications of mind or heart, cannot readily be calculated, or accurately be known, even where no prejudice or affection interferes to perplex the reckoning or mislead the judgment. Hence we more clearly see the necessity and the advantage of those political contrivances which fix the distinction of rank by a line too palpable to be mistaken, and introduce order and harmony into the otherwise confused and discordant mass of society. The comparative dignity and relative superiority of particular ranks would not be more easy to determine without the artificial aid of political contrivance. Whether the preference be due to manual dexterity, to mental ingenuity, or moral worth, might be contested by the different competitors. Thus those artificial lines, which political society draws, to determine the difference of ranks and their relative superiority or importance, though they may not accord with the immutable discriminations of abstract truth, are nevertheless highly conducive to public utility and peace. Though those distinctions of rank, which political society engenders and appoints, are different from those which nature sanctions and avows; though the natural preference which is due to mental or moral qualifications be often superseded by inferior considerations, and the artificial demarcations of political convenience, yet mental and moral qualities will usually find their level even amid the rugged inequalities of political society. And though political pre-eminence be not always associated with mental or moral superiority, yet mental or moral excellence will attract the tribute of admiration and regard even in the lowest stations; while the highest political rank, without the accompaniment of mental or moral worth, will excite nothing but contempt. Thus the artificial distinctions of political do not obliterate those of natural rank. They rather serve to show the native dignity of intellect and the loveliness of virtue.

Those ranks, which constitute the basis of natural subordination, are not arbitrary or optional things. They are indissolubly permanent, though the individuals who occupy them, are mutable and perishing. Perspicuity, memory, judgment, imagination, prudence, temperance, charity, and other resplendant qualities of mind and heart, are ranks which are perpetually fixed in the scale of mental and moral consideration; but they are filled not only by a succession of individuals, but the same individual is seldom long stationary at any given point of the same rank. He is either progressive or retrograde. If he do not advance beyond his present pitch of intellectual or moral culture, he seldom fails to sink below it.



In Part II. of this work, are considered the effects of natural subordination on the happiness of society. Here the author enters on an inquiry into the nature of happiness with its concomitant accessories and its constituent parts; and, as the happiness of a society however large can consist only of the happiness of all the individuals who compose it, the same ingredients which compose the happiness of an individual must in fact constitute the happiness of a society. We confess that we have not perused this part of Mr. Macdiarmid's work either with much instruction or delight. What he has said on the subject of happiness will neither advance our knowledge, nor facilitate the acquisition. He says that our happiness is in proportion to our command over the means of gratification. This is in fact only to assert that our happiness is greater or less in proportion as we are more or less happy. But what do we learn from this? The nature and the constituents of happiness remain as indeterminate and unknown after this luminous exposition as they were before. Happiness certainly supposes the presence of pleasure, the absence of pain, and a facility in procuring those objects of desire, which may reasonably be sought, or which are compatible with the circumstances of the individual. Mr. Macdiarmid says that 'the happiness of an individual, as far as it is connected with the presence of any desire, is greater or less in proportion as his command over the means of gratification is greater or less.' p. 149. This is only to assert that the happiness of an individual, as far as it is connected with any desire, is greater or less in proportion as he can gratify that desire with greater or less facility; or in proportion as he possesses the means of making that desire conducive to his happiness. This is to say something and to teach nothing; to employ a barren periphrasis of words without conveying any information. This may be called the age of words; but in most writers, while we meet with a forest of words, we have to lament a dearth of sense. The branches luxuriate in foliage, but they are not hung with fruit. This is indeed sometimes the case even with our author; but still his pages are in general far from being destitute of ideas. There are many occasions in which his sentences teem with ideas, without being obscured by any cumbrous superfluity of words.—Mr. Macdiarmid, after having told us that happiness, as far as it is connected with desire, is in proportion to the facility with which we can make it conducive to our happiness, adds, 'that our happiness is every moment interrupted more or less by some desire, some demand for new gratification which springs up in our breasts.' If this be the case, the life of man would not contain one solitary interval of calm enjoyment, or of

blissful satisfaction unruffled by desire. But is this the fact? Does not on the contrary every individual experience longer or shorter intervals of bliss which no inquiet desire intrudes to interrupt? So far is it from being true that happiness is every moment interrupted more or less by some desire, that it is probable there is no one individual who has not experienced considerable intervals of pleasurable tranquillity unruffled by the presence of any turbulent desire. Mr. Macdiarmid proceeds to tell us 'that the presence of this demand or desire is always attended by uneasy sensations, by a diminution of happiness.' And as he had before informed us that 'our happiness is every moment interrupted more or less by some desire,' he need not, we think, have taken the trouble to communicate the additional information that this desire is attended by a diminution of our happiness. For, if we be subject to the perpetual intrusion of desires which are perpetually at variance with happiness, it seems quite superfluous to tell us that such desires diminish our happiness. For how could they be otherwise? In a philosophical treatise like that of Mr. Macdiarmid, we cannot too strongly reprobate useless repetitions and continual tautologies, which only obscure the reasoning and perplex the argument.

It is one of the opinions of this writer that desire is always attended with uneasy sensations or a diminution of happiness; and as he tells us that we are subject *every moment* to new successions of desire, the days of man must present nothing but a sad perpetuity of woe. But it appears to us not only that many instants, which will be found to amount in the aggregate to a considerable portion of human life, are not disturbed by any impetuous motions of desire, but that the sensation of desire itself is not, till it becomes excessive, opposite to happiness. When by desire is meant a painful sense of privation or an importunate craving, there is no need to say that it must be attended with a diminution of happiness; but desire must either have continued some time without its appropriate gratification, or be very violent in kind or in degree, before it is accompanied with the feeling of pain. For even those desires which, when they have remained long without their proper gratification, are the most impatient of restraint, are in their nascent state imbued with a feeling of pleasure rather than of pain. Hunger itself, till it becomes intense, is not a disagreeable sensation, for do we not hear men continually exclaim with satisfaction, that they have a good appetite? Now can there be a good appetite without a desire of food? The truth is, that all desires affect not only the body but the mind; and, where they

are not associated with the probability of frustration, or with great difficulty of obtaining their appropriate gratification, they seem to be always combined with the pleasurable anticipations of fruition. And as we are more subject to presumption than to doubt, and to hope than to distrust, the sensation of desire will usually be found to run parallel with that of hope, in which there is always a certain secret foretaste of the appropriate gratification. Some desires are physically agreeable, as they are the associates of health and strength. Thus the sexual desire, when it does not reach to a certain degree of violence and intensity, is accompanied with more of pleasure than of pain. As it is desire which causes exertion, and as Mr. Macdiarmid has told us that all exertion is attended with uneasy sensations or a diminution of happiness, desire must be considered as a source of aggravated woe. But we have already shown that exertion, when not carried to excess, is physically agreeable, and consequently the pains of desire, when desire is painful, must often be counteracted by the pleasures of exertion.

Mr. Macdiarmid thinks that the happiness of an individual increases in proportion as he advances from a lower rank to a higher. To this we assent as far as the advance is confined to the scale of mental and moral consideration. For we can hardly suppose an advance in intellectual and moral culture, or an increase of knowledge and of virtue, to be unattended with a proportionate increase of that interior satisfaction, in which the essence of true happiness resides. But we are far from thinking that happiness increases in proportion as we ascend from one high rank of honour or of opulence to a higher; for we believe that common experience will prove the contrary to be the fact; and that men usually recede from genuine happiness in the same degree that they ascend the ladder of ambition, or accumulate the treasures of avarice. We know of no happiness, in which there is any capacity of perpetual increase or of permanent continuance, distinct from that inward serenity of delight which is the boon of virtue. We dissent from many things which Mr. Macdiarmid has said on the nature of happiness, but we do it without any bitterness of censure or any feeling of disrespect. Mr. Macdiarmid is ingenious where he is not profound; and even where he does not think justly, he expresses himself without obscurity. Where we may not recommend him for depth of reflection, we willingly concede to him the praise of perspicuity.

It is truly remarked that variety of pursuit is not favourable to excellence. Excellence indeed or transcendent supe-

riority in any particular branch of art or science seems to require the concentrated application of all the powers to one particular pursuit. Hence the subdivision of labour, which is produced by the increase of civilization and the accumulation of capital, is favourable to mechanic excellence. If all the numerous component parts of a watch were made by one artisan, it is not probable that they would be manufactured with so much nicety and skill, as when the manufacture of each particular part is the province of a particular individual who makes it the object of his exclusive attention, and the whole is put together by some other person, who has no share in the fabrication of the materials, but who understands the relation of the parts and the combined action of the whole. The subdivision of labour promotes the multiplication of ranks, and lengthens the scale of subordination. But it thus, at the same time, increases the impediments to a state of anarchy and confusion. It augments the order and harmony, and contributes to the happiness of society. Where labour is more subdivided, the exchange of industry between individuals must be enlarged, commerce augmented, and the social circle expanded to wider dimensions. Nor can this take place without a considerable addition to the sum of the general prosperity and happiness. For the more the commerce between individuals is facilitated, the more the social sympathies will be multiplied and refined. The manners of the people will receive a softer tone; and a purifying ferment will be infused into the mass of the people.

Happiness is increased by the improvement of the arts and sciences, as they multiply the objects of attention, the materials of industry, and the sources of amusement; while they tend to moderate or subdue the grosser propensities of the human animal. Art is the practical operation of science. Science is, properly speaking, the knowledge of the causes from which effects result; and by the aid of which they may be produced. True science investigates second causes, which art employs for the use of man. Thus science and art, which master the powers or imitate the effects of nature, give new forms and combinations to the products of the material world, and greatly enlarge the means of human gratification.

The faculties both of the body and the mind are subject to certain laws, and can be improved only within certain limitations. One generation cannot transmit its practical dexterity to another. The artist may bequeath his property to his successor; it is not the same with his personal skill. This is to be acquired only by personal exer-

tion. But though the mechanic excellence which is possessed by one generation, cannot be left as an inheritance to the succeeding, yet knowledge is in some measure capable of transmission; new and better methods may be discovered, and mental and corporeal improvement may be abbreviated both in the time and in the toil.

Influence, which is not a gross or material substance, may be communicated without any diminution being experienced by the possessor; but wealth cannot be imparted without a sensible reduction of the quantity. Nor can wealth be considerably increased without an increase being made in the wealth of many other individuals. For large capitals are not obtained by individual exertion, but by putting a large stock of industry in motion. But to stimulate the industry is in fact to increase the subsistence and the wealth of individuals. Thus large capitals, against which such a senseless outcry has sometimes been raised, have a beneficent operation. But when wealth is bequeathed to children in so large a mass as to render exertion superfluous, it diminishes the chances of happiness, and multiplies the temptations to idleness and vice. On this account a numerous aristocracy, which supposes a mass of individuals both indisposed to exertion and exempted from the necessity of it, must be regarded as the bane of states.

Even the benevolent affections, the object of which is the communication of happiness, are indifferent to the happiness of all but those to whom they are immediately directed, and as they do not act instinctively right, they may from want of knowledge injure the object of their operations. Brutes choose instinctively what is good, but men may prefer poison by mistake. Of self-love, the object is not injury, but the immediate gratification of the individual. If this can be increased by doing good, selfishness will apparently take the direction of benevolence; but if increased by doing injury, selfishness will seem actuated by the spirit of malevolence. In the first case it will prompt to good, in the other to evil. But when selfishness takes the latter direction, it must proceed from a mistaken notion of interest; for, if we could see the present and the remote consequences of actions, duty and interest would always be found the same. The highest gratification of selfishness would be found to centre in the operations of benevolence. The diminution of others' happiness, can never, if rightly considered, be an augmentation of our own.

Our author seems disposed to multiply the number of human instincts, and he calls some things by that name to

which it has not been usually affixed. Thus he terms conscience an instinctive desire of duty. Instinct appears to be a bent or direction given by nature to the sensations, desires and operations, which, as it is not the effect of instruction or of imitation, is uniformly the same in all the individuals of the species to which it is communicated. Thus we see the force of instinct in the birds and beasts, in the choice of their food, the structure of their habitations, &c. Thus in similar situations, birds of the same species will construct their nests of the same materials, and give them precisely the same form. But if conscience be an instinct, it must be allowed to want the essential characteristic of other instincts—uniformity of operation in all the individuals of the species of beings to which it is attached; for it will incite different individuals to the most opposite modes of conduct. In some it will prompt to cruelty and oppression, to the most atrocious violations of justice and humanity. But if conscience were an instinctive desire of duty, there would be an undeviating uniformity in its operations. It would not impel to vice in one instance and to virtue in another; but to virtue in all. Conscience appears to be a reflex action of the mind on the conduct of the individual. Conscience therefore will be more or less just in its decisions, in proportion as the mind is more or less enlightened. Its determinations must be affected by the disparity of knowledge. A sense of duty is not innate, but acquired; and hence it must vary with the education, knowledge and circumstances of the individual. But there does seem to be implanted in every individual, a pre-disposing tendency to sit in judgment on his own conduct, to make his own actions the subject of reflection; and hence he cannot help, according to the notions of duty which he has acquired, secretly to approve some, and to disapprove others; and as self approbation is a pleasureable feeling, those actions which are agreeable to the internal rule of rectitude, produce inward serenity and satisfaction, and the contrary, trouble and inquietude. This is more particularly the case when the acquired sense of duty is strengthened by religious impressions, by the belief of an all-observing God, and of future retribution.

In sections vii, viii, ix, we meet with some good observations on resentment, of which Mr. Macdiarmid has stated the beneficial and the pernicious tendencies and effects with philosophical discrimination. The feeling of resentment, which, on particular occasions, we can no more prevent than we can the feeling of hunger or of thirst, was designed by nature as a protection against injury, and the feeling itself

on the experience of injury, as it is unavoidable, must be innocent where the continuance is not cherished by malevolent reflection. And though the feeling of resentment may be thought adverse to the principle of benevolence, yet, as from the constitution of our nature the feeling of resentment is excited by injuries which are done to others as well as to ourselves, it will be found in many instances, if rightly considered, to increase the ardour and the force of the benevolent affections, and to operate as an auxiliary to humanity. Where the feeling of resentment is excited by the recital of any act of injustice and oppression, benevolence is more forcibly instigated to succour the injured and oppressed.

We shall not enter into any elaborate discussion of what Mr. Macdiarmid has stated on the principles of military subordination; but we agree with him that it would be better for the service and for the country if more attention were paid to the qualifications of officers, if men were not intrusted with military command who are totally destitute of all military science, and if such regulations were adopted as would ensure more wisdom and judgment in the choice of officers. And as the whole public force, whatever may be the political constitution of any country, must ultimately reside in the military, to whose protection are committed the lives and properties of every individual, the army, instead of being composed, as it usually is, of the refuse and dregs of mankind, ought to consist of the virtue and patriotism of the country. In the present constitution of the army, the moral instruction of the military is totally neglected. But physical force, where it is not directed by the principle of virtue, or subjected to moral restraint, must always be as dangerous to its friends as to its foes. No steady reliance can be placed on its fidelity; it will present no natural means of counteraction to the arts of corruption and intrigue, and in the hour of peril it will fail. Physical force indeed without moral restraint may be made the engine of despotism; but it is an instrument, on which despotism cannot rely. It must not be supposed that the diffusion of moral knowledge throughout an army would relax the habits of obedience, or introduce insubordination among the troops. For morality will always inculcate submission to lawful authority, and obedience to just commands. Nor can it be supposed that an army, in which there is a proper sense of the necessity of temperance, chastity, or justice, will be more difficult to govern than one in which debauchery, violence and every excess prevail. Late experience has proved that those armies, however numerous they may be, which are composed

like a piece of insensate machinery, in which there is no animating soul of virtue and of patriotism, are but a weak and insecure defence against an invading enemy; they may indeed be a fit instrument of domestic oppression, but no just government will ever wish to oppress; and all governments which are cruel and unjust will sooner or later find, that even the bayonet affords only an uncertain and perilous security.

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ART. II.—*Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, Spain, &c. by Thomas Johnes. Vols. X, XI, XII.*

'It is strange to me,' says Gray in one of his letters, speaking of Froissart, 'that people who would give thousands for a dozen portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors done on the spot, and in strong, though simple colours.' He is, indeed, as the same writer somewhere else observes, 'the Herodotus of a barbarous age.'

'A faithful chronicler,' (says Mr. Hayley,)

'As rich in honesty as void of art.'

Our observations on the former volumes\* afford some estimate of his success in delivering down to us a general picture of the manners and character of the age. He seldom or never labours at a description, but a simple touch, perhaps undesignedly introduced, often presents a perfect portrait to our view. This is yet more frequently done by a number of light and casual strokes of nature, seemingly unimportant in themselves, and all of them blending together so as to form the most accurate and unquestionable likeness. Who does not recognise the Richard of Shakespeare, weak, irresolute, proud, alternately daring and dejected, in the several detached incidents of that unfortunate prince's life, from Wat Tyler's insurrection to the last catastrophe of his unhappy reign? How characteristic is the conversation which Froissart makes him hold with the Duke of Ireland at Bristol, on the breaking out of the first conspiracy of his barons and his offended uncles! Shakespeare himself is not more true, he is only more poetical, when he makes him exclaim (in his vaunting mood)

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\* See Crit. Rev. March 1806, (Vol. 7. p. 225.) and December 1806, (Vol. 2. p. 362.)



' The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 The deputy elected by the Lord.  
 For every rebel which the foe hath prest  
 To do annoyance to our sacred head,  
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly store  
 A glorious angel—then, if angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall—for Heaven still guards the right.

In point of discrimination and variety of character, Froissart will bear a comparison with the very first of the poets and historians of nature. Hardly a knight, or, 'squire of low degree,' appears throughout the vast and complicated pictures he presents to us, without some determined and peculiar mark by which we recognise him on his next approach. If it is so with the inferior personages, the leading actors of the drama are, of course, still more strongly and particularly delineated; and no man can boast of a more intimate acquaintance with the statesmen and heroes of the present day, than, after perusing the 'Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the adjoining Countries,' he will have formed with the busy performers of the fourteenth century. The distinction is preserved even under similar circumstances, both of situation and of general character. Richard the second and Charles the sixth, are both weak princes, addicted to pleasure, governed by favourites, alternately guided and opposed by proud, ambitious, and powerful uncles. Yet hardly a speech is uttered, hardly an action performed by either, but such as is peculiar to the actor to whom it is ascribed, and would be out of character in the other. The Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, all in similar situations, and with similar interests, are yet very distinct and different personages. Even in the points where they most resemble they are most discriminated. The English dukes are proud of their fathers' glory, and of the brilliant exploits in which they had themselves borne so signal a part. They compare the past times with the present, and retire in sullen dignity from the humiliating comparison. The brothers and cousin of Charles the fifth are also lofty; but their vanity is that of great possessions and unequalled power and wealth; their ambition is confined to the wish of ruling, and they are alternately pleased or discontented with the government, as they are more or less consulted and respected by their nephew and sovereign. This is the distinction of circumstances; nor is that less which is apparent in their individual characters. The pride of the high-minded Lancaster differs from that of the indolent York and the factious Gloster, no less than the same quality is contrasted in the selfish and avaricious Berry, the cautious Burgundy, and the gallant Bourbon.

Froissart, though a churchman, was very little tainted with the bigotry and prejudice which, in the middle ages, were the distinguishing marks of his profession. This circumstance may easily be accounted for from a consideration of the life he led, and of the strong and decided bent of his inclination and genius. This has caused some writers to tax him with irreligion; but an impartial reader will as fully acquit him of the latter calumny as of the charge of superstition. Wherever his subject leads him to treat of the tremendous schism which in his times divided the christian world, he mentions it with the most perfect historical candour and fairness, and with a pious wish that the monarchs and people of christian countries might be induced to join in wiping off the scandal attached to their religion, and generously form a common league against the too-successful and ambitious enemies of their faith. He marks, indeed, now and then, with very decided strokes, the narrow and selfish policy of the rival courts of Rome and Avignon; and while his simple style of narration, the 'plain, unvarnished' nature of his tale, sufficiently protect him from inquisitorial comments and censures, we sometimes doubt, while reading, whether the honest canon is not smiling, like Rabelais, behind the curtain. The impious heresies of the apostate sir Galeas, who, while the two popes were excommunicating each other, 'laughed at both,' and who appropriated to himself the revenues of monasteries, saying 'the monks lived too delicately on rich food and choice wines; that such superfluities prevented their rising at midnight to perform their church-duties, and that Saint Benedict had not thus framed his laws for their conduct, but he would bring them back to eggs and thin wine, that their voices may be clearer and louder to chaunt in the church,' (Vol. xi. p. 244.) though mentioned by the historian with all decent reprobation, might have proved, and probably was intended as, a good lesson for those who could not fail of applying the satire to themselves.

Our readers will not imagine that he is very frequent in his quotations either from the scriptures or from the fathers. Indeed, the only instance we remember of a reference to the Bible, is where he introduces the history of Charles the sixth's unfortunate phrenzy with recording the terrible judgment of king Nebuchadnezzar. He is not particularly fond of introducing moral observations; yet, when they occur, the doctrine they contain is very pure and sound, though somewhat trite and hackneyed. No poet ever inveighed so often or with such uniform similarity of expression, against the 'lady Fortune' who, in fifty places of the book, is represented as 'sometimes at the highest point of her wheel, and sometimes

rolling in the dirt.' The longest and most original of these moral remarks in our recollection is that which the duke of Burgundy somewhere makes to his duchess. 'Lady, lady, there is no season but what makes some return, nor any fortune stable, nor afflicted heart but is at times rejoiced, nor angered minds but have their revenge.' He seems rather inclined to be satirical against the medical profession; for, after speaking of that famous doctor, Master William de Harseley, who, he says, was 'the most niggardly man of his time; whose sole delight was amassing money, and never spending a farthing at home, but eating and drinking abroad;' he adds, 'with such rods are physicians corrected.'

He seldom hazards any comments on the political events or character of the times. Indeed this was not his province; and, besides, he was too firmly attached to that ancient system from which the doctrines and virtues of his favourite chivalry emanated, to have fallen in with any of the new-fangled notions of popular liberty which, in many signal instances, distinguished the period of his writings from the times that preceded it. But, though he draws no deductions, his simple delineation of facts often presents important lessons from which his warlike readers might have learned to respect the rights of their vassals, and to abstain from acts of lawless power and oppression. The commercial interests of towns and countries began to be felt and asserted: new orders of men sprung up in society; and the greatest and proudest barons no longer overlooked the claims of the lowest citizens, as soon as the latter were aware of their own consequence and power in the state. The philosopher who would overlook as trifling and insignificant such recitals of the manners and characters of a semi-barbarous age as those on which Froissart most delights to dwell, may yet meet with ample materials for reflection and instruction from the struggles of the Parisians, the great and successful rebellion of Ghent, the bold assertions and enterprising conduct of the citizens of London; events which forcibly claim our attention, as exhibiting the rise and early progress of the present state of society.

The fault most frequently objected to Froissart's character as an historian, is his credulity: but if the spirit of the times be considered, together with the extensive nature of his task and the dependence he must have had on hearsay and on the reports of persons who could not be contradicted in their assertions, our wonder will be greater that his whole work should be so consistent with real characters and manners, so probable in circumstances, and so well authenticated from contemporary sources, than that he should occasionally stop to divert himself and his hearers by such relations as cannot

obtain *implicit credit* from an enlightened age. As might be expected, countries far distant from the scene of his principal occurrences, or from the line of his wanderings, are the theatres of his most improbable stories. The remote parts of Spain and Italy, the islands of Greece, and the coasts of Africa, were fields on which the historian might as lawfully indulge his passion for the marvellous, as the imagination of archbishop Turpin's followers could expatiate on the romantic kingdoms of Babylon, Armenia, or Amazonia. Accordingly Froissart relates (and with the most perfect belief in the truth of his relations) that the English sailors in the Mediterranean distinctly witnessed the operations of the siege of Seville; that the Saracens were deterred from assaulting the Christian camp before Africa by an apparition of the blessed Virgin, and an army of attendant ladies dressed in white bearing a vermilion cross for their standard; that the island of Cephalonia was inhabited by nymphs and fairies who had sometimes appeared to merchants from Venice or Genoa anchoring on the coast. When he conducts the duke of Anjou into the kingdom of Naples, he seizes with eagerness the opportunity to tell us of a castle situated on a rock in the sea, which could not be taken without the help of the devil, who sometimes 'caused the sea to swell so high as to threaten all within with destruction, or made the air so thick over the sea that those in the castle might think it a large bridge on which ten men might march in front.'

The arrival of Leo, king of Armenia, at Paris, was such an event as could not fail to give occasion for much romance and fable; and nothing can present a more striking picture of the rude ignorance of the times, than the account which Froissart undertakes to give, from that prince's own communications to the king of France, of the state of the eastern nations. The feudal system of government, the titles, honours, and offices, the laws and customs of western Europe, were supposed to extend over the whole world. A Turkish army had its dukes, earls, and barons, its marshals and constables; and Asia itself was parcelled out by imagination into duchies, marquises, and counties, with names such as neither Turk nor Christian could ever have acknowledged. Froissart believes the sultan Amurath to have laid claim to the empire of Rome; and, that all may be in strict conformity to usages with which he was himself acquainted, this title must be made out by hereditary lineal descent from the Cæsars. The Cæsars, indeed, were heathens, and Amurath was no christian; and, according to the pious creed of the time, all unbelievers, of every age and country, were of the

same family, Greeks and Romans, Moors, Prussians, Jews, Turks, and heretics.

The antiquarian will be amused, but, probably, not much edified, by the information communicated by Froissart on the subject of Ireland, on the authority of an English knight who had married a daughter of the king of Leinster. The four kings, who never wore breeches, and who received the order of knighthood from the hand of Richard the second, in the cathedral of Dublin, will, we fear, be scarcely recognised by a Leland or a Gordon; and the tale of St. Patrick's hole will be held entitled to the same degree of credit as the student and Sancho gave to Don Quixote's visions in the cave of Montesinos.

The romance of the fabulous Turpin was an undeniable point of faith among Froissart's contemporaries: accordingly he does not hesitate to attribute the construction of those subterranean passages with which almost every castle in Poitou and Guienne appears to have been furnished, to the famous Reinald de Montauban (the Italian Rinaldo), who when in disgrace with Charlemagne, maintained himself and his followers 'most like a baron bold,' by pillaging the country, and adopted this mode of defence and concealment by the advice of his 'cunning' cousin, Maugis or Malagigi.' Our historian's account of the origin of the constable du Guesclin's name and family is a curious piece of antiquarian etymology, and drawn from the same undoubted source of information. It must be allowed, however, to be by no means improbable (considering the spirit of the times) that the good Sir Bertrand himself was as credulous as Froissart with regard to the birth of his ancestor; nor does it seem incredible that he should, on the strength of it, have even expressed some design of subduing Africa as his antient inheritance.

But the best of Froissart's stories are those which he picked up at the court of Orthez; such as that of the lord de Corasse's familiar dæmon, who informed his master of all manner of interesting events passing in distant parts of the world, which made the said lord be consulted, on all occasions, as the telegraph of the country, until he one day unwittingly set the dogs loose on his Satanical friend, who, by the way of amusement, was walking up and down the castle-yard in likeness of a large sow, at which unexpected treatment he took offence and never visited him after: and that of Sir Peter de Bèarn, who had the misfortune to kill in the chace an enchanted bear, who haunted him ever after, and afflicted him with a fearful and incurable distemper of fighting in his sleep. This is the only place in which our historian gives any display of classical knowledge, and we should therefore be inexcusable

if we neglected to mention the learned comparison which he makes between this sir Peter and a certain knight of whom he had read in books, called 'Sir Actæon of Thebes.'

Froissart's favourite legends are not those of saints and martyrs; and it is certainly a singular circumstance that so voluminous a work, composed in the fourteenth century, should be so free from the dismal and tiresome romances of bigotry and priestcraft. The miracles performed by the body of Saint Peter de Luxemburg, and the vision of Robert the Hermit, are the only instances of monkish superstition that we remember to have met with in the work. We even question whether there is not some little satire shrewdly lurking under his apparent orthodoxy, when, speaking of the examination of friar John de la Roche-taillade before the pope and cardinals at Avignon, he says that the friar 'proposed such deep questions and *examined so closely the scriptures*, that he might, perhaps, had he been left at liberty, *have led the world astray*.'

As for the strange and barbarous names with which he frequently supplies the vacancy of real information when speaking of foreign countries, we cannot help suspecting many of them to be entirely the offspring of his own invention; and do not at all wonder at the duke of Lancaster, who, when the Portuguese messenger recounted the actions of his countrymen at the battle of Aljubarotta, burst into a loud fit of laughter. 'My Lord,' said the messenger, 'what makes you laugh so heartily?' 'Why, have I not sufficient cause? For I never in my life heard such a catalogue of strange names.'

One of Froissart's most amiable characteristics is the warm and honest gratitude with which he always remains impressed for those who have been his patrons and benefactors. He pays a just tribute to every illustrious character; but his heart is never so open or his pen so eloquent, as when he can find an opportunity of displaying to advantage the qualities of those to whom he is indebted for acts of favour or hospitality. Nor is his praise confined to his living patrons, or to those from whom he might expect a recompense for his fair testimony; but it is called forth equally by such as are no longer capable of affecting him with good or ill offices; the friends of his early days who have long rested in death from all the concerns and troubles of the world, or the kind hosts who received him in his distant pilgrimages, whom he has no prospect of ever revisiting, and who, probably, will never again hear of his name. The count de Foix is no less the object of his gratitude than that 'good lord Charles at whose command he composed his history;' and, even in his account of

the battle of Otterbourn, he dwells on the valour and gallantry of the unfortunate Douglas with the more delight, because he was the son of that earl William, at whose castle of Dalkeith the historian was generously entertained when a youth, on the earliest of his expeditions. Nor did he ever forget his countrywoman and the first of his patrons, queen Philippa; but happening in his history of events that passed long after her death, to mention the lady Blanche of Lancaster, he exclaims in the honesty of his heart, 'I never saw two such noble dames, so good, liberal, and courteous, as this lady and the late queen of England, nor ever shall, were I to live for a thousand years, which is impossible.' Yet grateful as he was, he had too high an opinion of the importance of his history and the strict adherence to truth, which was incumbent on him as a faithful 'chronicler,' to suffer his feelings to prejudice him to a misrepresentation, or lead him into a wilful error, so as to disgrace that 'noble and grand history which the gallant count of Blois had employed him on, that the memory of great things might be perpetuated.'

In truth, all the innate enthusiasm of Froissart's character, which renders him so truly engaging to his readers, and interests us so warmly in every part of his narrative, seems to have been directed by one great impulse into one only channel. His 'Chronicles' were the delight, the object of his life. To render them more complete, he performed expeditions, encountered dangers, and underwent hardships, with as restless a spirit of enterprise as the most gallant or ambitious knight of his time could have done, to win a mistress or subdue a kingdom. In every page, the ardour of his imagination bursts through his plain and simple narrative. He is transported to every scene he describes, and is an actor in every exploit that he details. The poetical season of spring has always the most delightful influence on his spirits: and the bare idea of an expedition undertaken in 'those merry months' seems to animate and exhilarate him beyond measure. 'It was now the pleasant month of April, when the grass was ripe in the meads, the corn in ear, and the flowers in seed; and it was a pleasure at such a season to go out in the fields.'

Many of the peculiarities in Froissart's style will have appeared sufficiently from the extracts we have given. His extreme simplicity, the inartificial conduct of his stories, his desultory mode of running from place to place and from action to action, just as his humour inclines, or the first impression guides him; his great fondness for digressions, the dramatic effect of many of his episodes, his minute details of inconsiderable events; all these various circumstances, which in a professed historian would be inexcusable defects, are so ma-

ny sources of delight and satisfaction to the readers of Froissart. He seems conscious of the objections that severe critics might make against him, but still resolutely prefers the suggestions of his own fancy, and the natural impulses of his inclination, to any plan or method which would have laid him under restraint and curbed his imagination. 'I might indeed,' says he, speaking of his own account of the causes of a war in Brabant, 'have passed it more briefly over, if I had chosen. In truth, I have my own manner of relating things, which, though pleasing to me, is indifferent enough.'

We, at least, are not among the critics whose censure he seems to have apprehended; and would not, on any account, that his judgment had been cooler, or his style and manner more conformable to the strict rules and ordinances of history. On another ground we feel ourselves obnoxious to the censures of many of our readers, who may be inclined to ask what connexion so long an essay on the style and character of an old established work can have with our office as reviewers of modern literature? We might say that this office is one of our own creating, for the execution of which we are accountable only to our own consciences; but we will further add that the laborious duties which this office frequently imposes, ought to claim for us the privilege of a little relaxation when so fair an opportunity offers of laying aside the axe and rods of the censor, and divesting ourselves, for a time, of all the uneasy appendages of dignity.

In our observations on the three first volumes of this work, we freely gave our opinion of Mr. Johnes's merits and defects as a translator, we instituted what appeared to us a fair comparison of his version with that of lord Berners, and we estimated the degree of service which his exertions were likely to render to the cause of literature. We have found no reason to alter our opinion on these points, except that we are more inclined than we were even then to pronounce a favourable judgment on his execution of the task he had prescribed himself. His style in all the latter volumes becomes evidently more easy to the writer, and more uniform in itself; and, above all things, it is more close to the original. It preserves a proper degree of attention to the costume of the age, without any unpleasant affectation of antiquity; it sacrifices little of Froissart's peculiar simplicity and frankness of manner, without sinking offensively below that dignity and elevation which modern refinement prescribes to the historian. The notes, in general, tend to correct mistakes, to amend and regulate chronology, and to explain or restore corrupted words and passages; but Mr. J. has not, in these respects, given us all the information and assistance that we



hoped and expected to have received from his labours, We are, indeed, aware of the extraordinary difficulties in the way of that person who should attempt to amend all the errors, and reconcile all the inconsistencies, of this extraordinary work. Nevertheless, a great deal of light may be thrown both on the order of events, and on the events themselves, by a diligent perusal of the works of contemporary historians, an investigation of ancient records, and the collation of manuscripts, of which Mr. J. has certainly neglected to make all the use in his power. To a book so peculiarly desultory as the Chronicles of Froissart, in the place of a dry index which can answer little or no beneficial purpose, he should at least have substituted a chronological summary of circumstances. Something of this kind, if we mistake not, the ingenious translator gave us to expect at the commencement of his work; but so far from executing his original intention, he has not even attempted to supply the defect in his running notes. Those notes are, for the most part, confined to essays at restoring the strangely mutilated proper names with which the work abounds, of which they sometimes give satisfactory solutions, and often offer happy conjectural emendations; but they too frequently display marks of haste and inaccuracy in the commentator. One or two instances taken at random from these latter volumes will explain and justify our censure. Sir James de Helly, being sent on an embassy to Bajazet, was conducted by his guides through Hungary and Walachia to a place called by Mr. J. *Bursa*, but, not finding the sultan there, followed him to his residence at *Poly*, which Mr. J. in a note interprets *Constantinople*. Now *Bursa* is the name of the ancient capital of the Asiatic Turks, and situated in Bithynia, and it is certain that the French prisoners were never transported across the Hellespont. Probably Froissart, if he meant any real place, meant *Bucharest*, which exactly corresponds with the probable situation of the camp of Bajazet after the battle of Nicopoli. And as for Constantinople, it is a fact too notorious that the Turks were not in possession of that renowned metropolis till half a century after Froissart's death, so that the *Poly* of our historian must be quite a different place, perhaps *Adrianople*, which was a favourite residence of Amurath, the father of Bajazet. In another passage Froissart or one of his transcribers calls Bajazet, *Emperor of Constantinople*, an inaccuracy on which Mr. J., to our surprise, makes no comment whatever. Mr. J.'s conjectures on the voyage of the French knights from Rhodes to Venice are not much more happy. If *Chifolignie* means *Cephalonia*, which, it seems, must be allowed, then *Coksa*

clearly cannot be *Corfu*, though what it is, is beyond our rectifying powers to unriddle. Then, after touching at Ragusa, it is quite unreasonable to bring them back to Clarence or Chiarenza in the Morea. Perhaps it may not be an unwarrantable *conjectural* liberty to substitute Zara in Dalmatia for the latter place.

But from these trifling censures and criticisms we gladly turn aside to thank Mr. Johnes once more (which we do most heartily) for the very acceptable and important addition he has made to the literary stores of his country. To have improved in so useful and respectable a manner the opportunities of a literary retirement, must be no less pleasing and satisfactory to his reflection than it has been honourable to his character. We congratulate him on the termination of his labours; but our congratulations would be mingled with sincere regret, had he not given us reason to expect that its termination only affords him leisure and encouragement for entering on new and equally important enterprises. We should really shed tears on our parting from the good canon of Chinay, were it not for the hope of soon welcoming the arrival of the friend and fellow-soldier of Saint Louis.\*

ART. III.—*Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books.* By the Rev. William Beloe, Translator of *Herodotus*, &c. In two Volumes. 8vo. 16s. boards. Rivington. 1807.

EVERY age of the life of man is accommodated with some species of amusement, appropriated to its powers and desires: children have their toys, boys their balls and tops, and grown gentlemen their jest-books. The learned author of these volumes, however, having considered, we suppose, the inaptitude of such diversions for many of those solid characters who fill or expect the important offices in the various departments of our law, our church, or our state, has with great pains provided these personages with an

\* Since this review was put in preparation for the press, the translation here spoken of has made its appearance, and will be noticed by us more particularly in a short time. We have the satisfaction to find it announced that Mr. Johnes's labours will not rest here, and that, with a spirit unchecked by a domestic calamity, which none of his friends could have lamented more sincerely than ourselves, though unknown to him, and which, we fear, must have involved a great part of that noble collection of books which adorned his residence at Hafod in destruction, he yet perseveres in his truly laudable intention of giving to the world a regular series of the French chroniclers, from Joinville down to Philip de Comines and La Marche. We need not add with what pleasure we anticipate his designs and hail his progress.

ample store of serious and solemn trifling, in the perusal of which their minds may be unbent without an unbecoming dereliction of their gravity, and where the systematising of the title-pages of books may tend to render superfluous any knowledge of their contents. Perhaps indeed this latter consideration may turn out to be one of the great advantages of this course of study. The voice of past ages, and the common sense of the present, have declared the greater part of the works, celebrated in these volumes, to be of no intrinsic value whatever: and of those which really possess merit, we do not observe such editions chiefly praised or dwelled upon as possess the best text, and the most complete annotations, but such only as the moths, the worms, the tooth of time, or some heaven-sent conflagration, have rendered scarce or difficult to be procured. The collectors of such books are merely a species of furniture-brokers. Many of them cannot read the works which they purchase, and those who can very seldom do. The prelate who possessed five hundred copies of Horace, can only be compared to that respectable gentlewoman who attended every sale of household goods, inspired with the sacred rage of buying saucepans till she had filled her house and emptied her purse. The man who feels no desire but for what is difficult to be had, who judges of books not from their merits, but their rarity, has no more title to the name of a literary character, than the favourite of the empress Catharine II, who having received a palace from his mistress, sent for a bookseller to provide him with a collection of books. 'What sort of books will you have,' said the bookseller. 'Oh, that is your business,' replied the favourite; 'only let there be large books at bottom, and small at the top, as there are in the empress's library.' But while we thus protest against the prevailing and increasing taste for literary rarities, we must remember that it is the vice of a cultivated age, and cannot subsist in a country, without a general diffusion of learning. As we forgive the mobs and tumults of an election for the benefits of a free constitution, so we must excuse the morbid taste for literary antiquities, in consideration of the numberless advantages of increasing knowledge.

With the character of Mr. Beloe the public has long been acquainted in a manner very creditable to that gentleman. We believe there are few who did not regret the unfortunate circumstances which rendered it necessary for the public good to remove him, though without any impeachment of his integrity, from that situation in the Museum, the lost comforts of which he so feelingly deploras. In the part of the preface which alludes to this circumstance, there is however rather too much of unmanly complaint, and the lamenta-

tions recal to our recollection the whining of Ovid on the shores of the Euxine. It is a point of nice judgment to discern how far the world is likely to sympathize in our misfortunes, and that point we do not think Mr. Beloe has exactly discerned.

In the preface also we find the names of many gentlemen who have assisted our author by their counsel, or access to their treasures of old books. Some difference of opinion appears to have prevailed among these virtuosi regarding the expediency of such a publication as the present; and to one of them it seemed likely to augment the difficulty of procuring the darlings of his heart, old plays and ragged ballads: thus it appears that the unlawful spirit of monopoly extends its influence even to that class of society whom the vulgar dignify with the appellation of book-worms, and that can gratify its appetite as well with paper and parchment as with hops and corn. If a late learned and upright luminary of the law had yet dwelt in these realms of light, we could imagine his indignation at the discovery of such open contempt of his favourite maxims.

At the conclusion of his preface Mr. Beloe gets into better humour, and takes leave of the reader with hearty good will, and with a wish of which no one will doubt the sincerity, that others may receive as much pleasure in the examination of these volumes, as the author has experienced in compiling them. We now proceed to inquire into the probability of the accomplishment of these wishes. It has been already hinted, that these volumes are extremely miscellaneous in their contents, and may be regarded as a bibliographical olla podrida. There is no vestige of any attempt at arrangement. It is generally impossible to refer to an article without experiencing the labour of perusing half a volume. The knowledge of books, if of any use at all, can be so, only by the aid of order. Such a chaos of information as is here contained, may serve to amuse the idling and vacant hour, but can never promote the study of bibliography. Even the homely assistance of an alphabetical arrangement, has been despised or neglected. Where the author himself has thus avoided all generalization, the critic's task becomes doubly arduous. It is hardly possible to convey to the reader any accurate idea of a mass of confusion. We must content ourselves with alluding to such articles as are rather more striking, or at least less dull, than the rest, and with extracting the very few passages, which have the remotest tendency to amusement, or the slightest pretensions to wit.

In the commencement of the first volume, some account is given of a work of Dr. Caius, upon the antiquities of

Cambridge, which it appears is a scarce book. The chief object of introducing this author, seems to have been, that an opportunity might be had of relating a story of an university orator of Cambridge, who affirmed to queen Elizabeth, that his university was more ancient by much, than that of Oxford. The Oxonians took fire at this affront, and employed a person, who, (probably from his knack of solving difficulties,) was called Thomas Key, to write a book, wherein he proved that Oxford was founded by some Greek philosophers, companions of Brutus. Hereupon Dr. Caius stood forth as the champion of *his* Alma mater, and made out by the help of a little pious fraud, that Cambridge university had for its founder Cantaber, 394 years before Christ, and in the year of the world 4300 and odd. Consequently the university of Cambridge was 1267 years more ancient than Oxford. As we observe amongst Welsh genealogists, there seems to have been more dispute about antiquity than merit. Perhaps, indeed, the one might be more easily proved than the other.

Having proceeded a little further in the perusal of this work, we come to an article, entitled 'Books,' of which the chief object seems to be to exhibit the folly of bibliographers in a more striking point of view than usual. Sobér and sedate readers of books that have no other merit than those of amusing and instructing, will perhaps feel some astonishment, and certainly a great deal of indignation, to hear of sums lavished upon one book of little intrinsic merit, which would have filled the shelves of an ordinary library. Fifty or an hundred pounds form a small prize for an editio princeps; and the magic influence of sheep-skins is such, that a work printed upon vellum has brought the enormous sum of two hundred and fifty guineas. But every book is not equally the favourite of the virtuosi, nor can we even judge of their partiality from the prices which are given. A Lucian which sold *only* for nineteen pounds, is no less than three times described in the course of these volumes.

At p. 52. we are presented with the history of a shoemaker, who was converted into an antiquary and collector of books, and who thus appears to have pertinaciously retained his original taste for the leather line. At p. 61. we observe the following anecdotes of Dartneuf, of whom Pope says,

Each mortal has his pleasure, none deny :  
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye.

'Dartneuf' was one day walking in the street, when he overtook a fishmonger boy, who was carrying home a fine turbot ; the mis-

chievous rōgue amused himself, as he went along, with striking the turbot against every post he meet. This, in the eyes of Dartneuf, was a crime not to be overlooked or forgiven. He immediately followed the boy to the house where he was going, and, in terms of great indignation, described what he had seen, and insisted on the boy's being severely chastised.

'At another time Dartneuf was engaged to dine with a brother gourmand, expressly to eat one of two plums, the only produce of a particular tree, remarkable for the richness and delicacy of its fruit. It was agreed, that, when they had dined, to enjoy the fruit in its greatest perfection, they were to proceed to the garden, and each gather and eat his plum. Before dinner was entirely ended Dartneuf made some excuse to retire for a few minutes from the room, when he instantly hastened to the garden, and, dire to relate, devoured *both* the plums, without the smallest compunction or remorse.'

How fortunate it is that none of these gluttons have ever been seized with the rage of devouring the 'editiones principes' or vellum treasures of Mr. Beloe!

A little further on we find an account of the counter proclamation of the pretender's son in 1745, offering a reward for the apprehension of the elector of Hanover, a copy of the original of which exists in the British Museum. We presume, however, that the trustees of that reservoir of rarities have neglected to provide either the first or last edition of Hume's History of England, otherwise we should scarcely have heard the authority of that historian quoted to prove the authenticity of the paper in question, since in our copy of that work no account seems to be given of any transaction much subsequent to the revolution of 1688.

At page 82, a great curiosity is disclosed to the public, which shows upon what frail grounds rests the happiness of those who value themselves on the earliest editions of books. A certain Virgil in folio printed at Rome by Sweynheim and Pannartz has hitherto formed the chief joy of those who were masters of so great a rarity. But the following quotation mournfully attests the fallen pride of such bibliographers:

'It seems, however, that a more ancient edition than this has lately been discovered in a monastery in Suabia, whence it has found its way to the collection of a noble earl. The anecdote which belongs to it is rather ludicrous. The good old monks, to whom this and other valuable books belonged, were not, it seems, to be prevailed upon, by money, to part with them. It happened, however, that they were remarkably fond of old hock. For as much of this same hock as was worth about seven English guineas, they parted with this Virgil to a kind friend and acquaintance.

This gentleman sold it again to an English dealer in books for 50*l.*, and doubtless believed that he had turned his hock to very good account. I have, nevertheless, heard that the nobleman above alluded to, did not obtain possession of this literary treasure for a less sum than 400*l.*

On this occasion we shall venture barely to remark that as all things were held fair in love, a similar indulgence, we suppose, has been extended to collectors of rare publications. Nor is it to be held any derogation to the solidity of their judgment, that they should sometimes dine upon a new purchased book instead of a beef steak, for which their exhausted purses cannot afford to pay. Neither are we to censure their actions after the ordinary rules of morals invented for the government of ordinary men. He who cannot produce the price of a valuable work which his heart dies within him to possess, may artfully haunt the collection of the booksellers, and purloin what he cannot buy, consoling himself that as there are pious frauds, so there may be pious thefts, and honourable and learned swindling.

Having chatted, always in this miscellaneous sort of manner, through a third of his first volume, Mr. Beloe comes to a halt, and professes his intention of pointing out the inaccuracies or omissions of Harwood. In doing this, however, he does not appear to us to have been very successful. The task was not a difficult one : succeeding writers on the same subject point out twenty times the number of omissions that are here recorded. It was only necessary therefore to have compared the works together. This trouble, however, having fallen to our share, we were surprised to find the inaccuracy chiefly on the side of Mr. Beloe, and that at least five of the editions which he enumerates as omitted by Harwood, are very distinctly mentioned by that author, and almost all the rest may be found in the commonest writer on this subject. That we may not be accused of mere general fault-finding, we specify the instances which we have remarked. We observe in Harwood's second edition, the following books which he is affirmed to have omitted. Homer by Turnebus; Hesiod; Aristophanes by Junta 1515; Aristophanes Farrei Ven. 1542, and two Appians by C. and H. Stephens. These errors can only in one or two of the above instances receive some alleviation from the mistakes which all bibliographers so frequently commit, in determining whether a book belongs to the quarto, the octavo or the duodecimo form, a point apparently not difficult to settle, but respecting which we frequently observe very discordant opinions.

We request Mr. Beloe in his next edition to inform us whether the article contained in the following extract, is to be arranged under the head of 'Literature' or that of 'Scarce Books.'

MARY.—*Remarks on dress.*

'In this reign square toed shoes were in fashion, and the men wore them of so prodigious a breadth, that Bulwer says, if he remembers aright, there was a proclamation came out, that no man should wear his shoes above *six* inches square at the toes.'

Various jokes and stories are now introduced, and the tract of ancient classical literature is abandoned in a great measure for the regions of old English publications. This part of the work is much better than the other, and something of the kind is a desideratum in this department. But what are all the efforts of any man if no attention is paid to their arrangement?

*Rudis indigestaque moles.*

We have no doubt that a valuable work might be composed out of the materials here afforded, with a few additions, and if we durst recommend any thing to Mr. Beloe, it would be to attempt something of that sort; that he should become the Harwood or De Bure of English literature; and even if his friends, the collectors, should withdraw their patronage from his exertions, he would find a more liberal support in the discernment of the public.

In the latter part of the first volume we have a long list of the principal rarities contained in the Garrick, the Malone, and the Kemble collections of old plays and ballads, which cannot fail of proving extremely interesting to all who addict themselves to such pursuits. But as we despair of rendering any account of this part of the work interesting to our readers, we shall content ourselves with this general notice of its existence. One remark only we shall hazard, that the long extracts respecting 'a man called Hewleglass,' do very little credit to the author's taste or judgment. We cannot imagine what motive should have induced Mr. Beloe to dwell so long upon a miserable and insipid story book, whose contents are of the most disgusting filthiness, and which the just sentence of past ages had condemned to oblivion.

In the second volume is a considerable collection of old songs, chiefly taken from the Garrick collection already alluded to: that some of these have merit, we do not mean altogether to deny, but many of them are specimens



of such insipidity as we could hardly have expected to see in modern print; for an example take the following :

- ' Let us sip, and let it Slip  
And go which way it will a ;  
Let us trip, and let us skip,  
And let us drink our fill a.
- ' Take the cup, and drink all up,  
Give me the can to fill a ;  
Every sup, and every cup,  
Hold here and my good will a.
- ' Gossip mine and gossip thine,  
Now let us gossip still a ;  
Here is good wine, this ale is fine ;  
Now drink of which you will a.
- ' Round about, till all be out,  
I pray you let us swill a.  
This jolly grout is jolly and stout,  
I pray you stout it still a ;
- ' Let us laugh, and let us quaff,  
Good drinkers think none ill a ;  
Here is your bag, here is your staffe,  
Be packing to the mill a.'

Surely it was not necessary to ransack the treasures of Garrick to produce a performance of so low a description. One or two of the songs are more tolerable, and if Mr. Beloe had been more select in his choice and more sparing in his extracts, he might have satisfied himself with the 3d, the 11th, the 20th, and perhaps a very few more of the number that he has produced.

Almost the whole of this volume is dedicated to the consideration of English works, among which certainly some amusing particulars may be found. Having already devoted a considerable space to this article, we cannot enter much into the detail of these parts: nor is it easy to contrive any means of viewing the contents of Mr. Beloe's book in any general point. So detached and miscellaneous are his own observations, that unless we followed him like a harrier through all his turnings and windings, we fear it would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the work. Nor are we at all convinced of the reader's patience to follow us in so laborious a chase. After a very few further remarks we will therefore finish the consideration of the performance before us.

Nearly thirty pages are devoted to details regarding the varieties of the Roxburgh collection, which will probably soon be offered to the public for sale. Old jest books, tales,

Of romances, ballads, and plays seem to be amongst the principal objects of the attention of amateurs. From a publication of this description, the following ancient joke is extracted :

‘ A rude nplandisse ploughman, whiche on a tyme reprovyng a good holy father sayed that he coude saye all his prayers with a hole mynde and steadfast intention, without thinkyng on any other thyng. To whome the good holy man sayde, Go to, saye oñs Pater Noster to the ende, and thynke on no other thinge ; and I wyll gyve the myn horse. That I shall do, quod the ploughman, and so began to saye Pater Noster, qui es in celis, tyl he came to sanctificetur nomen tuum, and then his thought moved him to aske this question, yea, but shall I have the sadil and bridel withal. And so he lost his bargain.’

An edition of Boccacio, printed in the year 1471, forms another ornament of the library of the late Duke of Roxburgh. At one time it appears that my lords Oxford and Sunderland were the great collectors of rare publications. This very copy of Boccacio was then in the hands of a bookseller in London, who demanded as the price of it an hundred guineas. These two noblemen being rather alarmed at the magnitude of the sum, deliberated so long that an ancestor of the Duke of Roxburgh saw and purchased the volume. With all the malice of a collector he invited the noble lords to dinner, but deprived them of their appetites by producing the treasure which he had atquired. Mr. Beloe prognosticates that this rare work will fetch, if exposed to sale, not less than five hundred pounds.

After dancing about like a will o’ the wisp, through every variety of subject, sometimes in the obscurity of antient research, sometimes confounding his reader by unintelligible extracts from books, of whose existence even the learned may be excused from being aware, our author at last condescends to endeavour to justify his disposition to rambling. We do not regard his excuse, however, as by any means satisfactory. It may be true that rare books are not of daily occurrence, and from the terms of the assertion, it cannot be otherwise: it may have been necessary to have recourse to other collections than that of the Museum, and in the magnificent language of the author, to drink at smaller though not less pellucid streams. But nothing of all this, unless combined with an extraordinary haste of publication, can at all justify a total neglect of order. The world will seldom be satisfied with the miscellaneous contents of a portfolio, especially when these consist solely of extracts from other works, however rare or antique they may be. The

labour of arrangement would have been small, the advantages would have been great ; and nothing but a most premature eagerness to appear in print could have induced Mr. Beloe to overlook the merit and facility of an orderly plan. The work, however, is not without some good qualities: an idle or a book-gathering reader may receive gratification from its perusal. It will remain a monument of the author's industry rather than of his understanding. Few will read it, and many will consult it ; and in due time when a better work of English bibliography shall have appeared, it will migrate like the swallows of autumn, to another climate, and quit the shelves of the library for the counter of the butterman.

ART. IV.—*Practical Observations on the principal Diseases of the Eyes, illustrated with Cases ; translated from the Italian of Antonio Scarpa, Professor of Anatomy and Practical Surgery in the University of Pavia, &c., by James Briggs, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, and Assistant Surgeon of the Public Dispensary.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell. 1806.

IT has long been a very prevalent opinion, that the art of healing may be best improved by following the same system of dividing labour, which has been found so conducive to the advancement of many other branches of knowledge : and there is little doubt that in some respects the idea is confirmed by experience. But there is a point, beyond which this voluntary limitation of research, can tend only to cramp the powers of intellect, and direct the attention to useless refinements. What shall we say of the herd of dentists, ear-doctors, and oculists ? or would it be bold to ask, what may be the intellectual attainments of the man, whose whole mind is absorbed in the simple series of events, to which we have all been indebted for our present state of existence ? To assert, that the pursuit of these branches of medical knowledge necessarily precludes the possession of great talents and extensive information, would be absurd in its very nature ; but it may be safely said, that the instances of such exceptions to this very general assertion, are furnished only by those who have been educated with liberal views, and have afterwards turned their attention to some particular branch to which accident or choice had directed them. The work of Mr. Hunter on the Teeth, affords a fine illustration of what an acute and comprehensive mind can accomplish, in a de-

partment of which these surgical mechanics had seemed to hold the undivided possession. Perhaps the manual dexterity, which constant practice naturally bestows, may in some degree compensate for the disadvantages of attending solely to one branch of surgery. Yet although this argument will apply with peculiar force to the diseases of the eye, which require such a delicacy of hand, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at every attempt that can tend in any degree to rescue the art from quacks and empirics. The name of professor Scarpa is familiar to every anatomist in Europe; and although the work before us cannot add much to a reputation already so brilliant, yet it is not unworthy of its author, and exhibits a very clear and satisfactory view of a subject, which has seldom employed the pens of liberal and well informed writers. Our own country, indeed, has to boast in Mr. Ware of an oculist of the most enlightened ideas. We have to regret, however, that the works of this gentleman have not yet assumed a more methodical and systematic form: nor can we resist observing that the dexterity of hand, which he possesses in so eminent a degree, has rendered him partial to the more showy and difficult modes of operating. In the hands of such a man, we cannot believe that their difficulty has often been productive of injury to his patients: but his example must necessarily influence other operators, and tend to give currency to those modes of practice, which, however attractive in appearance, are in reality the most dangerous and the most difficult. The author of the work before us, on the other hand, testifies an uniform preference of the simplest and least hazardous operations. We must, at the same time, remark, that he has exhibited rather a strong predilection for plantain water, and bags of emollient herbs: nor is he so totally neglectful of antiquity, as to forget the actual cautery, bleeding from the foot, and the application of leeches to certain parts, in the case of ophthalmia supposed to arise from suppression of piles, or of other more regular evacuations.

The various affections of this organ are treated of in succession, and illustrated by the relation of cases: indeed, throughout the work, the reader experiences the agreeable feeling that he peruses the results of the author's own practice, and that he may confidently follow a guide, whose lessons are neither inspired by the fanciful ideas of his own mind, nor altogether derived from the writings of others. Enough however of erudition is shewn, to satisfy us that professor Scarpa has not entered unprepared on his inquiry, or failed to compare his own opinions with those of his predecessors. Perhaps a greater attention to brevity of language, and less

refinement in distinctions, might have added to the value of the work.

The *fistula lachrymalis*, which has so much occupied the attention of oculists, is considered by our author in a point of view that is somewhat original, and we may add ingenious. He conceives, that in by far the greater number of cases, this affection arises from a diseased state of the inner membrane of the *palpebræ* and of the *glandulæ meibomii*; and that the acid matter discharged by these, stimulates the lachrymal sac, producing inflammation, obstruction of the duct, and after a time even carries off the bone, on which these parts rest. Thus he is led to recommend an early application of such remedies, as will most readily remove this primary affection, and to inculcate the necessity of having recourse to the same means, even in the advanced stages of the *fistula lachrymalis*, where an operation becomes necessary to open the obstructed passages. Cases are related by him, in which the disease was arrested in its commencement, by applying to the eyelids a stimulating ointment: and our own experience has furnished us with similar instances, in which the citrine ointment proved unexpectedly beneficial. Having stated professor Scarpa's opinion, and our qualified belief of its truth, we must be allowed to remark, that we are convinced, a multitude of cases will be found, in which the *fistula lachrymalis* has arisen independent of any other affection of the eyes; nor do we conceive it at all improbable, that the same cause which induces a morbid state of the tarsal glands and membrane of the *palpebræ*, should give rise also to a disease of the lachrymal sac.

The surgeons of the continent still retain a decided predilection for the actual cautery, in cases where our countrymen have long ago relinquished its use. Our author has observed, that to ensure success in the formation of an artificial passage for the tears, the pituitary membrane must be destroyed; and this, he conceives, is best effected by the red-hot iron: but, we can assure him, that in this country, where the operation is abundantly frequent, no difficulty has occurred, to suggest the idea of returning to the actual cautery.

On the subject of ophthalmia, in its several forms, professor Scarpa has expressed himself at considerable length. His practice in general is active and enlightened; but there are a few particulars in which, we conceive, he is unsuccessful. In the acute stage of inflammation, he loads his patient with morciless poultices of stewed apples, and bags of emollient herbs, when the poor sufferer would gladly exchange their weight for some cooling wash, or a light pledget of moistened linen. The system of depletion, however, which he

recommends, is admirably calculated to arrest the progress of the disease; and his good sense is abundantly apparent in the anxiety with which he insists on the discrimination that is necessary in the employment of astringent and stimulating remedies. These, at a very early period, will often prove injurious; and it is the test of the surgeon's skill to seize the proper moment when the character of the inflammation changes, so as to admit of such applications. The *thebaic tincture*, of which Mr. Ware has spoken so highly, has been found by our author, in very many cases, of essential service. The professor seems to have read with attention, the work of our countryman already mentioned, on the purulent eye of children, and has borrowed from him pretty liberally, although without acknowledgment. Nothing new is added to the history of the disease, and the camphorated water of Bates is pointed out as the most efficacious application. The purulent ophthalmia in adults, is considered by our author with a good deal of doubt and hesitation; and he at last concludes, by supposing that it depends more on a direct consent between the eyes and the urethra, than on a real translation of matter; 'for,' says he, 'the internal membrane of the urethra, and of the palpebræ, as well as those of the fauces and rectum, are productions of the cutis, and if this effect does not take place in every case of sudden suppression of gonorrhœa, it is because all individuals are not endowed with the same degree of consensual sensibility.' (p. 186.) Perhaps it would be bold in us to dispute, with the learned professor, the kindred structure of the membranes of the urethra and eye-lids; but admitting this, it seems to furnish a very meagre proof of the specific nature of the ophthalmia in question. We are relieved, however, from the necessity of adverting farther to the opinion of our author, by a note which the translator has added from the pen of Mr. Pearson. This gentleman, who unites to talents of a very superior character, the experience furnished by an extensive practice of twenty-five years, remarks—

'Of the many thousand cases of gonorrhœa, which have fallen under my notice, I never could, in any one instance, trace such a connection between the eye and the urethra, as that to which professor Scarpa alludes. In that form of the secondary symptoms of syphilis, where the skin is the part chiefly affected, a disease resembling the ophthalmia tarsi, sometimes appears. It is not commonly attended with much redness of the tunica conjunctiva, nor is the sensibility of the eye to light remarkably increased: yet I have seen it in a few instances, in the form of an acute ophthalmia, resisting all the common modes of treatment, but yielding immediately to a course of mercury.'

Our author's opinion in hypopion is decidedly against opening the cornea, with a view to evacuate the matter, for he conceives that it occasions inflammation and a reproduction of the disease, besides the danger of *prociencia* of the *iris*. In the case, however, of very high inflammation and excessive distension of the eye, he resorts to the operation immediately, and thus avoids the possibility of a spontaneous rupture. His first object in this disease, is to remove the inflammation of the eye, and then to apply to it such stimulants as are most likely to promote the absorption of the matter which it contains. In the old and infirm, he orders a nourishing diet with bark. It is sufficiently remarkable that both professor Scarpa and Mr. Ware should have expressed in their writings such strong doubts of the validity of Mr. Hunter's opinions, with regard to the formation of pus. As for our author, he seems to be very imperfectly informed upon this subject; for he confounds the inflammatory exudation of coagulable lymph, with the purulent secretion which takes place from membranes, and then supposes that the friends of Mr. Hunter's doctrine rest the strength of their arguments on the identity of these two matters. 'If it should be insisted, he observes, that there is no essential difference between coagulable lymph effused from a membrane violently inflamed, and matter, it must then be conceded that there are cases in which matter is formed without abscess or ulceration, and that the hypopion is a disease precisely of this description.' (P. 234) Mr. Ware is still more decisive in his infidelity, and goes so far as to say, that although he has used the term purulent ophthalmia, yet he never meant to assert that the matter discharged was more than morbid mucus, or by any means really purulent.

The subject of cataract is discussed by our author with great perspicuity and intelligence; indeed it forms the most interesting chapter in the volume before us. We were much gratified to find, that the good sense of the professor prevailed over that love of shew, so apt to betray the operator into difficulties which the most consummate skill is not always adequate to meet. He has given the most decided preference to the operation of *depressing*; and has stated in a clear and able manner, the objections which he has found to attend the practice of *extracting*. It is a very easy matter to talk of *couching* as a clumsy mode of operating, which none but the ignorant and unskilful would adopt, to call it stirring up the humours of the eye at random, and represent the rival practice as the masterpiece of dexterity; but to mention only two particulars, we would remind those who contend for *extracting*, that, to perform it, we must necessarily disturb and irritate the *iris*, which is undoubtedly

The most sensible part of the whole organ; nor can we, when removing the lens, destroy its capsule in such a manner as to prevent the occurrence of secondary cataract. Neither of these objections can be urged with any force against the mode by *couching*, which is indeed an operation that is rarely followed by much pain or disturbance to the system: the eye is still whole, and in the great bulk of cases, may be again and again submitted to the needle, till the axis of vision is completely cleared. The success of Mr. Hey, of Leeds, and the testimony of the learned Scarpa, bid fair to vindicate the character of a mode of operating, which is now by many contemned, and to restore the taste of the age to that love of simplicity, which both patient and practitioner seem in the present day so totally to have forgotten. It appears as if distress and difficulty were the objects of desire, for we uniformly find that the patient is grateful to the surgeon in proportion to the pain which he suffers, and the length of time that he is under the knife. The same principle guides him in the choice of his family-remedies: does he receive a wound or a slight burn, nothing milder than strong brine, hot spirits, or *friar's balsam* will succeed in quieting his apprehensions.

In respect to the mode which our author has proposed for the formation of the artificial pupil, we should not be disposed to regard it with much favour. He introduces a fine needle as in *couching*, and separates the *iris* from its attachment to the ciliary ligament on the side next to the nose. The operation causes excruciating pain, and is followed by an effusion of blood into the chambers of the eye; these symptoms, however, soon disappear, and the patient regains his sight. The situation of the aperture so much to the side, must prove an untoward circumstance, which is likely to prevent the formation of a distinct image upon the *retina*; but the testimony of our author seems in a great measure to set aside this obvious difficulty.

Some excellent remarks upon *staphyloma* are given by professor Scarpa; and the subject of incipient *amaurosis* is considered at some length. He is a complete proselyte to the doctrine of Richter and Smucker; and the numerous cases which he has adduced, seem sufficiently to prove that the *tartar emetic* given so as to empty the stomach, and afterwards in laxative doses, along with the application of the vapour of *aqua ammoniac* to the eyes, will very frequently succeed in effecting a perfect recovery of the power of vision. The cure of incipient *amaurosis*, according to the method of Richter, forms a strong additional argument in favour of the opinions so well illustrated in a late work by



Dr. Hamilton. We are persuaded that a careful perusal of some of the older writers, whose ponderous folios are now consigned to the dusty corners of our libraries, would furnish the most ample elucidation of this doctrine, which to many appears new; nothing can be more decided or more luminous than the statement which Hoffman has made in his *Dissertat. de Morb. præcip. recta Medendi ratione*; 'Experientiæ suffragium firmum est, ut in omnibus capitis et nervorum morbis, sic etiam in iis qui oculos detinent, ventriculi et virtutis ipsius digestivæ, rationem esse habendam!' As a general position, this expresses every thing that can be deduced from the numerous cases of nervous diseases, treated by purgatives, which have been lately brought before the public. But it is not by any means our intention to detract from the well merited reputation of Dr. Hamilton, or to depreciate a publication, which, we may truly say, has opened the eyes of medical men to a multitude of facts, which lead to the most important practical conclusions.

We shall now take leave of professor Scarpa, by expressing the satisfaction which we have experienced from the perusal of his treatise, and the hope that we shall soon have occasion to notice the success of his labours in other departments of surgery; for he has given us reason to expect some future work of a nature similar to the present.

The task of translation, which we have been accustomed to find so unsuccessfully executed, is in this instance accomplished with accuracy and even neatness. The sense of the author is rendered in plain and perspicuous language: there are, however, several improvements of style, which we could suggest to Mr. Briggs; and we would recommend to him in particular to check that partiality to stiff and pedantic expressions, into which he has been repeatedly betrayed.

ART. V.—*The Periplus of the Erythrean Sea. Part II, containing an Account of the Navigation of the Antients from the Gulph of Elana in the Red Sea to the Island of Ceylon: with Dissertations. By William Vincent, D.D. 4to, Vol. II. 11, 5s. boards. Cadell and Davies. 1805,*

'THE Periplus of the Erythrean Sea,' says Dr. Vincent, in his first volume, 'is the title prefixed to a work which contains the best account of the commerce carried on from the Red Sea and the coast of Africa to the East Indies dur-

ing the time that Egypt was a province of the Roman Empire.' This work, which the doctor supposes to have been composed in the reign of Nero, he has illustrated with every species of information which ancient erudition or modern knowledge could supply. And though in such a publication, in which a large part must be devoted to a detail of names, distances, situations, and the more dry parts of geographical discussion, the generality of readers will find but little interest, yet the taste, the science, and the learning of the venerable author are so conspicuous throughout the whole, as will amply repay the scholar for the time and attention which he may employ in the perusal. And the historical, commercial, and literary information, which is not sparingly diffused throughout the two volumes, contribute to give them as great and as general an interest as could well be expected in such a publication.

The earliest commerce with the east was carried on by means of the Arabians, and this mode of intercourse Dr. Vincent supposes to have been prior to the times of Abraham and the records of history. Petra, the capital of Edom, or of the Idumea, or Arabia Petrea of the Greeks, was a sort of central point whither the Arabian merchants transported their commodities, from the three sides of their vast peninsula. To this place the Ishmaelites repaired with the spices of India, and the balsam and myrrh of Hadramant, for the supply of the Egyptian market. Petra is a rock supplied with an abundant spring of water, which renders it a fortress of primary importance in the desert. In the reign of David Edom was subdued, and Hebrew garrisons were placed in Elath and Ezion Geber. The trade of Ophir, which flourished so much in the reign of Solomon, is supposed to have commenced about this time. It is well known that the geographical position of Ophir has divided the opinions of the learned. With Prideaux and Gassellin, who has thrown so much light on the geography of the ancients, Dr. Vincent places Ophir in Sabea or Arabia Felix, beyond the Straits of Babel Mandel. The treaty between Hiram and Solomon, to which the trade gave rise, was founded in necessity as well as policy; for while the Jews were masters of Idumea, the Syrians could carry on no commerce with Arabia without the intervention of the Jews. Elath and Petra were reduced by Mahomet in person at the head of thirty thousand men; and this conquest prepared the way for all the succeeding victories of the Mahomedans over the power of the Romans in the east. The whole commerce of the east originally passed through Arabia Petræa to Phœnicia, Tyre, and Egypt. The Arabians of Idumea, or probably

of the provinces further to the south, were the first navigators whom history mentions in the Indian ocean. In the times of Pliny, the Arabians not only frequented the coast of Malabar, but were in such numbers at Ceylon, that, like the Europeans at the present day, they were masters of the coast, while the native sovereigns were compelled to retire beyond the Ghauts. At Ceylon the trade from Malacca and the Golden Chersonese, which was probably in the hands of the Malays or even the Chinese, met the merchants from Arabia, Persia and Egypt; during the middle ages the Eastern trade was probably carried on in the same manner by the Arabians; for the Portuguese on their first arrival in the east, found the trade at Calicut in their possession. Though the Arabians must have been greatly enriched by this commerce, yet they appear to have consumed all the wealth which they acquired in private indulgences and selfish gratifications, without leaving any public monuments to attest their prosperity or magnificence. That spirit of insulated independence, which forms such a distinguishing characteristic in this extraordinary people, seems to have prevented all public spirit and national co-operation. The Arabians at this day possess the same habits and propensities, which were observed in their ancestors more than two thousand years ago. They are still a nation of merchants and marauders.

Arabia Deserta embraces an extent of coast of near seven hundred and fifty miles, while there remain but little more than three hundred miles assignable to Yemen, or Arabia Felix. The numerous tribes, which inhabit the expanse of Arabia Deserta, are the Saracens of the ancients, so called from Saharra or Sarra, a desert, and corresponding with the modern term of Bedowens. But this country could not have been so unproductive as the name seems to imply, for the inhabitants were numerous, and every Arabian has to find subsistence, not only for himself, but for his horse. And if little corn were sown, there must have been an abundance of pasture for their cattle. Though the Arabs are robbers, yet no trade could be carried on among them, if the rights of property were not at least partially respected. Jidda, the sea-port of Mecca, is still a mart of considerable importance. When Bruce was there, nine ships were in the harbour, one of which was worth 200,000l.; and one Arabian merchant offered to purchase the nine cargoes. These would be dispersed over the wildest part of Arabia, by men with whom no traveller would trust his life. Civilization seems to have made farther advances in the southern parts of Arabia; justice was better administered, and more protection was afforded to the merchant,

The country of Yemen retains this character to the present day.

The Persian gulph, the Caspian, and the Euxine, formed, in very early times, another route for the commerce of the East; but this mode of communication was of a later date than that which the Arabians carried on by the Red Sea. Herodotus informs us, that the trade on the Euxine was conducted by interpreters of seven different languages; and in the early period of the Roman power, there were 130 interpreters of the languages used by the different traders at Dioscurias in Colchis. The crusades in the 11th and 12th centuries opened the eyes of the Europeans to the advantages of the Indian trade. They saw that the power of Saladin was founded principally on the revenue which he derived from the commercial intercourse between Egypt and the East. But the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, principally accelerated the decline of the Turkish power, which, at one period, threatened the total subjugation of the nations in the West. We do not mean to follow Dr. Vincent step by step along the whole circuit of coast, in which he attends the author of the *Periplus*; but we select a few particulars by the way, which we think most likely to communicate instruction, or to gratify curiosity.

The Romans, who were rather a nation of soldiers, than of manufacturers and artizans, and among whom public opinion operated to the discouragement of commerce, had few articles to offer in exchange for the commodities which they purchased. The balance of trade could consequently seldom be in their favour; and they seem to have procured the luxuries of the East, by the pillage of the provinces. The industry of the enslaved provinces, was condemned to support the indolence of the Roman citizens. Pliny complains that the Roman world experienced an annual drain of 400,000*l.*, which was expended in the products of the East. But yet this small island lays out two millions every year in the single article of tea, without any sensible diminution of her wealth. Such is the difference between that prosperity which is founded on industry, and on arms; on commerce, and on conquest! The author of the *Periplus* says, that 'upon approaching the mouths of the Indus, the sea is white; and the sign of land, before it is seen, is a multitude of snakes, called Gracii, floating on the surface.' This fact is confirmed by modern navigators; it takes place down the whole coast of Malabar, as well as on the approach to the Indus, and is imputed to the rains of the monsoon washing down these reptiles out of the rivers. Near the

promontory of Barakes, the serpents which are seen floating on the water, are of a black colour, and of a larger size than those on the other parts of the coast, which are green, and of a golden hue.

In most of the Indian rivers, an extraordinary degree of force is exhibited in the flux and reflux of the tide, when the moon is new or full. But this is most remarkable at Barugaza, where, in an instant, the bed of the river is left almost bare; and, when the flood-tide returns, the stream is forced upwards for a great number of miles, with irresistible impetuosity. Large vessels are torn from their anchors by the current, and precipitated on their sides, or wrecked on the shoals, while the smaller ones are in a moment overset.

When the Europeans first visited India, Calicut on the coast of Malabar was the grand mart of the oriental world. Here the traders from China and Malacca met the Arabs and Persians, who brought the produce of their own countries, as well as the articles which they procured from Europe. The Arabs who settled in Calicut only at the first voyage of the Portuguese, are said to have amounted to fifteen thousand, besides numerous settlements in Ceylon and Coromandel. Paulina describes them as 'a robust race, wearing their beards long, and their hair neglected; their complexion is dark, and their clothing consists of nothing more than a shirt or trowsers of cotton. They are active and laborious; seldom appearing in the streets, but in a body, and always armed. They sleep in tents or booths, dress their victuals in the open air, and work during the night by the light of the moon. They assist one another in lading and unlading their ships, and they drink plentifully of toddy and arrack. Upon receiving the least affront, the revenge is common to all.' This character is supposed to be applicable not only to the present Arabians, but to the Arabians of every age. Their trade is still considerable at Cochin and at Calicut; and employs not less than an hundred ships from Muscat, Mocha, and Jidda. In the time of the author of the *Periplus*, the principal articles of export to the ports of India were 'great quantities of specie, topazes, stibium for colouring the eyes, coral, white glass, brass, tin, lead, cinnabar, orpiment; in return for which, the Arabian merchants brought back 'pepper in great quantity, pearls in quantity and quality superior to others, ivory, fine silks, spikenard, betel, all sorts of transparent or precious stones, diamonds, jacinths, amethysts, tortoise-shell.' Here we find that, in the more early periods as well as in later times, the products of the East were rather

purchased by the precious metals than procured by exchange for other commodities. But notwithstanding the complaints of men who are ignorant of the true principles of commerce, it appears that Europe has been rather enriched than impoverished by this drain of bullion. Among the articles which at a very early period were exported to the East, we find one of the native products of Britain. The tin of Cornwall found its way by some circuitous mode of communication to the coast of Malabar; and in the eighth century we find the venerable Bede possessing some articles of Eastern luxury, pepper, cinnamon and frankincense. (Bede op. p. 798. Appendix, and p. 808.) Among the articles which were imported from India, mention is made of fine silks *óðóna Engiá*. These were brought from the countries farther to the east; and hence we see that in the days of the author of the Periplus, and probably many ages before, an intercourse was open between the coast of Malabar and the regions beyond the bay of Bengal. Dr. Vincent says that 'the antients always meant China Proper by the term Seres, however obscure their notions of it were.' Silk, which may be termed an aboriginal product of China, was usually brought into the Roman world by the route of Tartary, the Caspian, and the Euxine, and it was this channel by which Justinian procured the silk worm. The point where the traders from the west met those of the Seres, was in Tartary, and farther to the north-east than the sources of the Ganges. Pliny remarked the characteristic jealousy of the Seres or Chinese in respect to strangers; lib. vi. c. 17, and cap. 2, S. Thus we find that there were in antient times two modes of communication with China, one by land, through the intervention of Tartary, and another by sea, facilitated by the nations of the Golden Chersonese.

The author of the Periplus is supposed by Dr. Vincent not to have visited any part of the coast of Malabar, farther south than the port of Nelkunda, where Hippalus first discovered the monsoon. The history of this event we shall give in the words of the author of the Periplus, as they are translated by Dr. Vincent.

'The whole navigation, such as it has been described from Aden\* and Hare (to the ports of India,) was performed formerly in small vessels, by adhering to the shore, and following the indentations of the coast: but Hippalus was the pilot who first discovered the direct course across the ocean, by observing the position of the ports, and the general appearance of the sea; for at the

season when the annual winds, peculiar to our climate settle in the north, and blow for a continuance upon our coast from the Mediterranean, in the Indian ocean the wind is constantly to the south-west, and this wind has in those seas obtained the name of Hippalus, from the pilot who first attempted the passage by means of it to the east. From the period of that discovery to the present time, vessels bound to India take their departure either from Kane, on the Arabian, or from Cape Aromata (Gardafan) on the African side. From these points they stretch out into the open sea at once, leaving all the windings of the gulphs and bays at a distance, and make directly for their several destinations on the coast of India.

The monsoon had been noticed by Nearchus, but, in the space of three hundred years which elapsed between his time and that of Hippalus, not one person seems to have thought of rendering the discovery subservient to the interests of commerce, and the purposes of navigation. The practical application of the most familiar truths, seems often to be the effect rather of fortuitous thought, than of deliberate contrivance.

Our readers will perhaps be pleased with the following picturesque description of Paralia, on the coast of Malabar. Paulina had taken his passage to Europe on board of a French frigate: and while he was sailing between Cochin and Cape Comorin, the scenery of the coast produces this burst of vivid admiration.

‘Nothing can be more enchanting to the eye, or delicious to the senses, than is experienced in a voyage near the extremity of the peninsula. At three or four leagues from the coast the country of Malabar appears like a theatre of verdure: here a grove of cocoa-trees, and there a beautiful river pouring its tribute into the ocean, through a valley irrigated and fertilized by its waters. In one place a group of fishing-vessels, in another a white church, peering through the verdure of the groves; while the gentle land-breezes of the morning waft the fragrance exhaled from the pepper, cardamum, betel, and other aromatics, to a great distance from the shore, and perfume the vessel on her voyage with their odours; towards noon succeeds the sea-breeze, of which we took advantage to speed the beautiful Calypso towards the port of her destination.’

In the time of the *Periplus* the pearl-fishery was carried on as appresent to the eastward of Cape Comorin; and pearl-oysters were found only at the island of Epidôrus, which is the present isle of Manar. The fishery is on the Ceylon side towards Manar. From fifty to sixty thousand persons are assembled on the occasion, consisting of divers mariners, and traders of different descriptions. This fishery, which

produced 20,000l. to the Portuguese and the Dutch, produced in the year 1797, 150,000l. to the English.

In the first dissertation 'on the Sinæ, the Seres, and the termination of ancient geography on the east,' we meet with some interesting particulars, and on this as well as many other occasions, we cannot but pay a well-deserved tribute of applause to Dr. Vincent's extent and accuracy of research. Thina, Sinæ, Izinistæ, and the country of the Seres, are proved to signify the same region, or the China of the moderns. The first mention of Thina, is in a treatise 'De Mundo,' which is ascribed to Aristotle; but there is a more detailed mention of it in Eratosthenes, who was born 276 before Christ. Though the Macedonians under Alexander did not proceed further east than the Indus, yet they must have acquired some knowledge of the country beyond that river; and some indistinct accounts of China were probably, by this means, transmitted to the Greeks; but the Arabian merchants, who traded to the western coast of India, where they met other merchants from the eastern coast, who had by the intervention of other traders, an intercourse with the country of the Seres, were likely to have communicated the first authentic information respecting this region of silk. Silk was in the age of the author of the *Periplus* brought from the Seres to India by land and by sea; and he specifies both modes of conveyance. The usual course of communication was through the whole length of Tartary into Bactria, where they crossed the mountains to the sources of the Indus, and passed down that river to Barbunke, and thence to Guzerat. Silk was esteemed so precious a commodity in ancient Rome, that it was actually conveyed by land carriage from China to the Mediterranean, a distance in a right line of more than 4000 miles. This curious fact is preserved by Ptolemy; and it is not a little extraordinary that this traffic was conducted entirely by Roman merchants without the intervention of other traders in the various countries through which it passed. By what motives could the Tartars be induced to permit such an intercourse without any molestation?

Dr. Vincent's work contains much recondite information, which will be found highly valuable to the geographer and the scholar; but we, who have to cater for the palates of a large and promiscuous class of readers, have thought it most incumbent to direct our attention principally to those parts of this work which are likely to afford the most general satisfaction.



**ART. VI.**—*The Pleasures of Human Life investigated cheerfully, elucidated satirically, promulgated explicitly, and discussed philosophically, in a dozen Dissertations on male, female, and neuter Pleasures. Interspersed with various Anecdotes, and expounded by numerous Annotations By Hilario Benevolus and Co., Fellows of the Literary Society of Lussorists. Embellished with five illustrative Etchings and two Head-pieces, 12mo. 8s. Longman and Co. 1807.*

THE list of pleasures appears not yet to be exhausted. We have had the Pleasures of Imagination, of Memory, and of Hope, besides the productions of a train of minor votaries of fame who have followed at a humble distance the footsteps of their masters. Yet we cannot accuse any of these of having unwarily afforded the countenance of their example to this general but feeble exposition of mortal delights. The ‘Miseries of Human Life,’ if we may judge by the test of trade, a rapid sale, have already contributed greatly to the happiness and edification of the learned and tasteful inhabitants of this metropolis. Our shopkeepers and apprentices, all-powerful to dispense the gifts of fame and wealth in the purlieus of Covent garden, have pronounced also a decisive approbation of the merits of that performance, and have drawn forth the reluctant name of the author to demonstrate to the wondering world by this feat of activity, that the tales of the fat slumbers of incorporated learning are but the offspring of the malignant breath of scandal. There is a contagion in success, and it was no presumptuous conjecture that the ingenious readers of the ‘Miseries’ might be tempted or tricked into the purchase of the ‘Pleasures of Human Life.’

The work commences with a ‘Deprecatory Advertisement,’ in which the editor or editors are most uselessly earnest to impress the idea of the fruitlessness of searching after their names. We dare assure them not an idle woman but is too busy or too careless to trouble herself with the attempt. They may repose in the leaden slumbers of oblivion, unless their rampant vanity is unable to withstand the desire of attaining the name and privileges of an author. To compare their futile boasts of concealing what no one wishes to know, with the successful efforts of Junius, or even the writer of the Pursuits of Literature, is to assimilate the mole-hill to the mountain, or the wars of the pigmies and the cranes to the combats of giants and of gods.

We have in this volume twelve dissertations, in which a

playful and satirical vein of writing, is with little variety attempted to be carried on. With the help of Joe Miller, old magazines and newspapers of all dates, abundance of stories and anecdotes are served up to the reader, which may perhaps gratify his palate, if he has never tasted of them before. We can venture to guess, however, that the writer is a grave man, who is merry by rule: at least his work conveys that impression to our minds. He recalls to our recollection that unnatural and disgusting gaiety, which various disappointed old maids display in society, to veil from their own, and the public eye, their inward sentiments of mortification. He is like the fool of the antient barons, who was always expected to be ready at a joke, whether his pulse beat cheerily with the stimulus of pleasure, or throbbled with the agony of disease. The said fools however had great allowances made for them. If a foolish thing dropped from their lips, it might pass for an intentional folly; as Sir Richard Steele says somewhere in one of his periodical papers, if any thing appears dull or stupid here, the reader is requested to believe that it was meant to be so. But we fear the writer, or if it must be so, the writers of this performance will be unable to substantiate a claim to *professional* folly, and that the world will rate their attainments in melancholy earnest.

To give any idea of such a jumble as is now before us, would be no easy task. Our author jumps away from one topic to another, like a grasshopper singing, with more noise than music. The general plan however seems to have been to talk on through 223 pages, gathering together as many anecdotes of literary and public men as possible, abusing enemies, and puffing up friends with an equal inattention to justice or truth; here collating the absurdities of newspapers, there wasting paper on verses, for the printing of which, the following candid reason is assigned:

‘ Therefore whether wrong or right,  
Ludere cum calamo I delight.’

One page is left blank, in imitation of Sterne, and it is sensibly remarked, that this part of the work at least, will be secure against the attack of criticism. 223 such pages however would have been greatly more so. The stale pretence is resorted to, of asserting all the characters to be drawn from real life, in the hope no doubt of inducing the inquisitive to exercise their ingenuity to discover the original. We confess that, but for the information, we should not have suspected any likeness to have existed to any hu-

man being. This work, however, will be read by the idle and the young, to whom it will afford the pastime of an hour: it is suited to the degeneracy of our public taste, and to the frivolity of the first age of a declining empire. Lest, however, their purpose should be mistaken, the authors have fully stated that it will be answered, if this work 'detects and exposes one lurking folly, or makes a man or woman more happy in themselves, or tempts them to administer to the pleasures of others.' They cannot miss their object: he who strikes in the dark will hit follies, and our men and women were never more disposed to administer to all sorts of pleasures, than they are at this moment.

**ART. VII.**—*Lectures on Natural Philosophy, the Result of many Years practical Experience of the Facts elucidated: with an Appendix, containing a great Number, and Variety of astronomical and geographical Problems: also, some useful Tables, and a comprehensive Vocabulary. By Margaret Bryan. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. Kearsley. 1806.*

THE subject of the present article introduces something very interesting to our curiosity, a phenomenon which rarely occurs in the exercise of our critical functions, a lady writing on natural philosophy with considerable spirit, copiousness, and ingenuity. She does not advance her claim to public notice upon the mere ground of having diligently perused, and faithfully abridged the works of others, but upon the further plea that she has perseveringly employed herself in submitting philosophical theory to the test of experiment. And still farther to tranquillize the reader's apprehension lest the intoxicating interest of so fascinating a pursuit should have drawn aside a sanguine female mind into the regions of visionary theory and imperfectly digested system, we are informed that her occupation has been for several years to adapt the truths of philosophy to the comprehension of children; and that its propositions have been already addressed to those, by whom they could not have been understood unless they were capable of being enunciated with precision and confirmed by actual experiment.

It is obviously necessary, before we give an opinion upon this work, to consider the different modifications under which natural philosophy is taught, as it respects the persons to be instructed, and the end for which instruction is given. The purpose for which a young man is taught natural philosophy

at the University of Cambridge, is at once to invigorate the intellect by an exercise specially adapted to strengthen and subtilize its operations, and to furnish that kind of information respecting the qualities and affections of objects of daily occurrence, as shall conduce to the pleasure, advantage, and respectability of his future life. Were even nothing more accomplished, it were well worth a few months of patient attention to acquire the power of contemplating with the eye of sagacious conjecture any specimen of complicated machinery, and of explaining the principle of its movements to those of equally ardent, but less enlightened curiosity. The process made use of is every way adapted to the end proposed. The knowledge imparted is simple, elementary and comprehensive; the form in which it is communicated is as logical and precise as the nature of the subjects will admit. For those who are educated elsewhere, and whose future fortunes are expected to be derived from the professional application of philosophical principles to practical purposes, a different mode of initiation must be devised. The elementary principles most extensively applicable in this point of view once laid down, very little progress can be permitted in the regions of theory, except as it may afford collateral assistance to the surveyor or the engineer. For such a person a few principles well understood are all that is in general required. The subject on which he must lay in the most copious store of information, is the diversity of forms in which these principles may be exemplified; how they may be embodied as applicable to the variety of circumstances under which the subservience of their operation is likely to be employed. His business is with the use that art can make of the actual state of things; not with positions, however true, which depend upon a combination of circumstances either out of nature or out of reach. The spirit of the modern system of education suggests that young females should not any more than young men be confined to learning words, and pursuing the same ideas out of French into English, and back again from English into French; but that a part of what is taught should answer the purpose of improvement in the matter as well as the manner of writing, and be directed at once to excite, and gratify curiosity, to create an appetite for knowledge, and to furnish its appropriate food. The apparatus and amusing experiments of natural philosophy give it in many respects a decided advantage over the branches of learning usually taught at schools. Its applicability, if not its actual application, is seen as its parts are unfolded. Whereas in learning languages, a number of inapplicable, and unconnected rudi-

ments mock the efforts and fatigue the memories of children without interesting or rewarding curiosity. And though this objection does not lie against the refined accomplishments, as music, drawing, and even dancing, they are obviously liable to a specific one of much greater weight, their comparative unimportance when attained. Their interest also is limited, it acts but upon a few, and those perhaps not in general the most thriving intellects. But natural knowledge is generally attractive. Its very rudiments, and the mode of inculcating it are pleasing. The memory is not loaded with unintelligible words, but what is to children peculiarly gratifying, every thing from the very beginning admits of explanation. All seems amusement, while by a dextrous provision and combination of experiments, the general truths upon which they depend, are almost spontaneously imbibed, and effectually remembered. But the importance of all knowledge is to be estimated by the consequences to be derived from it. And here too natural philosophy has under proper management a decided superiority; upon which however, as we shall afterwards have occasion to notice it, we shall not at present enlarge.

In a work therefore intended to refresh the memories of those who have heard the lectures and seen the experiments, or to convey original information on the same subjects to other readers, we may dispense in a great measure with precision of form as well as completeness of system. But with the destination of the pupil the form of instruction must vary. Young ladies are not to make their fortunes by the application of philosophy, nor need they be trained to logical precision of reasoning. It is sufficient if the most notorious principles are laid down, and familiarly illustrated. No other demonstration is expected than reference to experiment. The object is to furnish the youthful mind with enlarged and comprehensive views of nature and art, and above all to represent this knowledge when acquired in its proper subordinate light, and to make philosophy the handmaid of religion. It is evident therefore that the dryness of method is modified, not because method is bad, but because the display of it would fatigue; that in substance it is as necessary as it is improper in form. For as the progress from one truth to another is the only way of teaching philosophy, this path must be precalculated by the instructor, for it is certain the pupils will never find it of themselves. This will most readily be effected by the introduction of experiments various in their appearance, but firmly connected by their reference to one general principle; so that while a child thinks the advancement is continually progressive, the path is in reality

a circle round a central cause, which animates and irradiates the whole circuit of phenomena.

We shall not think ourselves intruding upon Mrs. Bryan's province if we indulge a few reflections on the philosophy of instruction. It is perhaps hardly necessary to suggest that a lecturer must take a clear and comprehensive view of the elementary principles of the proposed subject, and their mutual bearings and connexion. This can be done only by repeatedly analysing, and classing the phenomena in his own mind under general heads with regard to the causes that produce them. This process should be resorted to again and again till he is acquainted with a wide range of experiments, from which he can select as occasion requires such as spontaneously illustrate the particular truth he intends to convey; and can also at pleasure vary his exhibitions when their attraction is weakened, and still communicate the desired impression. This task of generalizing is seldom an easy and never a rapid one. We are disappointed perhaps at finding that our attempts in the way of analysis fail to produce the simplicity, or else the comprehensiveness we aim at: either the ambition of systematic uniformity excludes necessary information, or anxiety to unfold the subject fully overgrows the precise limits of philosophical neatness and accuracy. The truth when disentangled does not lie in a few propositions; there is a chasm in the reasoning which cannot be filled up without sacrificing exactness of method, and orderly arrangement. Elegant and perspicuous brevity must be occasionally renounced for tedious circumlocution, the introduction of which is necessary to explain what to those who know it is seen in a moment, what the explanation at last perhaps awkwardly conveys, and what must be caught accidentally while poring over it, rather than by any direct consequence of explanatory labor. But be it remembered that it is simplicity in substance and not in form that is the object in view. This is consistent with great want of outward symmetry. It is not multiplicity or even complexity, but confusion of parts that obscures the meaning of a treatise and renders it unintelligible. The imperfect nature of human knowledge makes it necessary to have recourse to a variety of ungraceful expedients to maintain unbroken a series of ideas of any considerable length. So general however is the love of system, the determination that our subject shall be comprehended within the limits of the scheme we have made to hold it, that we often thrust it in neck and heels, regardless of the interests of truth or the comfort of the learner; or finding our efforts at pleasing ourselves vain, we give up the whole in disgust. The next thing to be considered, and it is a considerable

ration which strongly confirms the necessity of previous arrangement, is the adjustment of the experiments. If the design is incorrect, the colouring will only render the incorrectness more visible: and even where the first process is happily executed, some exertion of thought will be necessary to proceed with effect. In the composition of lessons for children few things are more difficult than clothing them with appropriate drapery. To a mature mind you cannot present philosophical truth in too simple a form. But a mere naked statement will never fix the attention of a child: some collateral help must be contrived to excite curiosity and afford amusement. But as extraneous ideas contrived for entertainment have a natural tendency to fascinate and seduce the attention, it requires no small skill so to select the illustration as to counteract this tendency. It is not every exemplification of a principle that will do; not a mere graceful and entertaining variety of experiments that will always impress that principle with the strongest and most lasting effect. The object is not merely to detain but to lead and direct the mind, not to keep in a certain region of ideas, but to conduct it to the very spot. Having performed this preparatory work with vigilant and persevering fidelity, the teacher will come forward to deliver his instructions with a pleasing hope of success. His next care will be to determine the mode of address to his pupils. Instruction to young people should be at once clear and diffuse: clear, that they may comprehend all that is said, and diffuse, that they may have the advantage of seeing the same objects in different lights, and of knowing it thoroughly. The accumulation of parts in a subject, like that of matter in bodies, prevents the whole from being seen in any single point of view. The whole may indeed by such a partial display be suggested to those who are previously acquainted with it, but not to those to whom it is introduced for the first time. The style best adapted to such a purpose is a simple, exact and equable one, as distant from indistinct verbosity as from the brevity of technical condensation, exhibiting ideas in the most unembarrassed form, and, while it furnishes all the language that is necessary to a copious latitude of explanation, rejecting every word that is beyond, or beside this purpose. The usual simplicity of philosophical discourse is indeed of a technical kind, which to experienced minds has great advantages: by an abstract term it conveys the matter of a whole sentence, or by the collocation of a word implies some modification of the idea for which it stands. But this property of philosophical language, which renders it more convenient for adult intellects, constitutes its peculiar unfitness for children. The simplicity which

they want is not that of abridgment and condensation, but of separation, and disentanglement. Plainness cannot be too much studied, nor is there perhaps a better direction to be given on this head than what has been suggested for the use, and occasionally vindicated by the example of the pulpit—to calculate your expressions for that capacity which you consider as the most limited of your audience. It will be obvious to every person of intelligence and experience that this direction prescribes no necessary sacrifice of neatness or accuracy. One of the most tiresome and unsatisfactory branches of the employment of teaching, is the experience of a difficulty which frequently occurs till the pupil has made some habitual acquaintance with the new set of ideas presented to him. The difficulty we allude to exists rather in the terms which represent the ideas than the chain of inference or connexion between the ideas themselves. What to the instructor appears perfectly easy and studiously simple, is again to be divided and subdivided, till perseverance almost shrinks from the contemplation of its task, and patience fails in the execution. Many ingenious methods have been devised for shortening this labour, but we are not sanguine enough to expect much from any scheme that promises a shorter way to knowledge. By patiently attending the mental exertions of the pupil, breaking down every difficulty into its constituent parts, and throwing upon each elementary particle the combined light of the ideas to which it is related, the way may be rendered easier and the advancement more certain, but not more compendious. The necessity of strict though concealed method we have already noticed. To the labours of the teacher must be added the endeavours of the pupil in the exercise and application of what he already knows. Every new lesson should be stated distinctly, and explained diffusely, and the detailed impression thus made upon the mind, collected and summed up, by re-stating the principal matter once more before the conclusion of the lesson. No difficulty should be passed over; it is better that what is hereafter to be taught should be occasionally taken for granted, in order to illustrate and imprint first principles, than that this rudimental knowledge from being hurried over, should be found wanting when its application is called for.

Abstract truth can be communicated only in an orderly series of propositions, each founded either upon those which have previously been established, or upon self-evident assumptions. And it has been complained of almost by all writers in this department, that they do not exhibit the train of ideas sufficiently clear and uninterrupted to facilitate the learner's advancement. They are perhaps too sparing in



their enumeration of first principles, and too general and indistinct in the elucidation of them. Or in the course of the demonstration they omit intermediate steps, the truth and importance of which are yet unknown to a beginner, though by the writer himself, from the habit of continually applying them, they are regarded almost as intuitive truths. Thus the attention of the learner is wearied, his perseverance baffled, and his mind disgusted even with its own attainments, for want of the medium of communication by which they may be made subservient to future acquisitions. It is impossible for one who knows a thing, to feel as if he did not know it, and therefore very difficult, when he has it to teach, to put himself in the situation of one who is ignorant. Eager to arrive at the end he has in view, he inculcates the elements hastily and confusedly, forgetting, in the familiarity with which he himself applies them the patient attention, and scrupulous distinctness by which they were originally acquired. Contemplating rather the loftiness than the durability of his intended building, his employment of first principles bears more resemblance to the temporary structure of a scaffold, than to the compactness and solidity of a deep laid foundation. Mrs. Bryan deserves great credit in this respect, and if she has not always avoided this error, candour will suggest her excuse to those who have had it in their power to give a more undivided attention to natural philosophy, and have taught it in its simplest and most analysed forms. They are to consider the peculiar difficulties and interruptions, under which the present publication is brought forward. A mere teacher has much leisure time to meditate a theory of instruction; and as the advancement of any art has always materially depended upon that division of labour which assigns to some the employment of conducting it, and to others the task of investigating its principles, the pursuits of these two classes ought to be carefully separated, and we shall enter our protest against either invading the province of the other, or estimating its labours by rules of examination applicable only to their own. A lecturer *vis à vis* can whenever it is necessary alter his arrangement and diversify his illustration. He does so habitually, and almost imperceptibly. And when he revises his written papers for publication, can hardly escape some deviation from method and deficiency in explanation. What was thrown into the lecture without effort or observation, will not always be remembered in preparing for the press. But to this difficulty, which is felt in common with all lecturers, are to be added the consideration of many important ones peculiar to Mrs. Bryan, as having the management of a large school. It is extremely

difficult where one active duty treads almost without intermission upon the heels of another, to find opportunity, even by the most dextrous redemption of time, for that speculative investigation, which shall apply the materials of instruction with their maximum of effect. Instruction is only one of the many subjects of anxious care that occupy a mind engaged in superintending the education of children. The attention must necessarily take a very wide and various range, and pass rapidly through a series of objects unconnected by proximity or resemblance. A great part of the whole time dedicated immediately to the children, is taken up in providing for their mere existence and well being. And when to this we add the hours of actual instruction, little of what remains will be applicable to the purposes alluded to. For we are to consider not only the quantity of time thus consumed, but the mode and the portions in which the consumption of it takes place. The small intervals that can be saved, want the essential requisite for study, freedom from interruption. And how often must a mind thus variously occupied be forced by mere fatigue to give up the contemplation of the most interesting and important subjects, for total repose? It is by such considerations that Mrs. Bryan's labours are to be appreciated, and upon the due application of such an estimate we shall not be disposed to ask why more is not done, but admit it to be matter of wonder and commendation that so much has been accomplished. The question, by the determination of which her merit is materially to be decided, is not whether the system of philosophy be complete, but whether it is adapted to the purposes and persons, for whom it is intended. Neither does it affect this question to say, even if it be said with truth, that the form of instruction might have been in some respects improved. Great credit is due to her for having ventured so far in so hopeful a reform; and she may well be pardoned for having applied her system of instruction when it became applicable, and laid out her time in the execution of a plan justified by progressive experience, instead of wasting it in the search after ideal perfection. Her plan is practicable, for it has been actually practised; and lessons which have been once taught with success may be inculcated again with equally fortunate results. We shall enter more into detail in our next number.

*(To be continued.)*

ART. VIII.—*Speech of the Right Honourable Viscount Howick, in the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 26, 1807; stating the Circumstances which led to the Change of Administration.* 8vo. 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

WE consider the late change of administration as a great misfortune to the country. That administration contained a greater mass of probity and talents than has ever been found in any administration, since his present majesty's accession to the throne. And though they have been much blamed for what they did not do, and during the first part of their administration, perhaps with justice, yet they deserve on the whole, more praise for what they have actually done. Let us consider the difficult circumstances in which they were placed, the jealous and suspicious eye with which they were, from the beginning, regarded by the court; and let us judge them not by imaginary possibilities of execution, but by the measures which they had the wisdom to propose, and the constancy to effect. When they came into office, great expectations were entertained respecting the wholesome changes which were to be wrought in the old system, and the enlightened plan of policy, which was to constitute the new. If some of these expectations have not been realised, we must not blame the men, but lament the perplexities of their situations. Without imputing to them a want of integrity, or a dereliction of principle, we shall find an ample apology for their conduct in the prejudices behind the throne, which they had to oppose, and the secret machinations of insidious enemies, with which they had to contend. Perhaps too, the expectations which were formed, were beyond what any administration, even in more fortunate circumstances, could have realized. For the will of the executive is paramount to every other; and though the cabinet may advise, they cannot command the concurrence of the sovereign. The fate of the late measure, in favour of the Catholics, is a proof, that to particular points of civil and ecclesiastical reform, a degree of resistance will be opposed, which no effort is likely to overcome. The most patriotic exertions of the most patriotic ministry, will probably be paralysed by the withering blast of some malignant star, before they can meet the wishes of the people.

When the late ministry came into office, they found impediments thrown in their way, at almost every step, by the sinister and fatal policy of their predecessors. The long administration of Mr. Pitt, had been an accumulation of

mischief and disaster ; and, at his death, the country was groaning under the evils of one of the most obstinate and bloody wars, in which it had ever been engaged. Notwithstanding the great resources of the country, the finances were in a state of disorder and confusion ; and the utmost peculation, prodigality, and abuse were found to prevail in some of the public offices, and in most of the departments of the state. When an old and noble friend of Mr. Fox, soon after his appointment to the office of Secretary of State for foreign affairs, asked him, ' whether he did not find things in a very bad state ? ' he replied with great emphasis, ' worse than you can possibly imagine.'

But though the late ministry, on their accession to office, found things in this deplorable and embarrassing situation, they omitted no possible endeavour to remedy the evil ; and it must be allowed, that their conduct, though it has been accused of precipitation by one party, of perfidy by another, and of imbecility by both, was, on the whole, dignified, consistent, honest, and circumspect. In respect to our foreign politics, their first object was to obtain for the country, what the country so much wanted, peace on fair and honourable terms, of which the permanency would be secured by the mutual interest of the enemy, and of ourselves ; and in case this proved impracticable, to conduct the war on such a plan as seemed most likely to distress the enemy, and to benefit ourselves. With respect to the attainment of the first object, it will hardly be denied that, if their pacific proposals had been met with equal philanthropy on the part of the French government, Europe would long since have enjoyed the blessings of repose. With respect to their mode of prosecuting the war, and the combination of their foreign politics, time has hardly been allowed, sufficient to perfect their plans, or to develop the details.

In their domestic government, we have seen them with deliberate caution, but with efficacious vigour, pursue the most essential and most salutary reforms in various departments of the state. As far as could be done in so short a time, they did their utmost to cleanse the Augean stable of public corruption, and to put an end to the shameless peculation and extravagances which they saw and deplored in the naval, the military, and the civil departments of the state. They spared no pains to secure the integrity of the public accomptant, and to prevent the possibility of future depredations. And though they raised the income tax to ten per cent. and allowed fewer exemptions than their predecessors, yet they did what none of their prede-

cessors had ever done, put an end to all future taxation, except to a very inconsiderable amount. Will their successors do as much?

But that measure which redounds most to the credit of the late administration, and which, indeed, crowns them with a wreath of philanthropy that will never fade, is the abolition of the slave trade. Here even their most bitter opponents must confess their sincerity, and attest their praise. Mr. Pitt, who may be justly said to have been omnipotent in parliament; and whom a long possession of the patronage of the country, had fortified with a greater number of mercenary dependents, and interested connections, than any minister had ever before possessed, had frequently supported this measure in parliament, but always without success. Yet this same minister never proposed a motion for the extension of the prerogative, or the abridgment of the liberty of the subject, however unpopular it might really be, which he did not carry with a triumphant majority. We may, therefore, without the asperity of party, or the exaggerations of faction, question, whether the sincerity of Mr. Pitt on the subject of African emancipation, were not of a piece with his efforts on the subject of parliamentary reform? There certainly was a period when he might have effected both; but he turned apostate from the last, and he gave rather a nominal, than a real support to the first. But the late administration never pretended to countenance any political measure, which they did not support with all their strength, all their heart, and all their soul. The abolition of the slave trade had not, indeed, the unanimous concurrence of the cabinet; but, notwithstanding this, it was carried by the honest and zealous exertions of Lord Howick, in the House of Commons, and by those of Lord Grenville in the House of Lords. Will it be pretended that Mr. Pitt did not possess as much influence in the Commons, as the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs? Here, then, we have ample reason for panegyricizing that administration, which has been so abruptly and perhaps for the country so fatally dismissed. The well-merited indulgence, which the late ministry meant to proffer to the Catholics, furnished the pretext for their dismissal; but did it constitute the cause? Were there not other grounds of secret dissatisfaction, which would have led to a change, if the Catholic question had never been introduced? Did not the court view with an evil eye, the reforms which they had commenced, and others which they were known to meditate? The regulations of frugality, the retrenchments of economy, and the consequent pretensions of prodigality and pe-

culation, are seldom agreeable to the sycophants, who are always found lurking in ambush behind the throne. His majesty's paternal regard for the welfare of his subjects cannot be doubted; but who can resist the influence of early prepossession?

The speech of Lord Howick, which has caused us to make the foregoing observations, in which we have not been influenced by any bias of faction or of party, exhibits a clear, candid, and manly statement of the causes which *more immediately* led to the recent revolution in the cabinet. As the late ministers were well aware, before they came into office, of his majesty's radical aversion to the measure of any farther concessions to the Catholics, and as a great majority of those ministers themselves were, from principle, favourable to such concessions, perhaps they may be said to have erred in accepting the seals of office without such formal and express stipulations with the crown, on this and some other important subjects, as would have prevented all future misunderstanding, and opposed a certain barrier to the late change, from which we augur no good to the sovereign, and much evil to the country.

ART. IX.—*Oxford Prize Poems: being a Collection of such English Poems as have, at various Times, obtained Prizes in the University of Oxford.* 12mo. 3s. Rivingtons. 1807.

THE sister universities have been equally anxious to make reparation for an omission in their primary institutions, their neglect of English literature, and more particularly the proudest part of it, English poetry. Cambridge, with more zeal than prudence, accepted a bequest for the encouragement of metrical sermons, which yearly call forth some well-meaning candidate to strut on the stilts of blank verse in the plenitude of flatulent insignificance. Oxford has given encouragement to the sterling couplet, which sets all rivalry at defiance. Assured as we are, that ordinary men will in general shrink from the difficulties of this species of verse, we were surprized to observe the tame mediocrity which pervaded this collection. The worst of them, it is true, transcends the very best Seatonian prize—but this is negative praise—a hint at comparison is in itself a sarcasm.

Absolute correctness should not be expected, nor, if found exclusive of other excellence, rewarded in the poetical excursions of young men; and yet exclusive of correctness, little will be here found, with all due allowances to youth and in-

experience in the harmony of numbers, the structure of sentences, and what may be termed, the poetry of style, that has much claim to attention.

The secret of this general languor seems inherent in the subjects themselves, which, with one exception, hold out but little invitation to ardent, enterprising, or feeling minds. To middling capacities all subjects are alike: genius has its prepossessions, and is discouraged by those tame and still themes which afford facilities to ordinary men, and excite them to emerge from their proper stations into temporary notice. But as such men must compose the bulk of all societies, learned and unlearned, the universities, very properly, assign prizes to superior knowledge, which can only be acquired by superior industry. It is by drafts from such men that the battalions of *Viri Clarissimi* are so well recruited, and kept up to their proper complement. In every competition, but that for a poetical prize, the motive for these decisions is laudable, because it encourages all, and can dispirit none who thirst for honours, and know the terms on which they are dispensed. But although it be just to call forward the many, as candidates for general fame, such obstacles should be thrown in the way of *poetical*, that none, but those who had a well-grounded confidence in their powers, should ever start from their more useful studies in pursuit of it. Mediocrity should be ashamed to shew her face, and should on no occasion be tempted to enlist in this idle service. We submit the contents of this volume, which are as follow :

The Conquest of Quebec—1768—Middleton Howard, Wadham College.

The Love of our Country—1771.—Christopher Butson, New College.

Beneficial Effects of Inoculation—1772—William Lipscomb, Corpus Christi.

The Aboriginal Britons—1791—George Richards, B.A. Oriel College.

Palestine—1803—Reginald Heber, Brazen-Nose College.

A Recommendation of the Study of the Remains of Ancient Grecian and Roman Architecture, Sculpture and Painting—1806—John Wilson, Magdalen College.

The conquest of Quebec, like the conquest of most places, must have been achieved by brave men, a race on whom so much has at all times been said and sung, that Mr. Howard of course had the words and tune by heart, only that he has transposed the latter to suit his own voice. On a subject so trite as a hero slain in battle, much cannot be expected, and much certainly is not performed. We are regaled with the old common-places, the '*wreath of conquest*,' '*glorious heroes*,' and that execrable expression to '*cull each*

opening bloom.' There are many striking matters of fact, such as, that '*ages to come*' shall hear the story; and that when conquered;

'The victor's mercy Gallia's sons implore,  
And trust the fickle chance of war no more.'

by which we are made acquainted with a most important piece of information; no less than that the victors had absolutely conquered the vanquished. Again we find some delicate touches of nature, where the conquered are described as dejected and the conquerors as elated, all which is highly natural. A British youth is introduced at the close, musing at the monument with 'eyes sparkling' and heart panting for fame. At the very moment when we ardently expected the birth of some colossal idea, which had been preluded by so many throes, we are put off with the following abortion:

'Be mine like him to conquer, and to die.'

The chief merit of this performance consists in the truth of the narration. Mr. Howard's muse scorns to tell a lie; there is an air of veracity in all that she says, and her account appears to be a faithful version of the *Gazette*, forming upon the whole a striking contrast to the flourishes and declamation so culpable in the modern French bulletins. This poem might be a valuable present to the Prince of Benevento, and would probably help to correct the pruriency of his style and colouring.

Mr. Butson's '*Love of our Country*,' is concise, and, for a juvenile composition, creditable. The prominent inaccuracy is the wandering so far from the subject. The following lines, although possessing no great originality, display some command of language, and propriety of diction.

'Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,  
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame:  
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,  
Though Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,  
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath the blade,  
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade:  
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,  
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue:  
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;  
The curse of widows, and the orphan's tear,  
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his crimes:  
The pious Muse, who, to succeeding times,  
Unknowing flattery, and unknown to kings,  
Fair Virtue only and her votaries sings,  
Shall shew the *Monster* in his hideous form,  
And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.'



'The myrtle-braided sword of liberty,' is an allusion misplaced.

Mr. Lipscomb, in struggling with a subject always bordering on disgust, has produced some good lines. The small pox is personified, and here assumes a general name, '*The Pest*.' His progress from the East to Europe, and his triumphs over female loveliness, are happily described in the following lines.

'As when his empire sultry Cancer gains  
The scorching whirlwinds scour along the plains,  
The stately tamarisk and graceful pine  
Shrink from the blast, and all their charms resign,  
The bright anana's gaudy bloom is fled,  
The sick'ning orange bows her languid head;  
So spread destruction at the Tyrant's nod,  
And beauty's blossom wither'd where he trod :  
The God of Love in silent anguish broke  
His blunted arrows and his useless yoke ;  
Aside for grief he flung his loosen'd bow,  
And trembling fled before th' impetuous foe.

'Cloy'd with the luscious banquets of the East,  
In Europe's climes he sought a nobler feast ;  
Here as he rested on the sea-girt shore,  
To plan fresh conquests and new coasts explore,  
From ocean's waves he saw Britannia rise ;  
Her beauteous lustre struck his ravish'd eyes :  
Pleas'd with a smile he view'd those heav'nly spoils,  
The last, best guerdon of his savage toils.—  
He came—and rapine mark'd the Monster's way,  
Sad was the scene, for beauty was his prey.'

But the subject was gross, and it was only in retreating from it, that the author could find any pause from objects indelicate and loathsome. Smollet's chapter on stinks is not so disgusting as the following passage, which is the more offensive from being dirty finery :

With anxious fear the fainting mother press'd  
The smiling infant to her venom'd breast ;  
The smiling babe, unconscious of his fate,  
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat :  
Oft as the swain beneath the citron shade  
Pour'd his soft passion to the list'ning maid,  
Infection's poison hung on ev'ry breath,  
And each persuasive sigh was charg'd with death.'

The verses on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and the metamorphosis of Inoculation into a nymph, are in the finest style of grave humour : those who wish to see this sub-

ject treated better than it deserves, will be highly gratified by a copy of modern Greek verses preserved in the Menagiana, in which every hint at indelicacy is avoided.

To this succeeds the 'State of the aboriginal Britons,' a subject incomparably better adapted to the wild reveries of youthful fancy, than any that precedes or follows it. It is fortunate for our hypothesis on the sovereignty of subjects in summoning genius into notice, and abashing mediocrity, that the author, Mr. Richards, has thrown all his competitors in this publication into the shade. With the exception of the plural of *howl*, ('And shakes the lonely forest with his *howls*,') instead of *howlings*, '*innocuous* thunder,' and '*ensanguin'd* plain,' there is little in this poem to blame, and much to commend. The following description of untamed lands and savage nature, evince a mind susceptible of feeling those inspirations from scenery, which form one of the most prominent features of poetry in its dawn upon a youthful mind.

'Rudely o'erspread with shadowy forests lay  
Wide trackless wastes, that never saw the day :  
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,  
Frown'd rough and shaggy with the tangled thorn :  
Through joyless heaths, and valleys dark with woods,  
Majestic rivers roll'd their useless floods :  
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,  
Dreading the latent bog and green morass :  
While, like a blasting mildew, wide were spread  
Blue thickening mists in stagnant marshes bred.  
O'er scenes thus wild adventurous Cæsar stray'd,  
And joyless view'd the conquests he had made.'

His portrait of the antient Briton is gloomy and terrific ; and the fearful impression made by the uncouth attire, and dissonant yells of the barbarians, on their Roman invaders, is in the same strain.

'Pale, panic-struck, and fix'd as in a trance,  
The Romans stood, and dropp'd the useless lance,  
And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd  
Beyond the confines of the mortal world ;  
And more than men, horrific in their might,  
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.'

As the world will be more pleased with Mr. Lipscomb's poetry, than with our remarks on it, we insert the following animated address to the antient woods and fastnesses of Britain, to which Liberty fled from her ravishers.

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' Ye woods, whose cold and lengthen'd tracts of shade  
 Rose on the day when sun and stars were made;  
 Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow  
 Tumble your flood, and shake the vale below;  
 Majestic Skiddaw, round whose trackless steep  
 Mid the bright sunshine darksome tempests sweep:  
 To you the patriot fled; his native land  
 He spurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand;  
 In you to roam at large; to lay his head  
 On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed:  
 Hid in the aguish fen whole days to rest,  
 The numbing waters gather'd round his breast;  
 To see despondence cloud each rising morn,  
 And dark despair hang o'er the years unborn:  
 Yet here, e'en here, he greatly dar'd to lie,  
 And drain the luscious dregs of liberty;  
 Outcast of nature, fainting, wasted, wan,  
 To breathe an air his own, and live a man.'

The exordium to Mr. Heber's *Palestine*, is simple and elegant; but the poem afterwards becomes a sort of common-place book for the insertion of all that the author might have picked up in desultory reading on the subject. In the verses is a succession of hints, which direct the eye to the bottom of the page, or to some distant reference, for their full meaning. We have heard this poem much commended. For our own parts, 'we could fall asleep standing,' while reading it. It is destitute of action and passion; and savours in general too much of the academy, for our palates. In p. 94. Mr. H. adopts from Mason that foolish epithet of a '*bickering*' faulchion. The trap laid for applause in the following line, is mean and puerile:

' And wield in *freedom's* cause, the *freemun's* generous blade.'

The French, it seems, pant after they are dead:

' The *slain*, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,  
 O'er the red moat supplied a *panting* road.'

The first passage that occurred to us, after the exordium, of free, unencumbered, and connected poetry is the following:

' Yet midst her towery fane, in ruin laid,  
 The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid:  
 'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove  
 The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;  
 'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,  
 And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb;  
 While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,  
 The day-light dreams of pensive piety,

O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,  
 And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.  
 Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?  
 Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?  
 Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,  
 The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!  
 Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,  
 No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Mr. Wilson is a zealous and judicious admirer of Grecian and Roman architecture, &c. He takes the office of Cicero upon himself, and goes through with it in a manner so highly creditable, that we have only to regret that the gallery under his jurisdiction was not more crowded with figures. As it is, we are unhappily admitted within the walls long enough to become interested, and when our interest is awakened, we have to lament that it is not gratified.\*

In closing this volume, we cannot but suggest a wish that these still, tame, and unimpassioned subjects, which at the most can but produce poetical essays, were exchanged for others more likely to excite enterprize. Some event in history (provided it be not a warlike exploit) might be given as an outline, to be enlarged, and worked into the form of a tale. The delineation of character, the vicissitudes of fortune, the surprizes of new and uncommon accidents, with all the hopes and fears, which they excite, would inspire sufficiently of themselves an ardent mind, and supersede the necessity of calling in the Muse, who in many instances refuses obstinately to answer the summons.

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**ART. X.**—*Letters between the Rev. James Granger, M.A. Rector of Shiplake, and many of the most eminent Literary Men of his Time : composing a copious History and Illustration of his Biographical History of England : with Miscellanies, and Notes of Tours in France, Holland, and Spain, by the same Gentleman. Edited by J. P. Malcolm, Author of Londinium Redivivum, from the Originals in the Possession of Mr. M. Richardson. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1805.*

THE letters of celebrated men are sometimes sought after with great avidity, because they are conceived to unfold and illustrate the secret and peculiar modes of thinking by which the writers were distinguished. This expectation, however, can never be gratified by any compositions which were in-

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\* It should be observed that this composition was restricted to fifty lines.

tended to be one day exhibited to the public eye; they cannot be viewed in any other light than as the formal and studied productions of an author, without giving us, except in common with his *works*, a single glance of the man. In most of the epistles of Pope, for instance, we easily discover that they were written to be read by more than the persons to whom they were addressed. Here then it is vain to look for what is an object of real curiosity and interest—the individual and domestic history of a writer, unbending to an affectionate friend, and speaking from the simplicity of a heart, undisguised and at ease. And indeed so rarely is this object attained, that there is no species of curiosity more liable to disappointment than that to which we have now adverted.

They who are alive to this feeling, will, after reading the title-page, which we have copied at full length, after the vaunting sound of ‘most eminent literary men,’ probably think that they are about to sit down to a banquet of great choice and variety, and will regale themselves in the anticipation of every delight which the taste can afford. But we who have gone

Ab ovo  
Usque ad mala,

are obliged to declare that we relished neither the viands nor the cookery.

The motives for this undertaking are to be found only in that book-making mania, in that *cacoethes imprimendi*, by which the world is now so grievously infested; a disease which brought forth those volumes of inanity, ‘Richardson’s Letters,’ and which would tempt some men to ransack and plunder the closets of the living and the dead. We do not say that there is any thing in the present letters injurious to the memory of Mr. Granger, but we think his family, from whom we are informed they were ‘procured by purchase,’ would have done well to peruse and re-peruse the sage advice of a noble correspondent. Referring to the communication made to him of Mr. G.’s death, he says (p. 375) ‘I have answered the letter with a word of advice about his MSS., that they may not fall into the hands of booksellers.’ Mr. G. had obtained a reputation which will not be augmented by what is here offered to the public; and we must say, that except as far as ‘the Biographical History’ might be corrected or illustrated by the papers left behind him, there could be no good reason for publication. He was certainly a sensible, diligent collector, but he was not of that cast and character as a writer which was likely to make his private history or literary correspondence matters of very interesting

consideration. He moved in a narrow round, which left little room for incident, and he wrote in a style which could never obtain, nor indeed did it solicit, attention.

Horace Walpole's advice was however 'wasted on the desert air,' and we have toiled through this dull and tedious collection almost without any thing to reward our labour and pains, except perhaps some letters by bishop Burnett. 'I flatter myself they have never been printed; and I am certain they cannot be otherwise than acceptable, as the productions of a man highly distinguished in "his own times." So says our editor (page 220.); and the application of the three last words is so extremely ingenious, that we cannot avoid imparting it to our readers for their entertainment and approbation.

We shall now quote, from p. 12, a specimen of the letters contained in this volume.

'SIR,

Bulstrode, Oct. 5, 1770.

'I was in hopes, when I returned from Cornwall, that it would have been in my power to have waited on you; but I have been so constantly engaged, that it has prevented me having that pleasure; therefore, must take this method to beg the favour of you to accept of the inclosed note, which I was in hopes to have been the bearer of myself.

'I hope you have enjoyed your health. I should be very glad to see you here if you should come this way.

I am, &c.

M. C. PORTLAND.'

This, we poor critics feelingly acknowledge, might be a very welcome billet to Mr. Granger; but is it not worse than impertinence to offer it for public amusement?

'O quantum est in rebus inane!'

After a short time we come to the letters of the redoubtable 'Mr. Thomas Davies, who writes,' the editor tells us, (page 22.) 'in a lively and interesting manner.' But, if we mistake not, his immortality must repose on another pillow:

'Davies!—on my life,

That Davies hath a very pretty wife.'

Churchill's Rosciad.'

We are furnished with one solitary letter (p. 114) by Dr. Johnson; and we cannot withhold our thanks to the editor for telling us how much it is like the doctor himself, and for informing us *totidem verbis* how any other person would have written to the same purport. 'Risum teneatis, amici?'

We shall refer our readers for further information to the Hollands, the Ilchesters, the Goslings, the Fenns, and the

other *viri clarissimi*, (so we translate 'the most eminent literary men' of the title-page,) wishing that they may find these persons more delectable companions than we have done. Had any thing relative to Mr. Granger's work occurred worthy of notice, we should not have failed to detail it. We have now to announce Mr. Malcolm *in propria persona*, who acquaints us (p. 76) that 'he has seen pretty much of the world.' Is the vulgar story there introduced, without stopping to inquire in what way it relates to Mr. Granger, a proof of the justice of his self-applause? Is the valuable information (p. 289) that C.C.C.C. stands for Christ Church College Cambridge, another proof of it? Which of the two illustrious universities of this island had the honour to illuminate Mr. Malcolm, we forbear to ask,

Utrum harum mavis accipere.

For the sake however of the *country gentlemen* in spirit as well as in letter, we shall hint that Corpus Christi College Cambridge, or what is commonly called Bene't college, is the seminary in question.

We conclude with an epigram on Garrick and Barry acting the part of Lear the same season in London (see p. 210). Our *reading* however, is not precisely the same with that in the volume before us:

'The town have found out different ways  
To praise the different Lears;  
To Barry they give loud huzzas,  
To Garrick only tears.'

The following, on the subject above mentioned, and we believe by the same hand, is not inserted; but we need not apologize for its appearance here. We shall *be glad* if it induce our readers to add a plaudit to the farewell which it is high time for us to pronounce upon this necessarily dull and tedious article.

A king—'aye every inch a king'—  
Such Barry doth appear;  
But Garrick's quite a different thing,  
He's every inch king Lear.

ART. XI.—*Socrates, a Dramatic Poem, written on the Model of the Greek Tragedy; by Andrew Becket. 8vo. pp. 70. Wilkie. 1806.*

THE fitness of the death of Socrates for theatrical representation, has been the subject of dispute with the greatest critics. It was once recommended to Thomson, who concurred in judgment with Lord Littleton, and declined it. The most judicious poets have never attempted it: those who have ventured on the difficult task, have so far failed, that their endeavours have sunk into oblivion. Though Addison recommended it to others, he shrunk from it himself, and the same may be observed of Diderot. We are decidedly of opinion that it never can be adapted to the stage; the calm suffering of the philosopher is one uniform action, which can only be made interesting by the discussions between himself and his friends, upon the nature of his hopes and fears concerning the most awful point which can agitate the human mind. Thus the book of Job is a beautiful poem, which may be called dramatic; but it is conducted by the conversation and not by the agency of the persons, and, though it may be perused with interest, it would tire and disgust in stage representation. On the stage the eye must be gratified as well as the ear; and the eye requires rapidity, or at least frequent change of incident: now the death of Socrates, like the suffering of Job, is chiefly interesting from the calm and dignified patience of the philosopher, which may delight and instruct in the closet, but on the stage, if protracted beyond the length of a natural incident, could not be endured.

Mr. Becket entitles his performance a dramatic poem, and therefore we suppose that it is intended only for the perusal of retirement, and that, though it assumes the form of a drama, it was not written for stage effect. Upon this plan every indulgence may be given for barrenness of incident, but we expect precision of language, justness and beauty of sentiment, and harmony of verse in a greater degree. In these particulars we cannot say that we have been disappointed, because the author's preface does not lead us to look for such a gratification. He gives us warning 'that the versification will sometimes appear harsh and inharmonious, if measured by the standard of the modern dealer in jingle, or by that of him, who in writing what perhaps he calls *poetry*, is accustomed to count his fingers.' He then proceeds, in defence of what he has practised, to quote an eulogy of the chevalier Ramsay in his *Discours sur la Poësie*, on the irregular construction of Milton's verse. Perhaps Mr. B. not only rejects the use of



fingers in judging of poetry, but scorns the aid of *ears* also, (for which we avow ourselves most pertinacious advocates); or he would have known, that Milton's verse, like Handel's music, may to the untutored ear convey only confused sounds, but that it does in reality combine all the involutions of harmony, which exhibit the deepest profundity of knowledge, and the nicest delicacy of skill. Our author protests against the ordeal of the *fingers*; let us try him by a jury of *ears*: we will not trust our own; the late easterly winds have given us a cold, and we are rather deaf:—call a Chorus into court, and let any twelve of our readers, (if we have so many), be impanelled.—Call the Chorus.—

## CHORUS.

' Heaven in its great justice sends  
To impious men innumerable torments,—  
Torments not to the body confin'd,  
But more severe of the mind.  
The furies whirl their torches on high,  
For arrangement prepared—  
With all their snakes upreared  
On swift wing they fly  
To punish foul crimes—  
Impiety chiefest—  
This no pardon can find  
Here or hereafter:  
Not even a remission is there of sufferings  
For those who Heaven's majesty condemn.  
But the Diræ advance,  
Intemperate Greece!

Enough! enough! we do not hesitate a moment in pronouncing the Chorus guilty; guilty of worshipping the new Apollo, deified by the lyrical ballad-mongers; not the god, Musarum Præses, by the music of whose harp the walls of Troy were raised,

Ilion aspicias firmataque turribus altis  
Mœnia, Apollinæ structa canore lyræ;

but a god, like Dagon, with his *hands* and *feet* lopped off, and thrown down in the dirt.

With regard to the sentiments in this dramatic poem, which form another count in the indictment, the jury will not think it necessary to examine witnesses. We think it proper to notice that our author throws himself on the mercy of the court, and disclaims having had any *accomplices*. He declares—

Whatever its merits or demerits may be, I must answer for them all. I have avoided looking into either Plato, or Xenophon, lest peradventure I should adopt, when it was wholly my desire to invent.

Thus he defies the charge of larceny, but avows himself guilty of *coining*, and that too, very base metal. It remains for us to announce the sentence of the court:—we cannot adopt a fairer method, nor a more merciful one, than that of permitting a man to choose his own punishment: therefore, as A. B. has written a dramatic poem, and avows in his preface that ‘if it be a despicable performance, it ought to be sent where all such performances ought to go, *in vicum pendentem thus et odores*,’ and as the said A. B. never intended it for Covent Garden Theatre, we therefore are willing to comply with his request, and do recommend it to be sent to Covent Garden Market, where, and where only, this germ of his genius (it is impossible to avoid the pun) may eventually blossom and bear fruit.

ART. XII.—*Methodical Distribution of the Mineral Kingdom, into Classes, Orders, Genera, Species, and Varieties.*  
By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L. D. late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. folio. 11. 1s. Cadell and Davies. 1806.

MINERALOGY and chemistry are certainly entitled to be regarded as very fortunate sciences, and we need no longer wonder at their rapid progress towards perfection. Not only are certain classes of men professionally obliged to study their principles, and become familiar with the phenomena which they display; not only are physicians, apothecaries, miners, and an host of artists, compelled to witness, if not to assist their unceasing improvements; but, by a magic art which has not often been equalled, the very corner stones of the law have been attracted from mental to material investigations, and have abandoned Coke upon Lyttleton for granites and basalts. Already have divines, neglectful of the pulpit, spent their days amid the thunder of imaginary volcanoes. Knights no longer scour the country in quest of distressed damsels and injured innocence, but of stones from the moon, and proofs of a central fire. Even the gallant soldier has employed the intervals between his labours in tracing antediluvian vestiges, and guessing at the tales of other times. One mineralogist runs through the country biting another, and spreading the infection of a new disease, which is to be arranged in the

next edition of Cullen's Nosology amongst the incurable disorders.

The object of the author of this superficies of a book, is to propose some improvement in the arrangement of those substances which occur in the mineral kingdom. We do not mean to say any thing against the profundity of Dr. Clarke. A mineralogist who visited only the surface of the globe, would be an indifferent guide to lead the stranger to its internal treasures. It is in a mathematical sense only, that we characterise this work as a superficies, which is defined to be length and breadth, without thickness. A more enormous folio has seldom met our sight, and after exhausting his laughter at the side view, the reader may renew his mirth by an inspection of the back: if the one exceeds the breadth of a Dutch burgomaster in a dropsy, the other equals in slender height Don Quixote upon his Rosinante.

But this error, if it is one, is not in *essentialibus*. Form is a very good thing, but it is nothing without merit: and it is our principal object here to inquire into the intensity of this latter quality. The later authors have agreed generally in classing the subjects of mineralogical investigation under four heads, stones, salts, inflammables, and metallic substances. This division has been found very convenient in practice, and rests besides on good grounds in a chemical point of view. There is something natural in such an arrangement. It is easy to distinguish these four classes from each other, by mere inspection, and the common sense of mankind has been long struck by their differences. In the first class, the simple earths, either pure, or with little additions, form the minerals embraced by it: in the second, we have all bodies found in nature, which are very soluble in water: in the third, we recognise the obvious and distinctive quality of inflammability; and in the last class, that remarkable set of bodies, the metals, afford the most prominent features. Nothing can be more clear than such an arrangement. It is true that it does not adhere slavishly to the principle of deriving the classification entirely and systematically from the chemical elements of bodies. It does not however entirely neglect the aid of chemistry, and rests its more minute divisions solely upon the component parts of minerals.

But as chemistry is advancing with rapid strides, and has afforded extraordinary assistance to mineralogy, it has been thought by some, that an arrangement which might follow the order of the elements more punctiliously, would be equally distinct, and otherwise more advantageous. It is with this view that Dr Clarke has offered his system to the consideration of mineralogists. In it he totally disregards

the external appearances of minerals, or at least leaves them for the distinction of the genera alone. One thing we must commend in this arrangement, which is, that the author has adhered to the names of the divisions originally proposed, or at least sanctioned by Linnæus, and from which there was never any good reason for deviating. His classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties, follow each other, as in the works of the illustrious Swede. For what purpose succeeding German, English, and French writers have spread utter confusion into the use of these terms, is best known to themselves. But surely in matters of this sort, it is much better uniformly to follow the tract of a great master in natural science, than to wander from it for the mere love of singularity.

Dr. Clarke, in a dedication to the students of the university of Cambridge, explains his object to have been to offer an easy and simple method of arranging the substances of the mineral kingdom: and having established divisions, which relate to their chemical analysis and external character, to preserve integrity in the arrangement. We are a little at a loss to conceive what the author means by this integrity, unless it be, that every thing shall be included under his heads, which however has been equally done by the former plan. As to the hope which is expressed immediately after, we wish there were any reason to believe in its fulfilment, that the student referring, to the various phenomena which constitute the solid body of the planet we inhabit, may be guided to their chemical analysis with the facility of a dictionary, and may class them according to the names of the individual substances, and characteristic properties of those elementary principles which predominate in their combination. We fear that this can refer only to the classification of names. It is indeed possible that the name being given, the qualities may be discovered with facility enough in any work of arrangement, whether alphabetical or philosophical. But the student may find the knowledge of the name not of easy acquirement. Nor will an acquaintance with the chemical properties of a mineral, infallibly lead to that of its external properties. The predominating earth does not always communicate its characteristic appearances to minerals. Great anomalies every where exist, and we must be content to be scientific as far as we can, and trust to our senses for the rest.

It is wonderful after all how nearly the arrangement approaches to that of Kirwan, and other mineralogists. There are four classes, which are distinguished by the predominance of an earth, a metal, a combustible, and an

alkali. The only shade of distinction is in the last class. We have no longer a class of salts, but merely one of alkaline salts. The improvement does not appear to have been indispensibly necessary, to be very great, or to be peculiarly happy. There is however no considerable objection to it, though it is nearly as reasonable to class sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of potash and alumina, sulphates of iron, zinc and copper, nitrates of lime and magnesia, and some muriates together, as to place them among the earths and metals, to which in character and habits they have no great resemblance. But this is the mischief of being too systematic. Dr. Clarke could not admit acids into his classes, because they are not simple. He is not so scrupulous however about alkalis, though there is the utmost reason to believe them also compound. He must surely before now be aware of the fallacy of Mr. Peele's experiments, and that muriatic and boracic acids have as good a claim upon the ground of simplicity to form a class in mineralogy, as either of the fixed alkalis.

The first class is divided into two orders, with and without an acid. It has been hitherto generally preferred to take the earthy base as the ground of distinction, and consequently to form nine orders. Dr. Clarke however detaches all compositions of earths with acids, and is then obliged with regard to the rest to have recourse to the old method of distinguishing minerals by the predominating earth. It is in fact impossible to do otherwise, and the detachment of a few genera answers no very good end. All the stones containing lime, except a very few, are arranged under this first order. We do not observe any provision for compounds of earths with acids, such as occur in the baryto calcite. The second order contains all other earthy stones of which the greater number is found under the genus silex. Upon the whole we discover here a great resemblance to the method of Bergman, which however, it does not equal either in ingenuity or distinctness.

The second class is characterised by the predominance of a metal. The orders are taken from the relative ductility, a distinction in itself only in degree, and which affords no help in the arrangement of the ores. It has been always found a much easier task to form a methodical distribution of minerals containing metals, than of those containing earths chiefly. The distinguishing marks are more obvious and clear, and accordingly Dr. Clarke has not varied much from the track of his predecessors. The varieties enumerated however are greatly too few, and if Dr. Clarke should find it expedient to embody his arrangement

into a complete system of mineralogy, he would find it necessary to make many additions. These indeed might be easily inserted, and would harmonize sufficiently with his general plan.

The third class, which consists of combustibles, is also divided into two orders, the simple and the compound. As there are very few substances to arrange in this class, there is the less matter about the nature of the arrangement, or whether there be any at all. We do not see that this new method however is in any respect better than the more obvious one of taking the orders from the carbon and sulphur, which are the characterising substances, and we see a certain disadvantage, or at least a deformity, in separating the coaly and bituminous products of nature from the other carbonaceous bodies. Nor can we discover any propriety in arranging under the order simple, compounds of carbon with oxygen and iron.

The alkalies afford their name to their last class, which contains only five substances. It is unnecessary to make any remark on a systematic enunciation of such a number of bodies. It is true by a little attention a few more might have been added, the whole however still amounting only to an insignificant genus.

Upon the whole we do not altogether approve of an arrangement of minerals, which pays so little regard in the first instance to external appearances. The assistance derived from the observation of the form, hardness, fracture, lustre, and crystallization of bodies, has always been very considerable, and of late the advantage of attending to these circumstances has been placed in a more conspicuous light than ever. At the same time we are willing to admit that this methodical distribution has been formed with considerable judgment. It is possible that it might be more useful and appear in a still more favourable point of view, if it were expanded and illustrated in a system. We see it now at a disadvantage. It is a skeleton, of which it requires a strong imagination to conceive distinctly the merits of each particular part. When it shall be clothed with muscles and skin, we shall be better able to judge of its utility. At the same time it is obvious that such a process would suggest to its author better than all the criticism in the world, its defective parts, which he might be enabled to connect or strengthen as he proceeded. We are at present in considerable want of such a performance. The work of Mr. Kirwan is, we believe, out of print or nearly so. It is at any rate by the rapid progress of mineralogy already an old book. It is defective in all its parts. Numerous new bodies have been discovered: yet more numerous old ones have been subjected

anew to analysis, and have left the laboratory of the chemist with new names, new properties, and component parts unknown before. This process yet advances with unexampled rapidity, and the advantage to society and to mankind in general, will no doubt appear one day with a most distinguished clearness. It would therefore be highly desirable, that from some quarter the world should receive the present of a work which should embrace all the later observations, and supersede the necessity of consulting in detail the original sources of information, which all cannot have access to, nor can every one afford leisure to peruse.

**ART. XIII.—Professional Observations on the Architecture of the principal antient and modern Buildings in France and Italy; with Remarks on the Painting and Sculpture, and a concise local Description of those Countries. Written from Sketches and Memorandums, made during a Visit in the Years 1802 and 1803. By George Tappen. pp. 318. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Taylor. 1806.**

MR. TAPPEN here presents his readers with the observations of an English architect, made on a tour from Calais through Montreuil and Amiens to Paris, and thence to Lyons, Nismes, Marseilles, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Sienna, Viterbo, Rome, and its environs, Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius; thence again to Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Vicenza; Verona, Milan, and Turin, whence he returned to Lyons, and through France, by the route already mentioned. These are all the places of distinction in France and Italy, which our author has visited, and of the principal buildings of which he has given brief professional descriptions, as well as of all the remaining works of sculpture and painting. In such a subject as architecture, there is no field for sentiment or moral reflection, and the author has wisely omitted both. Yet he has produced a volume so interesting, that few persons of taste, who are at all acquainted with the fine arts, will lay it down before they have finished the perusal. Good taste and good sense seem to have dictated his observations, as will be evident from the following extract: speaking of the modern French painters, and of their great opportunities for study in the gallery of the Louvre, where they have free access, he judiciously observes:

‘ Considering these extraordinary means of improvement, it is but natural to suppose, that the progress in the art of painting

must be rapid in Paris : yet were I called upon to give a fair and impartial opinion on the works of the existing artists in France, I should, without wishing to degrade the one or magnify the other, declare them to be, in my own judgment, many years behind the academy of this kingdom, in almost every branch of this arduous profession. Again, in travelling through Italy, experience soon teaches; that no examples, however excellent, will lead the student to perfection, unless they be accompanied with real genius. Thus we see the Italian painters of the present day the merest daubers in the world, with the most perfect specimens of the first masters continually before their eyes : and yet, in times past, the schools of Italy have produced the ablest painters, sculptors, and architects ; of which we need no other proof than those renowned works they have left behind them—the everlasting monuments of their fame !

The cause of this decline is self-evident ; it is the necessary consequence of *imitation*. Whenever a people have attained that degree of perfection which their descendants or successors are continually called upon to *imitate*, from that moment commences the decline and fall of all excellence, whether in the arts or sciences. Such is the natural progress of human ingenuity ; the vanity of great acquirements soon overcomes the rapacity for obtaining them, and instead of the merit of original genius, the greatest praise is that of being the most servile copiers of the genius of their precursors. In the present case, however, it is a just retribution, and the plunder of Italy will probably effect the ruin of the arts in France.

Our author's descriptions of the public buildings in Paris and its environs are brief, but very accurate and intelligible. To those indeed who have never visited that capital, and who have read numerous and pompous descriptions of its grandeur and magnificence, we may recommend the perusal of these observations, as the best adapted to give a just idea of the real merit of French architecture, which is here criticized with the greatest candour and impartiality. The pageantry of the palace of St. Cloud is also well described, and the luxury of Buonaparte's 'golden chamber, which is so richly gilt as to produce the effect of sunshine,' and Madame B.'s 'state-bed,' are in a style of eastern magnificence, and equal the voluptuous extravagance of Cleopatra. The 'posts of this bed are of *solid* (*Query?*) silver, and the bases of gold.' Mr. T. has however omitted or forgotten Malmaison, the residence of Buonaparte before he got himself declared consul for life. This rural retreat, about 8 miles from Paris, is built somewhat in the English cottage style, and the grounds are laid out in an indifferent imitation of the



same manner; but the young trees have never flourished, as might have been expected, although Madame B.'s botanic garden there is extremely rich in rare plants from America and the West Indies, where she herself acquired a taste for botany. Speaking of the journey from Fontainebleau to Lyons the following observations occur:

'On this road the inns are destitute of all comfort and accommodation, and the provisions of the worst description. Now you begin to feel the real inconveniences of travelling through France at a great distance from the capital; should you however be lucky enough to have two or three French women in the diligence, their constant vivacity and cheerfulness, and the attention they pay to Englishmen in particular, will enable you to bear these evils with much less discontent than you would otherwise feel: and what I know must be repugnant to the delicacy of English females is, that the French ladies who are in your company make no sort of ceremony at sleeping in the same room: indeed they often solicit it for the purpose of protection, whenever necessity compels them to put up at wretched and solitary inns, and which they have reason to suspect are frequented by persons of an improper character. This is nothing more than one of the ancient customs of the country, for in other respects I found them strictly adherent to every principle of moral rectitude and decorum.'

Had the author visited the more southern provinces, he would not have complained of the bad accommodations at the inns of Burgundy. At Roanne indeed, where this observation was made, there is one tolerable inn, in which it was not unusual in the year 1802 to see 40 or 50 persons sit down to supper in the evening. With respect to the 'particular attention which French women pay to Englishmen,' the French make the same remark of Englishwomen, and do not fail to draw an inference from it. In fact, this attention in both cases is nothing but the effect of that natural curiosity which stimulates all people to see and converse with foreigners.

Mr. T. embarked at Marseilles for Leghorn, and narrowly escaped shipwreck, which every man of taste deserves that sets out to travel for information, and yet shuts himself up in a ship, when he might traverse the Alps, where even an architect must be delighted and instructed. On the corrupt taste of our rivals we meet with the following remarks:

'Their gardens are disposed according to the French fashion, in geometrical figures, ornamented with spacious gravel walks, fountains, temples, statues, vases, &c. In France, they have not the least conception that a piece of water rolling through their pleasure-grounds in a natural meandering course can be an object of beauty: with them it will not do unless constrained and fashioned by art

into the shape of a square, circle, octagon, or other defined form : and to complete the whole, the water must be vomited out of the mouth of some sea-fish, wild beast or monster ; and this is what they emphatically term *bien joli*. Their shrubbery and trees are disposed in no better way : they are generally planted in straight lines, with mathematical precision ; and you will often see a formal row of orange-trees, set in tubs, reach from one end of the garden to the other, without the least variation. Now for the pleasure of the contrast, and to expose the *false* taste prevailing through France in this respect, I will quote Milton's beautiful description of the garden of Eden.

We have to regret that the author did not visit Montpellier, the boasted canal of Languedoc, and the *salle de spectacles* at Bourdeaux, but more particularly the cathedral church of the latter place, as well as that at Poitiers, both of which were built by the English, and unquestionably present the first specimens of Gothic architecture in France. Their superiority indeed is sufficiently evinced by the great labour the French antiquaries have taken to prove that these two great architectural ornaments of their country were not the work of our countrymen.

On comparing these 'professional observations' with our own notes, we have found them in general very accurate ; and although we differ from the author in many particulars of taste, and in none more than in his approbation of some of our own buildings, particularly Whitehall, yet we have no hesitation in declaring that his work conveys more just ideas of the real state of the arts in France and Italy, than any other modern publication which we have seen.

ART. XIV.—*An Essay on the Effects of Carbonate of Iron upon Cancer ; with an Inquiry into the Nature of that Disease. By Richard Carmichael, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and Surgeon of St. George's Hospital and Dispensary. 8vo. 4s. Murray. 1806.*

WE have often had reason to complain of the want of originality in medical publications. The complaint is not applicable to the essay before us ; here we find novelty in abundance, a specific for cancer, and a new theory of the disease.\* The mental process which led Mr. Carmichael to

\* The practice is very simple. It consists in applying carbonate of iron (the common *rubigo ferri* of the shops) to the surface of the sore, and in giving the same preparation internally. The application, we are told, has cured some cases of cancerous ulceration in a very few days!

the wonderful discovery here announced, was very short. He was first convinced that cancer is a real animal; now iron, he says, is very effectual in destroying worms, and it may therefore prove as destructive to other animals; *ergo*, it must be a specific against cancer. But as we do not believe, *imprimis*, that cancer is an animal, nor, secondly, do we know that iron destroys worms, or any other animals whatever, we must be allowed to withhold our assent to our author's theory, and to suspend our judgment upon the propriety of his practice.

But to the proof. The essay is introduced by the relation of five cases. Of these we shall say shortly that the first was a case of *herpes exulans*; the second was probably of the same nature, since the ulcer cicatrized with a great loss of substance; the third could not be cancer, since in six years the disease had remained nearly stationary, whereas cancer is uniformly progressive; on the fourth and fifth we shall not pronounce; they were ulcers of the scrotum and legs, but we do not find that the glands of the groin were affected, and we must therefore entertain our doubts concerning their nature.

An additional set of cases is given in an appendix. The first of these seems a genuine cancer of the breast; but it is singularly unhappy for Mr. C.'s credit, that the ulceration which was healed was not formed by the natural progress of the disease, but had been made by the application of an arsenical plaister. The second was also a genuine case of uterine cancer; but we cannot find that any real benefit was obtained. The third is more satisfactory, but still far from decisive. There are still two or three more, but as they are unfinished we shall not dwell on them; and we must say of them all in general that the evidence they afford is very unsatisfactory, and that the obvious want of discrimination in the writer greatly diminishes the weight we should otherwise attach to his testimony.

We proceed now to his theory. The speculations of Dr. Adams seem to have given birth to Mr. Carmichael's reverie. The doctor conceived cancer to be formed by a species of hydatid. Unfortunately, nobody has been able to discover them; and we thought that this conceit had perished at its birth. But it seems that it has engendered a still stranger whim in the brain of our author. It is not, it seems, the *yellowish green fat*, (as Dr. Adams supposed) which is the animal that produces cancer; this appearance is no more than the effect of hepatised ammonia or decaying animal matter; but the substance resembling cartilage, the *ligamentous bands*, is the substance which is the true animal, which has its pro-

per vitality, and which must be strangled, starved, or poisoned, if we hope to cure our patient. So confident is Mr. C. of the truth of his theory, that he gravely tells us that though there has appeared to be no danger from inoculating with the fluid of a cancerous sore, as Mr. North has proved, 'he would not answer for the consequences, if instead of the fluid, he had ingrafted the same limb with a slip of the cartilaginous substance of carcinoma.' We wish that Mr. Carmichael had condescended to enter a little into the anatomy of his newly discovered animal, and to have informed us where to look for the heart, the lungs or the brain. Oh! but its structure is too simple to admit of these complicated organs. Granted; but at least it should possess a stomach, which we fear we may search for in vain in this uniform inorganic ligamentous substance. We therefore advise Mr. C. to change his hypothesis, and transfer his new parasite from the animal to the vegetable kingdom. With the *seed* he is already familiar; he acknowledges it has *roots*, as every empiric and old woman has done before him; a little imagination will supply the other parts. He can have no difficulty in determining its *genus*, for his brethren have uniformly acknowledged the similitude between the fungus and a *cauliflower*.

Away with such fooleries! they would only excite a smile on a less serious subject. But it pains us to see the unhappy victims of the most cruel malady so trifled with. Mr. Carmichael we understand to be a young man, and though we esteem the present a very superficial performance, we do not therefore think meanly of its author. But let him learn to reverence the public. Let him be persuaded that solid improvements in his art are not the result of crude and vague analogies, but are to be expected only from extensive views, patient trials, and scientific combinations.

ART. XV.—*Select Passages of the Writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and St. Basil. Translated from the Greek, by Hugh Stuart Boyd. Longman. 12mo. 2s. 6d. 1806.*

THE works of the fathers are to be found in most libraries, venerated and neglected; and so forbidding are the bulky volumes in which their writings are contained, that young clergymen will rather consent to levy contributions on contemporary authors at the risk of detection, than search for matter in these exploded books. The appellation of fathers conveys with it to delicate minds so much of the frost of age, that

it acts almost like a torpedo, and repels all curiosity, all inquiry into the lives and works of these extraordinary men. Little is expected in their volumes, but the enforcing of a cruel and unrelenting discipline, exhortations to fasting and to solitude, and every other mortification, at which our feeling shudders, and from which our reason revolts.

That this was the ordeal which these holy men had themselves undergone, cannot be denied; but so far from steeling their hearts against mankind, it seems rather to have awakened in them sentiments of compassion and fellow-feeling. Though for the most part poor themselves, their endeavours were ever exerted in relieving the poverty of others; though housed, clad, fed and attended in a manner that hardly satisfied the cravings common to humanity, they built and endowed hospitals and asylums for those who partook but half of their own sufferings.

The sameness and want of interest ascribed to the lives of literary men are by no means applicable to these eloquent moralists. The lives of the three great contemporaries, St. John, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and Basil the great, are extremely chequered by their early predilections, which induced them to disregard the splendour of birth, to descend from affluence and ease to poverty and hardships, by the important actions even of their boyhood, by the wild rambles of their youth into places unfrequented or inhabited by barbarians, by their visits to monks and anchorites on the mountains, and even by their solitude, which was enthusiastically devoted to the contemplation of the most important truths. Their elevation to places of the highest dignity, and offering the greatest advantages to men less scrupulous, the part which they bore in the eventful history of those worst of times, their endurance of indignities and disgrace, and their moderation in power, all tend to exempt their histories from the dullness and tediousness laid to the charge of memoirs of literary men.

The times in which they flourished present to us characters offering every gradation to every extreme of vice and of virtues; of blind adherence to the antient idolatry, and enthusiastic devotion to the religion adopted by these holy fathers. The statues of Jupiter and Minerva had only partially descended from their pedestals; fauns and dryads, the light and sportive people who tenanted the beloved haunts of antiquity, had not long relinquished their groves and caverns to religious dreamers, and mournful eremites. Every circumstance of this period forcibly arrests the hand of a digester of sacred annals, or of general history.

It was probably owing to the peculiar character and bustle of the age in which they lived, to the monsters of deformity

and corruption, and the saints of purity and innocence to which it gave birth; to their own vicissitudes from indigence to power, and from grandeur to disgrace, that these reverend men studied, felt, and spoke, with a feeling, energy and enthusiasm more than rivalling the masters of ancient oratory. Indeed we know not in what respect they are surpassed. If to reform the rich, to inspire patriotism, and protect the laws, was the aim of Demosthenes and Cicero; and if to attain those objects, they had devoted their great powers to the acquirement of forcible and figurative language, the same must be granted of the fathers. Add to this, the great inspiring cause, which gave a glow of colouring and rapture of expression to their eloquence, which the tame discussion of cases in jurisprudence, or the application of public money, could never excite. We do not wish to echo the praises bestowed by Photius, Libanius, Theodoret, Erasmus, Montfaucon and others, who have expressed nearly the same admiration at their compositions, although we can by no means refuse such honourable testimony; but our opinion excited by them has been confirmed by our own researches.

For these reasons it is to be regretted that Mr. Boyd has neglected to preface his little volume of extracts with some notices of the authors, of 'the evil days on which they had fallen,' and of the share which they took in public affairs.

He has subjoined however in his appendix the description of a most interesting scene which passed between St. John and his mother, extracted from his treatise on the priesthood. A friend of the saint (whom from the richness of his eloquence was styled *ῥοδόστομος*, the golden mouth) had persuaded him at a tender age to bid farewell to the repose of his home, the fondness of his mother, and the pleasures of the world, for a life of solitude and devotion. His friend we believe to have been Basil. These enthusiasts had fixed on the deserts of Antioch as a retirement most favourable to a monastic life. Arethusa, the mother of Chrysostom, who had been left a widow at an early age, and who considers the departure of this son as a second widowhood, leads him to her chamber, and having seated him on the bed where first he beheld the light, endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose. To those who have a feeling for soft and impassioned eloquence we recommend this beautiful strain of maternal tenderness, which has been preserved, and perhaps adorned by the piety of a son. The original will be found in the sixth volume of the edition of Sir Henry Saville, p. 2. *Περὶ Ἰεppαρμ.*

Our limits confine us to but one specimen of our author's powers in translation, and for this purpose we select the discourse pronounced by St. Chrysostom on the fall of the

eunuch Eutropius. This wretched minister of Arcadius, the epitome of all that is abandoned in mind and foul in body, had waged an incessant war against the church, and the sanctuaries which it afforded. His vices called down the vengeance of the soldiery, and by a strange fatality, he sought and found a sanctuary in the very walls which he had endeavoured to subvert, and at the hands of the very man whom he had traduced. The people still thirsted for his blood; but St. Chrysostom ascending the pulpit of St. Sophia, defended him from their fury by a stream of extemporaneous eloquence, which, as Lycidas observes, no other man in any age possessed.

To this speech, and Mr. Boyd's version of it, we confine our remarks. Vid. Ed. Eton, tom. 2, p. 67.

*διημεν*—is wrongly translated '*in every season of our lives*,'—It means simply at every period, not of our lives, but of the world; in every age, *κατα διην*, but more especially in the present age of luxury and profligacy, &c.

*οὐκ ἔστιν ἡ γὰρ καὶ παραπλοῦστα*; is omitted. This, we fear, was from the dubious signification of *παραπλοῦστα*. The context would require something like the following meaning: 'Where are the crowns, and canopies of state?' *ἀφρον* should have been joined to *κατὰ*; and the whole passage might thus be rendered more vehement. 'A tempestuous blast hath swept in an instant the rich foliage to the ground, hath exposed to us the naked tree, and the very trunk quivering from its root.' The impetuous style of Chrysostom is here ill exchanged for more sober expression, by declining the full force of *ἀφρον* and *σαλευμενον*.

*δουλοῦντας δουλεύειν*, translated too generally, and in relation to Eutropius himself, incorrectly, '*worshippers of the imperial purple*.' It is besides not so strong an expression as '*the worshippers, sycophants, or idolizers of grandeur*.'

*ἀναθῆναι τοῖς πολλοῖς ἵνα δοκῇ*—ill translated '*are sanctioned in the commerce with the world*.' It only means, '*are by the many accredited for truth*.'

*παραταχὺ πρὸς τρεχῶν*—unseasonably dilated to '*traverses the mountains, valleys, woods, panting to rescue thee from the snare*.'

*ἐπιβάντων τῇ καμῶν*—why '*prostrate foe*?' The simple participle is closer to the Greek, and more solemn in the English; to trample on the prostrate, or on the fallen.

Eloquence seizes no subject to herself with such avidity as the opportunity of painting the sudden fall of individuals or of states, from grandeur to abasement. But of all the memorials that she has bequeathed to us of her former power, this of St. Chrysostom on the descent of Eutropius from the highest pinnacle of ambition to the most abject state of mis-

ry, is by far the most varied, animated and commanding. Of the eunuch in his glory, he says, ἡ πᾶσαν τὴν οὐκεμένην παρηλαθε τῷ πλούτῳ; ἡ πρὸς αὐλας τῶν ἀξιωμάτων ἀνέβη τὰς κορύφας; ἔχει πάντες αὐτὸν ἔτρεμον, καὶ ἐδεδόκεισαν; how dreadfully depicted is the shifting of the scene! ἀλλ' ἰδὲ γέγονε καὶ δεσμάτων ἀδυνάτερος, καὶ οὐκ ἐὼν ἐλεεινότερος, καὶ τῶν λιμνητηκῶν πλωχῶν ἐνδεέτερος, καὶ ἑκατηπήμεραν ἔιφη βλέπων ἡκονημένα, καὶ βαρὰβρον, καὶ θυμῶς, καὶ τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτου ἀπαγγέλλον, &c. &c.

We subjoin Mr. Boyd's translation.

'Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Did he not ascend the meridian of dignities? Did not all men tremble and bend before him? Lo! he is become more necessitous than the slave, more miserable than the captive, more indigent than the beggar, wasted with excess of hunger: each day doth he behold swords waving, gulphs yawning, the lictors, and the passage to the grave.'

Beautiful as this version undoubtedly is, we are displeased with the unnecessary departure from the original in the rendering κορύφας by a word so common as 'meridian,' more especially as it is again required in the same page; and by the greater violence done to the sentence in reducing the plurals οὐκ ἐὼν, δεσμάτων, πλωχῶν, to singulars; ἰδὲ is turned very stiffly in 'lo,' and the omission of such a trifle as ἄλλα does detriment to the passage.

διανοήσας ὑμετέραν μαλατᾶν, is ill rendered 'to soften your heart's rough surface.' It means 'to soften your minds,' or 'to still the commotion, or soften the resentment of your minds.'

ἐπισπασθαι εἰς ἑλπὴν—should be, 'to incline you, or draw you forcibly to pity.'

πορρικηὶ ὄφιν φαίδρον ἀπολαμπύσαν. 'That meretricious countenance brightened with the tints of youth,'—not 'of youth,' but 'of paint.'

There are besides some few omissions. But the reader is not to imagine that because the reviewer has been thus attentive to trifling blemishes, he is unable to make extracts from the translations worthy of the originals.

The following address to the shuddering and despairing Eutropius will, 'with all its imperfections on its head,' prove Mr. Boyd to be most eminently 'sermone utriusque lingue Doctus.'

'Did I not continually say to you, that wealth is a fugitive slave, but my words were not endured? Did I not perpetually remind you, that it is a servant void of gratitude, but you were not willing to be convinced? Lo! experience hath proved to thee, that it is not only a fugitive slave, not only an ungrateful servant, but likewise a destroyer of man. It is this which hath undone thee, which hath unhased thee in the dust. Did I not frequently observe, that the wound inflicted by a friend is more worthy of regard than the kisses of an enemy? If thou hadst endured the wounds my hand inflicted,



perchance their kisses had not engendered this death to thee. For my wounds are the ministers of health, but their kisses are the harbingers of disease. . . . Where now are thy slaves, and cup bearers? Where are they who walked insolently through the Forum, obtruding upon all, their encomiums on thee? They have taken the alarm; they have renounced their friendship; they have made thy downfall the foundation of their security. Far different our practice. In the full climax of thy enormities we braved thy fury, and now that thou art fallen, we cover thee with our mantle, and tender thee our service. The church unrelentingly besieged hath spread wide her arms, and pressed thee to her bosom, whilst the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which so oft have drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed thee, have abandoned thee. And yet how often did I exclaim, impotent is thy rage against the church: thou seekest to overturn her from her lofty eminence, and thy incautious steps will be hurried down the precipice: but all was disregarded! The hippotromes having consumed thy riches, sharpen their swords against thee, whilst the church, poor suffering victim of thy wrath, traverses the mountains, vallies, woods, panting to rescue thee from the snare.

The first sentences in the exordium of St. Gregory's address to Basil might have been omitted, for notwithstanding all the encomiums lavished on them in the Pursuits of Literature, they are a miserable cento of old expressions, badly connected and replete with ecclesiastical jargon. The peroration of St. Gregory's funeral sermon on his father, pronounced before the great Basil, contains passages of the most impressive grandeur. After having consoled his mother by exposing the nullity of human enjoyments, he asks what we suffer by the change from life to death? The passage contains in it nothing but what may have been said before and after this orator; but it has perhaps never been put so well as in the form of words used by St. Gregory. We shall therefore be excused for inserting the original, more especially as it will form another instance of that command of language which enables Mr. Boyd to cope with difficulties.

τι τοιουν δεινον πεπονθαμεν, ει προς την αληθινην ζων ενθενδε μεταβιβασκαμεν, ει γροφων και ειλιγγων, και κορων, και της ασυχρας φορολογιας απηλλαγαμεν, μελα των εγωτων και ε ρευτων ισομεθα φωτα μικρα, φως το μεγα περιχορευοιες.

‘What loss, what calamity have we sustained, if we are translated to a real existence? If liberated from the changes, and the giddiness, and the satieties, and the base extortions of the world, we dwell with permanent, imperishable beings, and shifte like lesser luminaries, incircling in choral dance, The One Grand Light!’

Our author has unfortunately, from a diffidence which we

should think misplaced, translated the poem of St. Gregory on his own life, and the elegy on St. Basil, into blank verse, which might have been done by any person possessed of ten fingers. As the laws of the antient elegy demanded a pause at every second verse, the metre used by our author is peculiarly unappropriate. The only merit of measured prose, next to the facility of composing it, is (what we consider as a great defect) the prolongation of the pauses; the author however has avoided all imputation of aiming at this merit, by closing nearly every line with a stop. He has besides fallen in with a false quantity of the Saint in the word *Cæsarea*, 'quod versu dicere non est.'

Καὶ οὕτως μὲν ἱεροῦμα. κ.λ.λ.

'Well might men hail thee great *Cæsarea's* pride.'

We know of no authority for this usage.

It is curious to trace parallel imagery in authors who had never been acquainted. The chorus of Henry V. contains a passage which we were surprised to see anticipated by St. Chrysostom.

'A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

In the Saint's exordium to the first homily on St. John, and the importance of his mission, the same ideas are thus splendidly arrayed.

ἐστὶ δὲ αὐτῷ προσκηνιον ὁ ἔρανος ἅπας, θεατρὸν δὲ ἡ δικαίη, θεαταὶ δὲ καὶ αἰκροκταί. πάντες ἄγγελοι, καὶ ἀνθρώπων ὅσοι περ ἄγγελοι τυγχάνουσιν ὄψεσθαι, καὶ γενέσθαι ἐπιθυμοῦσι.

The masterly hand of Mr. Boyd might here have been well employed.

We cannot take leave of our author without expressing the pleasure that we feel in seeing the son commence his career in literature, with auspices that bid fair to raise him to a level with the father, who, it is well known, from his mode of reasoning and writing, has been among the reputed Juniores. Future exertions will be expected from the same pen, and the strictures here made will, it is hoped, tend rather to kindle than to damp the ardour of the translator. The reviewer knows his animadversions on a corrigible author to be safer than the applause of friends; and he may say in the words of Mr. Boyd's admired original, τα γὰρ ἔμα τραυματὰ ὕμνισαν ἐργάζεται. In the hope that his remarks will be thus received, he closes this 'volumen perexiguum, sed infinitæ dulcedinis.'

**ART. XVI.—Review of the Affairs of India, from the Year 1798, to the Year 1806 ; comprehending a summary Account of the principal Transactions, during that eventful Period. 8vo. 3s. Cadell. 1807.**

THIS Review of the Affairs of India appears to have been composed principally for the purpose of vindicating the character and conduct of Marquis Wellesley from the aspersions of his enemies. The writer first gives an account of the general state of India when the marquis assumed the government. French influence is said at this time to have been very prevalent, and French emissaries very numerous at the different courts. Tippoo had many French officers in his capital, and was negotiating with France the means of our destruction. Mons. Raymond was at the head of 14,000 disciplined troops in the territory of the Nizam ; Mons. Perron with a still larger force possessed the important fortress of Agra, the capital of Delhi, the person of the Great Mogul, and the rich territory between the rivers Jumma and Ganges, where he had constructed the almost impregnable fortress of Allygur. The Maharrattas were eager to join in any expedition which might gratify their predatory disposition and their rooted hostility to the English. The state of India on the assumption of the government by Marquis Wellesley appears to have been replete with difficulty and danger ; but the conduct of the marquis was well fitted to the circumstances of the case and to the nature of the enemy with whom he had to contend. His measures were full of energy and promptitude. Instead of suffering the enemy to mature their schemes, or waiting in a sort of irresolute imbecility for the attack, he prevented it by the vigour and celerity of his own offensive operations. His troops were in the field, and ready to reap the fruits of victory before his enemies thought that their insidious designs were disclosed, or their plans of aggression known. This is high praise ; and to this Marquis Wellesley appears to have a just claim. We do not enter into the details of his administration ; nor do we assert that there may not have been many particulars in his comprehensive scheme of Indian policy to which considerable blame may be due : but we firmly believe, when we reflect on the subtlety, the machinations, the concert and the strength of our eastern enemies at the particular juncture in which he was appointed to the arduous station of governor general, that it is to his wisdom in the cabinet and his decision in the field to which we may ascribe the present security of our mighty empire in that part of the world. Whatever politicians may descant on the folly of extending our dominion in

the East, we believe that affairs in that quarter are reduced to this alternative, that we must either be absolute sovereigns of the whole peninsula of India, or be soon compelled to abandon every part. Not only our extended commercial connections in every province render the former expedient, but it is necessary in order to prevent foreign interposition, and particularly to impede the machinations of the French in any of the native courts. Buonaparte well knows that, if England can be conquered, it must be in the east; and that the city of London is to be assailed most effectually in the province of Bengal. From the efforts which the French made during the last short interval of peace, to introduce a great number of troops into their settlement at Pondicherry, to dispatch their emissaries to excite revolt, and to discipline the troops of those princes whom they could persuade to become our foes, we may learn to guard against all such attempts for the future by a paramount sway over the whole empire of the Mogul. And we think it highly advantageous for the provinces of Indostan to be subject to the humane and well moderated sovereignty of the English, rather than to the injustice and oppression of the native potentates. The dominion of the English will tend to increase the civilization, improve the agriculture, and vivify the industry of the people; diffuse a sense of virtue and justice among them; and finally bless those regions of Asia which are obscured by idolatry and superstition, with the unspotted light of the Gospel of Christ.

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ART. XVII.—*Mandeville Castle; or the Two Elinors. In two Volumes.* 7s. Booth. 1807.

THERE is no species of writing which seduces so many well-meaning persons from their ordinary occupations as novel-writing. All other branches restrict the author to some subject, and impose on him the disagreeable necessity of knowing something on that subject. The novelist alone assumes the privilege of bending things, events, and personages, to his own arbitrary liking; and hence so many persons, aided and abetted by a decent knowledge of spelling, and store of tender words, embark in this service. Amidst the dull and opiate effusions of this kind, we hail any one which, by the charm of incident and of language, resuscitates our appetites, jaded and grown languid by a satiety of sweetmeats. These little volumes offer to us a change of diet that is indeed most grateful.

It is to us matter of surprise, that the name should be withdrawn from a work, which would reflect on it so much honour. It would probably not be hazarding too much, if we concluded, from internal evidence, that the author of the *Two Eluons* and the author of *Nothing New* are one and the same. The same delicacy, the same nice observance in the costume of times and characters, and, it must be added, the same blemishes belong to both. The principal fault is, that in many places the language is overcharged, and the thought oppressed and smothered by ornament. The most forcible vehicles for passionate or descriptive imagery are sentences composed simply of substantives and verbs. Every epithet that does not aid the sense, obscures or debases it, and tends to vulgarize the style. e. g. p. 86. Vol. i. "Soon through the *stately* hall resounded the *sprightly* harp, and the *light-heeled* dancers trac'd their *mazy* rounds in many a *festive* group." Independently of this exuberance of ornament, we object to the inverted form of the sentence. The introduction of French words, and the emphasis pointed out to the reader by means of italics, are liable to censure. These trifles in common novels would not have excited a remark; but as they now stand, they appear like blots in the centre of a fine picture.

Where all is pleasing, it is difficult to extract the most pleasing. But in calling the attention of our readers to a sort of episode, entitled the Legend of Alan de Fitzherbert and the Fair Isabel, we direct them to a tale of such interest, leading to a moral so inartificial and useful, that we envy not those, who, having begun reading, can rise from it before they have reached the conclusion, or those who have reached the conclusion unmoved by the adventures, and unimproved by the catastrophe. The feudal times, the castles, monasteries, and the men of other days have afforded to many a wide field for gloomy description. The feeling produced by looking back from an age of humour and levity to one of an opposite character, seems peculiar to this country and the Germans. Our light and mercurial neighbours are in no respect our enemies more than in their repugnance to every thing of this character. The legend to which we allude is admirably calculated to inspire that sacred awe which we feel in treading over places ennobled by the events of old.

The hero Alan de Fitzherbert, after a series of perfidy and villainy, is led by an event, which we will not anticipate, to turn penitent. He builds and endows a monastery. Here after a seclusion of 30 years we are again introduced to him. But how changed from the perfidious, the elegant, the proud Fitzherbert!

The pale and emaciated form that now glides through the vaulted aisle, and whose silver beard waves in the passing gale, could scarcely, by his most intimate friend, be recognised for the once graceful and animated Fitzherbert: the fire of his eye is quenched by tears of anguish, whose deep furrows are seen upon his faded cheeks—his form bends beneath the pressure of years and sorrow—his steps falter, and he seems the ghost of what he was. But, reader, suspend thy pity! the sad object before thee stands less in need of thy compassion than when, exulting in the plenitude of health and beauty, he stepped proudly over the ground which now seems to gawk beneath his tottering footsteps: the years that have brought weakness to his frame, have strengthened the virtues of his heart.

Every second page would afford a picture equally true and faithful to nature with the preceding; but limits are prescribed to works of this nature, beyond which we must not trespass.

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## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

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### RELIGION.

ART. 18.—*Jewish Prophecy, the sole Criterion to distinguish between genuine and spurious Christian Scripture, or an humble Attempt to remove the grand and hitherto insurmountable Obstacles to the Conversion of Jews and Deists to the Christian Faith, affectionately submitted to their serious Consideration: a Discourse preached before the Rev. Dr. William Gretton, Archdeacon of Essex, at his Visitation at Danbury. By Francis Stone, M. A. F. S. A. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1806.*

IN the present discourse, Mr. Stone has evinced a freedom of research, and a boldness of inference, which the ministers of the establishment have seldom manifested in any of their publications. Hence we were not surprised to hear that this discourse had been the subject of much ecclesiastical animadversion; and that it has exposed the author to no small share of obloquy and invective. But we, who are advocates for free inquiry, and who think that such freedom of inquiry is essential to the existence of every protestant communion, are so far from being willing to swell this torrent of abuse, or to pass sentence of condemnation on Mr. Stone for the liberty of discussion which he has exercised, that we think him deserving of no small share of praise for the truly

christian frankness and intrepidity with which he announced those opinions which his reason and his conscience tell him to be most agreeable to the scriptures, and most favourable to the reception of christianity among Jews and Infidels. Mr. Stone contends that Jesus was the son of Joseph and of Mary : and that, consequently, the account of the miraculous conception, is a spurious addition to the gospel. As we have not at present leisure to enter at any length into the discussion, we will not say how far we think that Mr. Stone has established his hypothesis ;—but we will add a remark which seems not a little favourable to the idea, that the Messiah was, according to the opinions of the Jews, to be produced like other men, by the common mode of generation.

Long previous to the christian era, when the hope of the Messiah's advent was very prevalent among the Jews, the Jewish women, who fondly cherished the hope of giving birth to so great a personage, esteemed celibacy and barrenness the greatest disgrace and the heaviest calamity which they could endure. Would this have been the case, if it had been supposed that the Messiah was to be born of a virgin, or by a miraculous conception? Mr. Stone has not made use of this argument ; but we propose it to the consideration of the learned. We are convinced that the christian religion can never be injured by the utmost latitude of discussion ; and, the more it is discussed, the more will its purity and truth appear.

ART. 19.—*An Alarm to the Reformed Church of Christ, established in these Kingdoms.* 8vo. 6d. Hatchard. 1807.

"SPES MEA CHRISTUS." 'AN ALARM, &c.

'My Reverend Brethren ;

'My Brethren.'

IF the nausea of the reader be not sufficiently excited by this preamble, we recommend him to peruse the pamphlet, which we will assure him, if his nervous sensibilities be not as much indurated with prejudice, bigotry and intolerance as those of the author himself, will operate as powerfully, as any emetic in the pharmacopeia of London or Edinburgh. Nay we will not assert that the disgusting compound, if it pass the *primæ viæ*, will not have also a cathartic effect ; but, at any rate, the printed pages may be very properly used for a certain purpose where cathartics are employed.

ART. 20.—*Considerations on the Alliance between Christianity and Commerce, applied to the present State of this Country.* 8vo. 2s. Cadell. 1806.

THE great object of christianity was the production of happiness, both temporal and eternal ; and the principal means which it designed to employ for this end was the diffusion of genuine unso-

phisticated benevolence amongst individuals and nations. In this spirit of benevolence, for ever glowing in the breast, and operative in the life, the essence of the christian doctrine consists. Now commerce certainly favours the diffusion and the exercise of this principle; and so far it must be consonant to the genius and precepts of the gospel. For, though commerce be considered only as an exchange of commodities, yet this exchange facilitates and promotes the intercourse, and favours the growth and expansion of those social sympathies which were intended to connect the great family of mankind. Commerce makes the superfluities of some countries supply the wants of others, and stimulates the industry of all. It harmonizes with the spirit of the gospel, in promoting peace on earth, and good will among men. Christianity indeed will lend its sanction to no commercial pursuits, which are repugnant to the principles of justice and humanity; and those nations, which desire a durable prosperity, and rightly understand their own real interest, will never authorize any traffic which is founded in cruelty and injustice. As it is commerce, which more than any thing else, diffuses wealth, and multiplies the means of subsistence, it affords a greater degree of leisure for moral and intellectual culture than can be enjoyed by those whose attention is almost wholly engrossed by the pains of hunger, or the dread of want. In this respect commerce is in unison with the best interests of christianity; for a highly rational religion, like the christian, will flourish most where intellectual faculty is most improved, and civilization most prevails. Even the highest refinements of civilization, which cherish and mature all the tender assiduities and captivating delicacies of the most sensitive benevolence, are favoured by the genius of the gospel. Commerce, it may be said, is injurious because it engenders luxury. But if by luxury be meant excess of sensual gratification, christianity, which so powerfully enjoins temperance and self-denial, must be regarded as the best medium of counteracting those evils which commerce may produce. In short, commerce and christianity will be found mutually to co-operate in promoting the good of man; and our own country is a proof that, in that nation which is most commercial, the christian virtues will most abound. It is a false notion that christianity forbids the acquisition of wealth; that acquisition is virtually enjoined, when the practice of benevolence is enforced. For it would be absurd to require those to be liberal, who have nothing to bestow, or who are told not to labour to acquire. It is the selfish, and not the commercial spirit, which christianity forbids. We agree with the writer of this sensible pamphlet in thinking that, instead of sending out missionaries to convert savages, we ought first to instruct them in the rudiments of civilization. The improvement of their circumstances, and the culture of their social propensities and affections, will best prepare the soil of their hearts for the reception of the gospel.



**ART. 21.**—*A new, clear and concise Vindication of the Holy Scriptures in an affectionate Address to the Deists, &c. &c. By George Nicholson, Hull, Yorkshire, Rivingtons. pp. 79. 8vo. 1s. 1807.*

MR. NICHOLSON's intentions appear to be good; and this is the only thing we can say in his favour as an author.

**ART. 22.**—*Letters to the Editors of the Christian Observer, in Reply to their Observations on a Pamphlet entitled, A few plain Answers to the Question, Why do you receive the Testimony of Baron Swedenborg? By the Rev. J. Clowes, M.A. Rector of St. John's Church, Manchester, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 146. Evans. 1807.*

WE have read the article before us with that candor and freedom from prejudice recommended by the writer, but as to ourselves, the consequences which he predicts have certainly not followed. The opinion we gave of a former production (see C.R. for Nov. 1806. p. 326), (that which occasioned the observations of the editors of the Christian Observer and the present reply to those observations), will nearly serve for the present publication, for we shall not undertake to arbitrate between Mr. Clowes and his reviewers. The pretensions of Baron Swedenborg to an extraordinary mission, and to the character of a seer, are not rendered less equivocal by any thing to be found in these 'Letters.' Had the Eleusinian mysteries been as impenetrable as those which we have now endeavoured to unveil, it would have been quite unnecessary to exclaim to the uninitiated,

Procul o! procul este profani,  
 —————totoque abssistite luco. Æn. 6. 258.

## NOVEL.

**ART. 23.**—*Forresti, or the Italian Cousins, by the Author of Vallambrosa. 3 Vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d. Lane. 1806.*

WHEN we had sat down to read Forresti, we were urged more by duty than by inclination to pursue the task, for the opening is dry and unpromising. As we proceeded it improved upon us, and when we had arrived at the conclusion, we pronounced it a not unpleasant novel. The language is generally neat, sometimes elegant, yet sometimes also marked by an affectation which extends frequently to the sentiments. The path of eccentricity should be as narrow as that of nature is broad. The second volume, which contains the history of the hero while in Africa, is rather interesting, and there is in the work one thing to which we must give our decided approbation. It is that we could not determine until the moment of the *denouement*, to which of the rivals for his regard the favourite Forresti is ultimately destined. This is a virtue which modern novels very seldom possess.

We have perused the postscript to the last volume, which contains a complaint on the severity of our remarks on a preceding novel from the pen of the present author, (See C.R. March, 1805, vol. iv. p. 329.) The former part of it 'begets a temperance' that might perhaps be intended to 'give a smoothness' to the latter.

With respect to the novel alluded to we see no reason whatever, had we an opportunity, why we should recur to that work, much less why we should alter our opinion of its merits. Our objections were not vague or indefinite; they were specifically and minutely stated, and a general remark has not removed, nor indeed could it be expected to remove them.

We must be allowed to manifest some surprise at the concern which the writer expresses, that our critique has served to increase the publicity of his labours. We can reconcile this 'concern' with no principle which is generally conceived to actuate the feelings of authors, nor in any way with a declaration afterwards made, the sincerity of which however we do not question—that 'a careful re-perusal of his work does not convince him that it contains any passages dangerous to virtue.' We thought Vallambrosa a pernicious novel, and nothing in this postscript forbids us still to think so; at the same time we rejoice that the volumes before us have a much better tendency, without stopping to inquire whether our censure has or has not contributed to so desirable an alteration. Had Vallambrosa been as unexceptionable as Forresti, it would not have received, because it would not have deserved, our reprehension.

One word of Ganganelli's letter to the Abbe Lami.

'If a work is not worth the trouble of reading, it is better not to announce it at all than to rail at the writer.' It is our lot, we confess it with a sigh, to peruse bad and good publications; and it is our duty to stigmatize what is injurious, as well as to applaud what is favourable to virtue; and yet, in our vocabulary at least, we cannot be said 'to rail at the writers.'

Our author goes off with a quotation. We will furnish another, persuaded that it contains a rule, the violation of which cannot but be prejudicial to morals and to letters.

'With mean complacency ne'er betray your trust,  
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.  
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,  
They best can bear reproof who merit praise.' Pope.

ART. 24.—*Tales from Shakspeare, designed for the Use of young Persons; by Charles Lamb. Embellished with Copper-plates. In two Volumes. 12mo. 8s. Hodgkins. 1807.*

THE author, who has reduced the plots of Shakspeare into the form of tales, will pardon the scantiness of our remarks devoted to  
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that work, and impute it rather to the title of the book itself, which he professes to be designed for the use of children, than to any want of respect in us towards a book so essentially valuable. We have compared it with many of the numerous systems which have been devised for rivetting attention at an early age, and insinuating knowledge subtilly and pleasantly into minds, by nature averse from it. The result of the comparison is not so much that it rises high in the list, as that it claims the very first place, and stands unique, and without rival or competitor, unless perhaps we except Robinson Crusoe, with which it has one excellence in common, viz. that although adapted to instruct and interest the very young, it offers amusement to all ages.

In these times of empiricism and system-building, the world has been too credulous to the professions of old women of both sexes, who hold the reins of government over the education of children. We have grown so very good of late, that none but devotional books or moral tales, as they are called, are entrusted into the hands of our children. The former teach all the cant, without any of the mild spirit of religion; the latter, all the cold austerity, without any of the amiable urbanity of virtue. They both in general represent some one little being, who has committed an error in the wildness of youth, some unlucky child, as an object for the eternal abhorrence and persecution of what are called the upright and pious. Their morality and religion tend alike to give a child of good disposition a distaste for both; or, if he be a convert, to render him an unforgiving hypocrite. We will not scruple to say, that these little volumes are more calculated to conquer the distaste in children for learning, than any, excepting the excellent work of De Fœ above mentioned, which have yet appeared; that in suppressing the bad passions 'envy, hatred, and malice,' and in humanizing and correcting the heart, they will effect more than all the cant that ever was canted by Mrs. Trimmer and Co. in all their most canting and lethargic moments.

Two very material points are secured by this narrator of Shakspeare's plots. We will give them in his own words:

'The following tales are meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakspeare, for which purpose his words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in; and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote, therefore words introduced into our language since his time, have been as far as possible avoided.'

Hence the child would not only be instructed in language, but in the usage of terms the most simple, vigorous, and expressive. His mind, stored with the images and words of our greatest poets, would turn with disgust from the sordid trash with which the minds of children are usually contaminated.

Again :

‘What these tales have been to you in childhood, that, and much more it is my wish that the true plays of Shakspeare may prove to you in older years—enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, and humanity; for of examples teaching these virtues his pages are full.’

When these advantages that accrue to the heart, morals, and manners, are united to the soundness of head and beauty of language, which they equally promote, we confess ourselves at a loss to find any character more perfect than that which has been formed in such a school. We heartily subscribe our opinion to that of the author, and feel confident that all those beneficial effects which he has proposed to himself, will be answered wherever his book shall be adopted.

ART. 25.—*Anti-Delphine. A Novel founded on Facts. By Mrs. Byron, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. Mawman. 1806.*

THE sagacity of our first James in smelling the gunpowder, and in discovering the plot of Guy Fawkes and his associates, is a well-known part of our history, and is to this day celebrated by the explosion of crackers and squibs. Buonaparte fancied that he scented pestilence and ten thousand plagues under the covers of Madame de Stael's novel, *Delphine*, and he forbid the sale of it under the severest penalties. The barrels of gunpowder were actually discovered, and the lantern of Guy Fawkes, like the torch of truth, blazed conviction on the most doubting minds: but the horrors, which were supposed to lurk in the pages of Madame de S. we believe were merely imaginary, the phantasies of a disturbed brain. We have not heard of any diseases occasioned by it either in the moral or in the political world, and therefore Mrs. Byron's novel, though it is composed skilfully and of good materials, is as useless, with respect to her original aim, as a prophylactic where there is no infection. Her two volumes are respectable in themselves, and may answer the end which she proposes, and which is to show the unfortunate that there are others on whom the hand of affliction presses, perhaps, yet more heavily than on themselves; to show them that no one is tried beyond his strength; that the heart which is ready to break under sufferings may yet be armed with a degree of fortitude, proportionate to their weight; that conscious rectitude ensures its own reward; and that even the most wretched have yet the consolatory hope of arriving, when the tedious voyage of this life shall be over, at that haven where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

## POETRY.

ART. 26.—*The Speculum: a Poem in Two Dialogues; addressed to the Author of the Pursuits of Literature.* By W. A. B. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Tegg. 1806.

THE lines in this poem, which is a paltry attempt to imitate the Pursuits of Literature, are about one-twentieth part of the book, which by the vilest artifices of book-making is spun out to sixty-eight pages of letter-press. A great many leaves, and very little fruit, and that little very unpalatable! The writer threatens the world with a second part: if he should be so hardy, we recommend to him the last words of his own last page as a motto, words, which are more fatally applicable, than he may be aware. 'He carried them with him to that necessary place, and then sent them down as a sacrifice to Cloacina.' It is astonishing that this author, who professes to brandish the pen of satire, could inscribe the word FINIS under the name of the goddess who brings up the rear of his work, without a foreboding eye, and a trembling hand.

ART. 27.—*The Alexandriad: a Poem. Being an humble Attempt to enumerate in Rhyme some of those Acts which distinguish the Reign of the Emperor Alexander.* 4to. pp. 20. Westley. 1805.

THE author has executed his task in very decent verse. The notes are interesting, as they relate many anecdotes of the emperor's humanity, justice, and public spirit.

ART. 28.—*Simonidea, a Collection of Poems.* 12mo. pp. 98. Robinsons. 1806.

THESE poems are called Simonidea, because some of them commemorate the dead, a species of composition in which Simonidea excelled. Where persons have the talent of dressing pretty thoughts in pretty rhymes, and can find friends to purchase them, we cannot say that they are to be blamed for printing them, though the press is already deluged with this kind of poetry. The Latin verses in this collection might merit praise, as school exercises.

## POLITICS.

ART. 29.—*Two Dissertations addressed to a Friend, and recommended to the Perusal of the Advocates for extending the Power of the Roman Catholics in this Country.* By a Clergyman. 8vo. 3s. Bickerstaff. 1807.

THE author of these dissertations, in order to excite a prejudice

against the Roman Catholics of the present day, has drawn a picture of the tenets and the practices of their progenitors some hundred years ago. For this purpose he has collected all the facts which his scanty reading would supply ; and of course he has not forgotten to refresh our memories with a narrative of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But if all the cruelties which have been perpetrated, the impositions which have been practised, and the absurdities which have been believed, by the members of the church of Rome in a less civilized and enlightened period, are to be collected, in order to form a bill of indictment against their successors, who shall escape condemnation ? Many centuries have not elapsed since all Europe were Roman Catholics ; and if the guilt of this superstition can be transmitted by descent, perhaps even the clerical writer of these dissertations must share the crime. We do not pretend to say that the age of folly and, of bigotry is past ; for the book before us is a sufficient proof of both : but we must assert that, among all sects, there is a greater diffusion of reason and of charity than there ever was before ; and are the Roman Catholics the only body of christians, whose minds and hearts are impervious to this general illumination ? Are the beams of gospel-charity chilled or blunted the moment they strike against the bosom of a Catholic ? That no small portion of ignorance and intolerance may still remain among the members of the church of Rome, we readily allow, but is there no ignorance nor intolerance among other sects ? Does no other church exhibit any instances of bigotry and imposture ? Are the present sober, judicious and learned body of the Scotch clergy to be branded with infamy, or held up as objects of terror and abhorrence, on account of the barbarities which were practised, and the absurdities which were authorised by the Presbyterian ministers in the reign of Charles the first ? But yet this would be as consistent with justice and with charity, as it is to reproach the whole body of British Roman Catholics with the crimes and follies of their ancestors.—This writer argues as if the Roman Catholics were an increasing sect ; but instead of this, we have every reason to believe that they are in the wane ; and, even in Ireland, where they are most numerous, nothing is wanting but a little more attention on the part of government ; to the physical comfort, as well as the moral and intellectual culture of the lower orders of people in that country, to reconcile them to the principles of protestantism. Were the Irish peasantry more enlightened, and made to experience more of the blessings of civilization, that blind submission, which they now evince towards their priests, would gradually disappear ; and the pacific genius of industry, of agriculture, and commerce, would soon supplant their present propensity to idleness, to ravage and rebellion. The craft of the priest is always proportioned to the ignorance of the people. If therefore we dread the powerful ascendancy of the Romish priests over the half-savage peasantry of Ireland, the means of counteraction are in our power. The bane and antidote are both before us ;—the bane is ignorance and oppression ;—the antidote is knowledge, freedom, and humanity.

ART. 30.—*The State of the Case; addressed to Lord Grenville and Lord Howick.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

ART. 31.—*A plain Address to the People of England; in Explanation of the secret Causes which occasioned the Dismissal of his Majesty's late Ministers.* 6d. Clarke. 1807.

THE writer of the first pamphlet, if not a cabinet minister, appears to have derived his information from some person, who is well acquainted with the secrets of the cabinet, and with the feelings and views of the present ministers. Whoever he may be, he labours hard to prove that his majesty was not acquainted with the true nature and extent of the measure, which Lord Howick introduced into the House of Commons in favour of the Catholics; and he seems to insinuate that it was the intention of the late ministers to keep his majesty in ignorance of the real nature of the act, till it had been precipitated through both houses, and then proposed for his acceptance. Thus he accuses them either of attempting to inveigle or to force the king into a consent to a law, to which he entertained an invincible aversion. But the manly conduct of Lord Grenville and Lord Howick is a sufficient answer to such a supposition. There was nothing insidious or equivocal in any part of their proceedings. They knew that his majesty had originally expressed a repugnance to the measure, but which repugnance seemed to have been vanquished by the representations of his ministers; and they undoubtedly thought that his majesty had determined to make this sacrifice of his private feelings to the public good. The draft of the bill, which was introduced by Lord Howick, had been previously sent to his majesty and returned without any disapprobation whatever being signified. Could his majesty's late ministers construe this silence otherwise than they did? Could they help considering it as a tacit avowal that the bill, though it did not entirely meet with his majesty's approbation, should have his assent? We know that the sovereign must occasionally sacrifice his feelings of dislike to particular measures, in order to gratify the wishes of his ministers, or to promote the interests of his people. As far as the sovereign is a man, he cannot be expected to be free from prejudice; but his prejudices will never be suffered to impede his paternal regard for the welfare of his subjects. The decided opposition which his majesty expressed to the catholic bill, after it was understood to have had his concurrence, cannot be supposed to have originated so much in his majesty himself, as in the artful insinuations of certain persons, who are said to skulk behind the throne; and whose object it appears to have been to inflame his majesty's dislike, and to convert his scruples into a source of emolument to themselves. These persons endeavoured, with a sort of insidious priestcraft, to make his majesty believe that his assent to recent indulgencies proposed to be granted to the catholics, was a violation of the coronation-oath. But we do not see what the coronation-oath has to do

with the subject. That oath binds his majesty to support the protestant establishment; but it by no means imposes on him any obligation not to relieve the oppression of his catholic dissenters. The permanency of the established church is not at all secured by the civil or military disabilities which are imposed on the catholics. Those disabilities only tend to alienate the affections of the subject from the government, and consequently to weaken the basis of the religious establishment itself. The most ample concessions therefore to the catholics must be considered as perfectly compatible with the spirit and end of the coronation oath; because, by adding so much additional security to the civil government, they must ultimately increase the strength of the protestant establishment, which his majesty's oath obliges him to support. His majesty's oath does not bind him to a system of intolerance; and the most enlarged charity and the most unlimited indulgence which his majesty can shew to his catholic subjects, as well as to every other class of dissenters, are both morally and politically in unison, not only with the object of the oath, but with those great principles of civil and religious liberty which placed his family on the throne. The coronation oath was designed for the good of the subject, and whatever is conducive to that end, however opposite it may seem to the letter, is perfectly agreeable to the spirit of the oath. How then can it be said that the late ministers attempted to force the conscience of the king, when they urged him to accede to a measure which has so close a connection with the stability of his government and with the best interests of his people? If these ministers endeavoured to moderate or to vanquish his Majesty's repugnance to a measure, which they, on mature reflection, thought to be most essentially incorporated with the safety of his crown and the prosperity of the empire, do they not merit the tribute of applause rather than the sentence of condemnation? As the ministers of the country, were they not to study the good of the people as much as the wishes of the sovereign? The author of the 'State of the Case,' &c. sees nothing which the late ministers have done which deserves even a vote of thanks. But has he forgotten the abolition of the slave trade? This measure alone, independent of every other, is sufficient to eternize their fame. Whatever ridicule he may cast on the new plan of finance, we shall be well contented to find their successors pursuing a system as little oppressive to the people.

The author of the 'Plain Address,' &c. seems to ascribe the dismissal of the late ministers to secret influence and perfidious advisers, which we have no doubt to have been the case.

**ART. 32.**—*The Substance of Mr. Deputy Birch's Speech in Common Council, March 5th, 1807.* Asperne. 8vo. 1807.

**ART. 33.**—*Cursory Reflections on the Measures now in Agitation, in Favour of the Roman Catholics. By a Loyal Irishman.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

**MR.** Orator Birch says that those persons, who profess



what is called the Roman catholic religion, in the British empire, 'must cease to be Papists, if they ever cease to be inimical to a Protestant government.' We reply that, if by popery be meant an implacable hostility to every protestant establishment, these persons are no longer papists. They have renounced those tenets which might formerly have rendered their allegiance a matter of doubt, or an object of suspicion. They no longer assert the temporal supremacy of the pope; and they allow him only a limited spiritual jurisdiction, which could not at all endanger the peace or security of any protestant government, which rendered them equal in all points of civil or military privileges to the most favoured subjects of other sects. The term *Roman catholic*, may formerly have been synonymous with the appellation of *rebel*, but, at present, it is not less significant of loyalty, than that of any other denomination of christians. We learn from the excellent pamphlet of the good and the patriotic Sir J. Throckmorton, which was mentioned in our Review for June last, (vol. 8, p. 215), that the Roman catholic body is not unwilling to concede to his majesty the election of their bishops; and that they are ready to forego their submission to the pope in all points which may interfere with their civil obedience to the sovereign. What more can we require? Or what stronger pledge can they offer of their sincerity and loyalty? To suppose that one set of religious opinions is necessarily more productive of civil obedience than another, is to argue against history and experience. Bad and factious men, incendiaries, traitors, and rebels, have occasionally been found among all the denominations of professing christians. A belief in the importance of those precepts of christianity, which inculcate gentleness and forbearance, patience under oppression, and obedience to every species of lawful government, is one of the essentials of the religion, and common to all sects which merit the name of christian. Where invidious and unreasonable distinctions are made between different sects, those sects which are the least favoured, cannot but feel a degree of aversion and rancour towards the rest. But in order to remove this leaven of bitterness, governments have only to discontinue the restrictions by which it is produced. Let every government, imitating the comprehensive benevolence of the Great Spirit, who knows no distinction of sects, act like a common father and benefactor to the whole fraternity of christians. Let christians of all denominations, who are heirs of the same eternal promises, participate in the same temporal privileges and emoluments. Let the doors of the national church be opened wide enough to receive all sects in the sanctuary of love; and the comprehensive charity of the government will soon extinguish every spark of sectarian animosity.

What we have said above, will apply to the arguments of the Loyal Irishman, who appears to have more zeal than discretion, and sometimes to let the inconsiderate fervour of his feelings hurry him beyond the modesty of truth. He seems to accuse all those who favour the catholic claims, of a design to subvert the civil and religious constitution of the country. Even the Duke of Bedford is

not exempted from the imputation. His want of candour and of charity, at the same time, induces him to ascribe to the present catholics, all the bigoted tenets, intolerant principles, and sanguinary conduct which characterized their ancestors. When will truth only direct, and charity only inspire the pen of religious and political discussion?

ART. 31.—*Naval Anecdotes; or a new Key to the Proceedings of a late Naval Administration.* 8vo. 5s. Baldwin. 1807.

THE public is greatly indebted to Lord St. Vincent, while at the head of the admiralty, for the vigilance which he displayed in detecting, and for the courageous integrity which he evinced in repressing the enormous abuses which prevailed in the dock-yards, and indeed in every department connected with the construction, rigging, repair, and supply of the British navy. There are few persons, who preside over any parts of the public administration of this country, who, if they have penetration to discover, have the intrepidity to expose, or the integrity to reform habits of speculation and extravagance, particularly when they have been of long continuance, and custom has rendered them in some measure the inheritance of particular individuals. He, who makes the bold but truly patriotic attempt, is sure, like the Earl of St. Vincent, to be loaded with every species of calumny and abuse. Those, who are interested in the sins of the old system, will depreciate the merits and revile the virtues of the new. In the present pamphlet, while no praise whatever is bestowed on the patriotic and vigorous measures which Lord St. Vincent pursued in order to check the fraudulent waste of the public property and lavish expenditure of the public money in the dock-yards, &c., the writer brings forward some charges in order to shew that the system which he pursued, was injudicious, absurd, and injurious to the public service. We are far from denying that Lord St. Vincent may have erred in particular instances; for he who has to rectify so many errors will sometimes fall into the opposite. But it is not by the particular excellence or the particular defect of any individual measures, that Lord St. Vincent must be judged, or the merits of his administration be appreciated, but by the general tendency of the whole to benefit the public service, and to economize the resources of the country. On this ground the administration of Earl St. Vincent deserves unmingled approbation. And we must remember that some of the particular evils which are ascribed to the measures of the noble Earl, were not the natural product of those measures, but the unavoidable effect of circumstances. When a vicious system, like that of the accumulated abuses which prevailed in the dock-yards, &c. is reformed, some time must elapse before the new improvements can take effect; some disorders may be occasioned in the intermediate space, and these may be urged as the natural consequences, when they are in fact only the fugitive accessories, of the reforms themselves. Temporary evil is sometimes the necessary precursor of lasting good. The effect of the best remedies cannot be imme-

diately ascertained. An old and crazy piece of machinery may seem to excel in practical usefulness a piece of mechanism on a better principle, till those, who are to superintend the operations, become acquainted with its motions, and acquire dexterity by experience. The measures of Lord St. Vincent's administration laid the foundation for a new and improved mode of conducting the naval department, which, if it be pursued by his successors, will be highly conducive to the good of the navy and to the best interests of the country.

**ART. 35.**—*Observations on some Doctrines advanced during the late Elections; in a Letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. from Henry Clifford, Esq.* 8vo. Budd. 1807.

**DURING** the last election but one for Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett advanced the following position ; ' that a person holding an office under the crown, however otherwise estimable, cannot, at any time, become a fit representative of a free, uncorrupt and independent people.' This doctrine was strenuously combated by Mr. Whitbread in his letter to Sir Francis ; and the greater part of the present pamphlet is employed in vindication of the doctrine. Mr. Clifford contends that the exclusion of placemen and pensioners from the House of Commons is agreeable to the spirit and principles of the constitution ; and he shews by historical proof that it has been maintained from the earliest periods to the Revolution. At the Revolution, the doctrine was after various struggles incorporated in the act of settlement, by which the succession to the crown was secured to the present family. One of the preliminary resolutions of the act of settlement determines that ' no person, who has an office or place of profit under the king, or receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons.' This resolution was however afterwards repealed in the reign of Anne. But the doctrine itself has the sanction of numerous statutes, which incapacitate a variety of officers, pensioners, and placemen, from sitting in the House of Commons ; and of those which exclude officers, who are employed in the collection or management of the revenue, from voting at elections. In the act of union with Ireland, the fourth article decrees that no greater number of members than twenty, holding offices or places of profit under the crown of Ireland, shall be capable of sitting in the parliament of the united kingdom. As the patronage of the government is continually increasing, we think that some restrictions should be adopted, to prevent it from effacing all virtue and disinterestedness in the members of the legislature. We are far from wishing to exclude all persons, who are benefited by this patronage, from a seat in the legislature, but we think that the number of those persons should be subject to more narrow limitations ; and that the benches of the House of Commons should not be filled by persons who have a direct interest in the taxes which they impose, or who are enriched in proportion to the burthens which they lay upon the people.

**ART. 36.**—*General Reflections on the System of the Poor Laws, with a short View of Mr. Whitbread's Bill, and a Comment on it.* 1s. 6d. Bickerstaff. 1807.

**ART. 37.**—*Remarks on the Poor Bill. By a Justice of the Peace.* 1s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1807.

THE first of these pamphlets, which is the production of Mr. John Berkley Monk, abounds in many judicious observations, and we heartily recommend the perusal of it to those who are advocates for the continuance of the present pernicious system of the poor laws. Mr. Monk has condensed into a short compass the most forcible objections to that system; and he bestows high, and, we think, highly deserved commendation on the bill which was introduced into the late parliament by the enlightened and philanthropic Mr. Whitbread. The Justice of the Peace condemns almost every clause in Mr. Whitbread's bill; but his remarks do not appear to us at all relevant or just, except in one instance, where he censures the clause which gives two votes in the vestry meetings to persons rated at one hundred pounds; three to one hundred and fifty; and four to two hundred and more. We greatly doubt the expediency of this regulation, and think that, in many parishes, it will tend to give the richer inhabitants a power of throwing a large part of every parochial burthen from themselves on the least wealthy occupants. The assessments in many parishes are, at present, very unequal; and this regulation will probably increase the inequality where it will be most severely felt. Two or three large farmers, such as there are, at present, in almost every parish, will thus be invested with a sort of despotic power over the rest of the vestry; injustice will be legalised, and remonstrance will be vain. This is the only clause in Mr. Whitbread's bill which we condemn;—we cordially commend the rest, and hope, more than we expect, that it will pass into a law.

**ART. 38.**—*Suggestions arising from the Abolition of the African Slave Trade, for supplying the Demands of the West-India Colonies with Agricultural Labourers.* By Robert Townsend Farquhar, Esq. 8vo. Stockdale. 1807.

AS the slave trade, owing to the glorious exertions of the late administration, is at length happily abolished, it remains to be seen whether the West India planters will, by the tender treatment and judicious management of their present stock of slaves, be able to give such encouragement to the principle of population, as to keep up a succession fully adequate to the culture of the islands, without the necessity of fresh importations. But should a deficiency of labourers arise, the author of this sensible pamphlet proposes a plan by which it may be remedied, and a supply of free labourers procured from China and the islands in the Indian ocean, equal to any demand which can prevail. Though emigration is contrary to

the ancient laws of the Chinese, yet it is permitted by the connivance of the government. But the prohibition is suffered to be violated only in the case of males. No females are ever allowed to leave the kingdom. The emigration of males from China takes place annually to the amount of several thousands, and these people feeling no repugnance to intermarry with women of any colour or condition, are said to have multiplied wonderfully in the eastern islands, and to have dispersed their race in different places and directions from 25 degrees north to 12 degrees south latitude, and from 90 to 145 degrees east longitude. They have formed permanent settlements at Timor, Banda, Java, Prince of Wales's Island, &c. &c. The author, from his long residence at Amboyna, the Molucca islands, and Prince of Wales's Island, has had ample opportunity of observing the industrious habits of the Chinese emigrants to those parts; and he informs us that they are adepts in the cultivation and manufacture of sugar, arrack, indigo, and silks; and that they understand the management of pepper, coffee, and all kinds of tropical productions. We shall not enter into the details of the plan by which the author proposes that these emigrants should be procured; nor shall we mention the calculations of the expence and other particulars, for which we must refer the reader to the work itself. But, as far as we are able to judge, the suggestion of the author seems far from being an impracticable or visionary speculation; though we trust that the wise and humane measures which will be taken by the planters to promote the multiplication of the present stock of blacks in the West Indies, will render it unnecessary to have recourse to the expedient.

### DRAMA.

**ART. 39.**—*Adelgitha; or the Fruits of a single Error, a Tragedy of Five Acts.* By M. G. Lewis. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Hughes. 1806.

FROM what caprice of the theatrical managers this tragedy was rejected, we are at a loss to determine. Had not the benefit of Mrs. Powell introduced it to public notice, the name of Adelgitha would in all probability have never been heard of. The very great applause however, with which it was received, demonstrated to the proprietors of the theatre the fallacy of their own judgment, and accordingly procured it a perpetual right to the boards of Drury Lane.—The object of *Adelgitha* is to illustrate a particular fact, namely, the difficulty of avoiding the evil consequences of a first false step. Adelgitha is a woman 'with all her sex's weakness,' whose natural inclinations were virtuous and benevolent, but who was totally unprovided with that firmness of mind, which might have enabled her to resist the force of imperious circumstances; accordingly she gives way to them one after another, and is led on gradually and involuntarily from crime to crime, till she finds herself involved in guilt beyond the possibility of escaping. The three last acts are managed with

great dexterity ; the situations excite peculiar interest, and that interest is kept alive to the conclusion of the piece. In the poetry we think the author more successful than in his other tragedy : the foundation of the plot is from Gibbon's history : Michael Ducas and Robert Guiscard are the prominent characters; but so much fiction has been added by the poet, that their names only and not their actions remind us of the history.

## MEDICINE.

ART. 40.—*An Analysis of the Malvern Waters.* By A. Philips Wilson, M. D. F. R. S. Ed. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, &c. 8vo. Cadell. 1805.

IT is well known that the Malvern waters have been greatly celebrated on account of their purity ; and that several eminent writers have attributed the virtues they are supposed to possess to this circumstance alone. Dr. Wilson is inclined to doubt the truth of this hypothesis ; but we are not convinced that he has succeeded in overturning it. There are two springs on the Malvern hills. A very careful, and, we think, a very scientific examination of the substances found in a gallon of each spring has afforded Dr. Wilson the following result :

	Holywell. Grs.	St. Ann's. Gra.
Aerated soda	5. 33	3. 55
Aerated lime	1. 6	0. 352
Aerated magnesia	0. 9199	0. 26
Calx of iron	0. 625	0. 328
Sulphate of soda	2. 896	1. 48
Muriate of soda	1. 553	0. 955

Scrophula is the disease in which the Malvern waters has been found the most efficacious. They have been useful also in nephritic cases, and in cutaneous diseases. ' Now, ' says Dr. Wilson, ' in scrophula and cutaneous diseases, soda and iron have long been celebrated medicines, and on soda, in some form or other, we chiefly rely for relief in gravel.' However celebrated these medicines may be, we are persuaded that in the two former diseases at least, though they may be occasionally useful, they have no specific power whatever. When we join to this, that in the Malvern waters they are exhibited in quantities so minute, as hardly to be estimated, it forms an insuperable objection to Dr. Wilson's explanation. Substances of no extraordinary activity, and in a state of extreme dilution, must, according to all just reasoning, be deemed inert on the animal system. As soon should we ascribe the healing of ulcers to the power of sympathy, as the cure of scrophula to such agents.

On what the cures said to be performed by these waters depends, we profess ourselves ignorant. Something may be due to the purity of the atmosphere; something to the complete change of habits, which invalids undergo at this delightful spot; much probably to the season of the year generally chosen for residing at the Wells. We should be happy to receive a just and unexaggerated account of the real efficacy of these springs, and hope that Dr. Wilson will be induced to favour the world with his observations on the subject.

### MISCELLANIES.

**ART. 41.**—*Documents and Observations, tending to shew a Probability of the Innocence of John Holloway and Owen Haggerty, who were executed on Monday the 23d of February, 1807, as the Murderers of Mr. Steele. By James Harmer, Attorney at Law. 3s. Jones. 1807.*

THIS little work modestly enough professes to shew a probability of the innocence of the two men that were lately executed for the murder of Mr. Steele. Our respect for the verdicts of juries is so great, that we do not wish to see them lightly questioned, nor are we pleased to think they can in any case be mistaken; but we confess, that on reading this work, we hesitated some time before we could resist the conclusion, that they sometimes may be so. As a composition it certainly does the author credit; the style is plain, correct, and well adapted to the subject; and the reasoning, especially in the comments upon Hanfield's evidence, extremely acute. Upon the whole, we can venture to assure our readers that in perusing this work they will find an interesting subject ably handled.

**ART. 42.**—*Short-Hand made easy to every Capacity, or a new System of Stenography, in which the Vowels are written at Pleasure without taking off the Pen, with very little detriment to Expedition, and of much Advantage to Legibility. To which are added Variety of Examples for Practice and easy Rules for contracting. By M. Radcliffe Prosser. The whole engraved on 24 Copper Plates. Printed, published and sold by the Author, at No. 145, Swallow Street, Piccadilly. 12mo. 4s. 1806.*

THIS is the very ingenious performance which we lately took occasion to mention with commendation in our Review for July, 1806, (Vol. 8.) p. 333, and will be found to possess all those advantages, which were desiderated in the other. The system is so very easy, that we made ourselves masters of it in the course of a week; on those grounds we confidently recommend it to our readers.

ART. 43.—*My Pocket Book; or Hints for 'a ryght merrie and conceited' Tour, to be called 'The Stranger in Ireland,' in 1805. By a Knight Errant. 12mo. pp. 222. 4s. 6d. Veinor and Co. 1807.*

WE are here called to set in judgment upon one of our brethren who holds a session of oyer and terminer upon an unfortunate culprit, guilty of the heinous crime of publishing three quartos. The reader may probably have the ingenuity to find his name without our assistance, and to recal to his recollection Mr. Carr the author of those not unamusing ponderosities, the Northern Summer, the Stranger in France, and the Stranger in Ireland. Our brother, the composer of the work now before us, bore it appears, with meekness, the two first of these quartos, but the third was too much for the small stock of patience of an irritable man, and he forthwith produced this duodecimo effort of his rage. There can be no doubt that in many respects he has the advantage of Mr. Carr, and has successfully exposed him to ridicule. Yet we doubt extremely the expediency of writing a book upon the defects of a work of no extraordinary celebrity or value: if the performance is as bad as is here represented, it might have been suffered to die a natural and probably an early death. This attack may indeed render it ridiculous, but must necessarily protract its period of existence.

The plan of the author is as follows: he supposes Mr. Carr to have written the heads of his quarto as he went along, and that they are here published for the benefit or the amusement of the world. We have therefore *memorandums* for chapter first, second, &c. in which Mr. Carr confesses the secret motive which guided him in the composition of this work. We perceive a dedication to the paper manufacturers who have, according to the author, essentially contributed to the *great* figure which he has made in the world. Next comes a *prefatory postscript*, which the example of Mr. Plowden and the country through which the tour was made are supposed to justify. This postscript is tolerably amusing, and not unsuited to the public taste for satire. In the memorandums for chapter I. we observe at the outset, "Heads of chapters to occupy full half a page. It does not signify if they should resemble a bull of fane, which often contains every thing but what one might reasonably expect to find." The following extract will convey a better idea of the nature of this work than any description could possibly do:

It is Cowper, I believe, who has said that Homer rendered the beauties of the opening of the Iliad more difficult than those of any other part of his works, for the purpose, as it would seem, of deterring, *in limine*, all translators from proceeding beyond the threshold. I shall do the same with the beauties of *all* my chapters.—How I pity my translators! *Who* would not pity them?

Commence with a couple of stories—nothing more entertaining. Two Englishmen in the east were advised not to go among the Polygars, because they were barbarous, but they found them hospitable.—I was warned against visiting the Irish, who, I was told, were so ig-



nerant, that a rebel barber, seeing an artillery-man about to apply his match to a cannon, ran up to the muzzle and thrust his wig into it, exclaiming "By Jasus, I have stoppt your mouth, my honey, for this time." But he did not, for 'he was blown to atoms.'

'I care not for their ignorance; perhaps we shall agree the better; but 'reader! do not anticipate; in 'a little time perchance' you'll know all about it; but not if we stay here—therefore 'let us set off' and loiter where we find 'any object worthy of notice.'

\* 'A stage coach—the first object worthy of notice. An old lady wished to have *an owl* with her in the stage, in which I and four other male passengers were with her closely 'indented and dove-tail'd.'—Her wishes were '*resisted*,' as all the improper wishes of ladies should be—especially those of old ones—and the bird of night, the *μῆστις κακῶν*, the prophet of evil, was sent to hoot his dire omens elsewhere.—The gentlemen much objected to such an ominous travelling companion.—'*Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*'

'It is a 'more easy motion proceeding on a fine and level road' than 'jostling on the pavé.' Relate, with some novel circumstance, the anecdote of the man of slow comprehension, who did not smile at a facetious story, till the middle of a second, concerning a horrible murder, when the first jest having 'travelled through the sinuosities of his ears to his understanding,' he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Say 'he was about 45, short, plump and rosy,' and travelled in the coach with you.'

In a similar style, though not always equally happy, our author travels through his little volume. The reader of Mr. Carr's work will undoubtedly find amusement in the perusal of this, and the natural malignity of man may probably grasp at the opportunity of enjoying the distress of another. But even if this performance had been much better than it is, its death is at hand. The volumes of our modern tourists totter on the verge of oblivion, and will soon drag with them into its gulph the wasps and hornets which have annoyed and protracted their unhappy and precarious existence.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. Neill's third querulous letter was received, accompanied by that of his friend "Candidus." To prevent further trouble to all parties, Mr. N. is informed that in future his communications, to whomsoever they may be addressed, will meet with no other attention than that of being returned by the post.

WE are desirous of communicating with W. I. and request of him to favour us *immediately* with an address for that purpose.

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. XI.

JUNE, 1807.

No. II.

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ART. I.—*A Supplement to the Dissertation on the 1260 Years; containing a full Reply to the Objections and Misrepresentations of the Rev. E. W. Whitaker; some Remarks on certain Parts of the Author's own Dissertation; and a View of the present Posture of Affairs as connected with Prophecy. By the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B.D. 8vo. 4s. Rivington. 1806.*

IN our review of Mr. Woodhouse on the Apocalypse, for January last, we ventured very frankly to declare our opinion respecting the authenticity of the book of Revelations, which is commonly ascribed to St. John. We there stated that the external, but more particularly the internal evidence had induced us to consider this work as a composition which possessed none of the genuine characters of prophetic inspiration. Mr. Faber's dissertations, in which there is a considerable waste of erudition, instead of removing our objections, have served only to strengthen us in our unbelief. This gentleman has often, like former commentators, been successful in subverting the interpretations of his predecessors; but he has not been equally happy in establishing his own. He is hardly less fanciful and absurd, but not less pertinacious in making the supposed predictions accord with a preconceived hypothesis. The truth is, that, as the Apocalypse itself is a mere visionary representation, the product of some potent but deluded fancy, which has no relation to whatever has been in time past, or what is ever likely to be in time to come, it may be readily wrested and distorted to signify any thing or every thing, which the caprice of the expositor may adopt. It has not one of the indubitable marks of genuine unadulterated prediction. It is a chaos of confusion, without any such

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distinctive features of time, place or circumstance, as would serve to fasten any one of the prophecies to any particular event, which ever has been or is ever likely to be. Those parts of the prediction which the commentators almost universally suppose to have been fulfilled, are as obscure after the supposed completion as they were before. The delusive dreams or incoherent suppositions of any man in a state of delirium, might with as much probability be adduced as a prophetic delineation of all that should happen in his future life, as this supposed book can be imagined to denote all the future fortunes of the Christian church from the age of John to the end of time. If prophecy be regarded as the history of any event before it comes to pass, but so marked by characteristic and distinctive circumstances, as to be incapable of being applied to any other event after it has come to pass, we will venture to say that the advocates for this book of Revelations cannot, throughout the whole, produce any one prophetic paragraph, which possesses this character of genuine inspiration. Our Saviour's prediction respecting the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, was an historical anticipation of the event; and this prediction was so locally, chronologically, and circumstantially definite, that it cannot with any plausibility be applied to denote the siege or the destruction of any other city in any country or period of the world. Can it be applied to signify the siege of Gibraltar, the bombardment of Copenhagen, or the massacre of Ismael? Certainly not. But yet in what is called the Apocalypse, all the interpretations are equally plausible and equally absurd; for there is not one of the supposed prophetic pictures which has any definite characteristic resemblance to any particular transaction. It can serve only like a book of enigmas to exercise or rather torture the faculty of conjecture; and, as there is nothing to teach us which conjecture is nearest to the truth, the expositor may for ever continue to refute the suppositions of his predecessors, without being able to substantiate any interpretation of his own. The Apocalypse is celebrated by its votaries as a faithful representation of the various vicissitudes which were to befall the church of Christ from the age of the apostles to the end of time. But many as are the vicissitudes which the church has already experienced, we will venture to assert that not one of them has been clearly predicted or distinctly marked in this prophetic book. Had this mysterious volume contained a series of genuine predictions, and been written with the design which is supposed, we might naturally expect to have found in it something like a clear, distinct, characteristic and circumstantial prophecy of the re-

formation, which so materially affected the fortunes of the church, and contributed to the purification and diffusion of the gospel. But that part in the Apocalypse which Mr. Faber supposes to relate to this mighty change, might, without any violence of interpretation, be applied to a diversity of events with equal plausibility and truth.

‘And I looked, and lo, a lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred, forty and four thousand, having his Father’s name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts and the elders; and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth. These are they, which were not defiled with women, for they are virgins; these are they which follow the lamb whithersoever he goeth; these were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God. And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven and earth and the sea and the fountains of waters.’ Revel. xiv.

This passage is represented by Mr. Faber, vol. ii. §35, as a striking, prophetic delineation of Luther and the reformation; but we leave it to the judgment of every man of unprejudiced understanding to determine whether there be in the above quotation any such distinctive and characteristic marks of time, place, person or circumstance, as clearly and exclusively denote either Luther or the reformation?

‘And there followed another angel saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.’

‘By this *second angel*,’ says Mr. Faber, ‘I conceive Calvin and the members of the different reformed\* continental churches to be peculiarly intended.’ Now we will ask, what there is in this supposed prediction, which can justify such an application? Or what greater resemblance this second angel bears to Calvin than to any other individual? Does the pretended prediction contain any thing like the portrait of his character, or does it exhibit any one single trait by which we can discriminate

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\* Mr. Faber says that he uses the word *reformed* in contradistinction to *Lutheran*.

the likeness? What distinctive mark or circumstance is there by which we can demonstrate the identity of the second angel and the reformer of Geneva? Is he depicted with his book of Institutes in his hand, fulminating anathemas against all who do not subscribe to the decisions of his intolerance; or ordering Servetus to the stake? To suppose a bigot, like Calvin, represented as an angel, and one of the favoured objects of inspired prophecy, is to blaspheme the wisdom and the clemency of God. Whatever may be said respecting the absurd or unscriptural tenets of the Romish church, we are of opinion that the tenets of Calvin are hardly less adverse to reason and to scripture. Calvin was in his heart as intolerant as any pope that ever issued from a college of cardinals; and the doctrine, which he preached, is imbued with as little of the true spirit of christianity, as any tenets which ever received the sanction of the Vatican. We are not surprised that Mr. Faber should believe the gloomy and sanguinary genius of Calvin fit to be delineated in the visions of prophecy; but we, who consider the doctrine of that reformer to be little better than popery under another form, must beg leave to withhold our assent to his assertions.

‘ And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the lamb. And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name.’

We make no remarks on the sanguinary spirit and unrelenting ferocity which are evinced in this passage, and which are so opposite to the mildness and forgiveness which are breathed in every sentiment of the unvitiated gospel. We hasten to the explanation of Mr. Faber, who says,

‘ As the first and second angels represent the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches of the continent, so I apprehend, the third angel typifies the insular church of England, which is not professedly in all points either Lutheran, or Calvinistic, and which has justly inherited and obtained the glorious title of the bulwark of the reformation. The description which is given of the third angel, accurately corresponds with that part which the Anglican church has taken in the contests with the adherents of popery.’

Gentle reader! pray observe that the principal office of *this third angel* in this spurious prediction, is to hurl anathe-

mas and imprecate vengeance on those of an opposite communion. But is this the office or the characteristic of the church of England? If it be, we will at least say that it is not the office or the characteristic of any angel either on earth or in heaven. The church of England and the church of Rome were once very loud in their expressions of mutual rancour and hostility; but they have since learned to use a milder language and more consonant with the spirit of the gospel. But what characteristic trait is there in the passage of the Revelations, which has just been quoted, to induce any man of common sense or power of discrimination to suppose that this *third angel* typifies the church of England? What resemblance is there between them, which can justify such an inference? Is there any mention of name, time, place, or circumstance, by which we can be reasonably authorized in asserting that this third angel denotes the church of England more than the church of Scotland, or the church of Denmark, or any other church? If Mr. Faber dilute his positive affirmation into a faint and vapid possibility that the *third angel may denote* the church of England, we must affirm it to be as possible that it *may not*, and it is not sufficient to found prophetic resemblances, or the completions of prophecy, on such superlatively vague and distant possibilities. But these prophetic explanations of Mr. Faber, which we have quoted, are in perfect unison with all the rest which fill his two bulky volumes; in which we meet with the most indefinite, incongruous, and unsatisfactory expositions. The only thing that can be said in his favour is, that they are not worse than those of his predecessors; he and they have equally erred in mistaking the forgery of man for the inspired communication of the deity.

‘The 9th chapter of the Revelation,’ says Mr. Faber, ‘terminates in the year 1672, with the siege of Kaminiec.’ Now we have carefully perused this ninth chapter of the Apocalypse, but have not been able to discover any thing either relative to the siege of Kaminiec, or chronologically significant of the year 1672. There is not one definite or distinctive circumstance in the whole chapter, which, with any certainty, denotes such a siege or such a date. But a prophecy, which is not as clear as a compendious history, after the completion, is no prophecy at all. It is not the inspiration of God but the imposition of man.—The great earthquake which is mentioned Revel. xi. 13. is said by Mr. Faber and others to denote the French revolution; but it might with much more probability be supposed literally to signify the earthquake at Lisbon or Puteoli. Indeed, as there are no such distinctive marks of time, place, or circumstance as inseparably to attach this imaginary prophecy to any

particular event, it may be made, according to the caprice of the expositor, either literally or figuratively to signify any physical or moral convulsion that ever did or ever may take place in the earth or among the nations. These prophetic visions of the Apocalypse are of such a pliant and accommodating nature that they will readily countenance any or every interpretation. The moment we suppose them to signify either this event or the opposite, that moment they become flexible to the varying gust of the imagination. 'According to the sure word of prophecy,' says Mr. Faber, 'the great earthquake of the French revolution was to take place in the year 1789.' But where in his sure word of prophecy or in his favourite Apocalypse did Mr. Faber ever meet with any mention of the French revolution, or of the year in which this great political explosion was to occur? We will venture to assert that if his own prolific imagination had not made ample amends for the deficiencies of the prophecy, he would never have been able to discover in the Apocalypse any delineation of the French or of any other revolution.—'And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea, and it became as the blood of a dead man; and every living soul died in the sea.' 'The pouring out of this vial,' says Mr. Faber, 'relates to the dreadful massacres of revolutionary France, which commenced early in September 1792.' Here, as in the former expositions, we have round assertion without a particle of proof. The original says nothing about massacres in France, or about the time when such massacres would take place; but Mr. Faber and other commentators on the Apocalypse possess a happy faculty in supplying the place, the date, and every distinctive circumstance which is wanting to complete the resemblance. By this *singular felicity of exposition* they might make any book that was ever written a prophetic pourtraiture of every transaction to the end of time.—'And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast, and his kingdom was full of darkness, and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains, and repented not of their deeds.' Here the quick-sightedness of Mr. Faber is conspicuously displayed; for in this passage he seems to discern, what any mortal of grosser faculties would never have suspected, a prophetic delineation of the battle of Austerlitz; and we have little doubt but that, if the battle of Jena or of Eylau had happened to have occurred while his prophetic commentary was flowing in copious streams of ink from the pen of Mr. Faber, he would have as clearly seen and as sagaciously observed that the above passage was prophetic of those engagements. But Mr. Faber wishing, like a skilful general, to secure a safe retreat in case of an unexpected overthrow,

does not enunciate a direct affirmation, but an accommodating possibility. He says, 'the battle of Austerlitz has been fought, and *possibly* the *fifth* vial has been poured out.' 'I dare not,' he adds, 'even now *positively* say that the effusion of the *fifth* vial has commenced; but I am strongly inclined to believe that it has commenced, and that the house of Austria now feels its baleful effects.' We poor and simple reviewers, who are not quite so lynx-eyed as Mr. Faber, have not, we confess, been able to discern in what is said respecting the fifth vial, any, even the most distant allusion to the battle of Austerlitz, or to any other battle that was ever fought either in Asia or in Europe. The battle of Austerlitz was rendered memorable by the presence of three imperially crowned heads in the field, and had this or any other distinctive circumstance been made an appendage to the effusion of the fifth vial, we might have discovered something like a reason for the interpretation of Mr. Faber. But, in what is said respecting the effusion of this vial, not one distinctive trait of time, place, person, or circumstance is mentioned, by which we can in any degree identify the prediction with any battle or occurrence that ever took place in any country or in any period of the world.—We have now presented our readers with sufficient specimens of Mr. Faber's expositions of this supposed prophetic book, from which they will readily see that he has not thrown more light on the subject than his predecessors; that his dissertations furnish another cogent proof in addition to the many which have been already exhibited, that the Apocalypse is a spurious production; and that those, who endeavour to prove it to be the product of divine inspiration, and to pourtray the fortunes of the christian church from its origin to the consummation of all things, only bewilder themselves in error, involve themselves in endless contradictions and absurdities, and lavish to no useful purpose that time, and that erudition, which might be more beneficially employed. When we consider the masses of learned lumber which have been written on the prophetic fictions of the Apocalypse, and at the same time reflect on the many valuable and edifying works which the same diligence and talents might have produced, if they had been more rationally applied, we cannot but deeply lament those aberrations of the mind, which impede rather than promote the progress of that knowledge, and the diffusion of those truths which are most subservient to the increase of virtue and happiness.



**ART. II.**—*Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne, written by Himself: containing a History of Part of the Life of Louis IX. King of France, surnamed St. Louis. To which are added the Notes and Dissertations of M. du Cange, &c. &c. The whole translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. 2 Vols, 4to. 4l. 4s. Longman. 1807.*

OF two printed editions of these interesting Memoirs, that of Du Cange 1668, and that of Capperonier 1761, the compilers of the 'Memoires Historiques' preferred the former, for the reasons given in their introductory paper, and among others, on account of the remarks and dissertations added by the learned editor, which could not easily be detached from his work. Mr. Johnes has followed the Memoires Historiques in his translation. We have never seen the French edition of 1761, and are, therefore, unable to form any judgment of our own as to the propriety of his choice in this respect; but the decision of those respectable persons whom he has followed as guides seems sufficient to justify the course which he has adopted. In one particular, indeed, he may be thought deserving of censure by many of his readers. The original work of the old Seneschal occupies but 160 pages out of the 760 of which these two volumes consist. The rest are entirely devoted to the notes and dissertations above mentioned (together with a few other papers from the Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions) on purely antiquarian subjects some of which are curious certainly in themselves, and others highly important to the critics and historians of Paris; but many of them on points involving no general interest to foreigners, and calculated to lead to no inquiry of universal or peculiar application. This will be better explained in detailing the particular subjects of these essays. In the mean time, let this not be understood in the light of any censure passed on Mr. Johnes's labours, the real merit of which we are still among the foremost to acknowledge, but merely as a probable reason for which his present work may obtain less popularity than attends his late translation of Froissart, and less than its intrinsic importance seems to deserve.

The very first paper in this collection is, perhaps, the most liable to objection of any. However a Frenchman under the reign of Louis the fourteenth might have been interested in the genealogy of a noble but long-extinct family of Champagne, the interest he might have felt cannot very easily be transferred to an English reader of the present day. We cannot expect that the most diligent antiquarian in the Na-

tional Institute of Paris would be much gratified by the translation into French of a table of obsolete Welch pedigrees, even though the illustrious name of Owen Glendower himself were at the head or tail of the descents. It appears from this paper that the noble house of Joinville was connected by various family-alliances with the counts of Burgundy, Châlons, Soissons, Savoy, and Genevois; that John lord de Joinville, (the author of the following history) was ninth in succession from Stephen de Vaux, the founder of the race, and the fourth who held the office of seneschal to the counts of Champagne by inheritance. The disputes concerning the birth of this illustrious personage in some degree prove the futility of researches so deep and abstruse. Some refer that period to the year 1220, while others postpone it to 1224, and others again (it should seem for particular controversial purposes) to 1229. It appears clear, however, that his marriage with Alice de Grandpiè, which had been articulated ever since the year 1231, was completed in 1240. We can hardly admit, therefore, the probability of his having been born much later than the earliest of the periods above-mentioned. The first occasion on which he displayed his military virtue was on that very expedition, the history of which he has transmitted to posterity. He left his castle soon after Easter in the year 1248, having first piously mortgaged the principal part of his lands to defray the expences of the journey. He joined company with St. Louis at Cyprus. It was there that he first entered into that prince's service, in which he continued for the space of 22 years. After an absence of seven years in the Holy Land he returned with the king to France, and in 1255 negotiated a marriage for his natural sovereign the king of Navarre (count of Champagne) with Isabella, daughter of Louis. He was summoned to attend the king on his second crusade to Africa, from which he excused himself on the plea of the poverty and distress of his subjects, a reason for refusal which, if sincere, was highly laudable in a baron of the 13th century; and, as no traces exist of any reproach on that account having fallen on him from his contemporaries, the purity of his motive is not now to be questioned. In 1283, the county of Champagne having fallen to the crown of France by the marriage of Philip the hardy with the heiress of Navarre, John lord de Joinville was appointed governor and guardian of that country. Though a loyal subject, he was not a servile courtier, and we find his name among the lords and barons of Champagne who leagued together in 1314 against the king, on account of his oppressive exactions and an intended subsidy. The dispute was soon settled, however, and the original letter written by him to

the king on the 2d of June of the succeeding year, excusing himself from attending on his expedition against the Flemings, had been seen by M du Cange and is, probably, still in existence. In 1318 his son was in possession of the family estates; so that his death is fixed to some period between 1315 and 1318. He must have been very nearly an hundred years old when he died, and

\* In a title-deed of abbey St. Urbain, near Joinville, dated on the morrow of Easter in the year 13 . . . , by which he grants to Robert, the abbot, and to the monks of that monastery, certain fields and woods, he says, that he had been engaged so long in the country of the infidels, where he had remained seven years with the king, St. Louis, and in other parts; for which God, out of his mercy, had preserved his body and mind in greater health and vigour to a longer period of time than had been allotted to any of his predecessors,

Du Cange repeats a tradition which he had heard, that he was of an extraordinary stature and strength of body, and that his head (which was then still to be seen at Joinville with one of his thigh-bones) was of an enormous size, as large again as that of any of his contemporaries. Ancel, his son and successor, obtained the county of Vaudemont by marriage, and towards the end of the 14th century, all the family-titles and possessions passed (with the countess Margaret his great grand-daughter) into the house of Lorraine, and continued to be annexed to the younger branch of Guise. Another branch of Joinville settled in Naples with the count of Anjou, and flourished there for one or two centuries; but we hear nothing of the name at any period subsequent to 1441, when a lord of Joinville was summoned to the parliament held that year by king Alphonso.

The succeeding dissertation by the baron de la Bastie is a very important one. Father Hardouin had been seduced by his fondness for raising historical doubts to the enterprise of proving Joinville's history *a romance of the 15th century*. We have to thank him for the attempt, since the inquiry promoted by his scepticism has tended to the firmer establishment of that authenticity which he affected to deny. Of seven objections which M. de la Bastie selected from the host prepared by Hardouin as alone worthy of serious answers, we shall mention two which appear the most important of the whole, and which being overturned the demolition of the others must follow. The first relates to the great age of Joinville, who, in the year 1315, when the history was published, must have been ninety-five years of age. The second is comprised in the following terms: 'If we compare the style of the history of St. Louis with that of other

French works of the same period, and even with the style of the letter, that Joinville wrote to Louis Hutin, and which has been published by Du Cange, it will be found incomparably more modern and more polished.'

In answer to the first objection, we think it by no means necessary to resort to the baron's refuge of postponing the era of Joinville's birth, a method which gives rise to many more inconsistencies and absurdities than it cures. Supposing, therefore, that he was born in 1220, in 1305 he would have been 85, and there are curious coincidences in the history itself which prove that it was *written* about that period, though (by some means or other which we are ignorant of) the *publication* was delayed ten years. In the history he speaks of Guy earl of Flanders, as then lately dead, and of John the second, duke of Brittany, as then still alive. Now Guy is well known to have died at Compeigne in 1304, and John the second died in the latter end of 1305. The lord de Joinville is proved by the direct evidence of his life, of his letter to Louis Hutin, his deed to the abbey of St. Urbain, and of common tradition, to have retained his faculties to a much more advanced age, and to have been a man of more than ordinary strength both of body and of mind. The objection is yet further obviated by the reflection that he did not *write*, but only *dictated*, his history; and, if any person will still hold out against us that the memory of a man of 85 cannot be sufficiently retentive for such a detail of his earlier actions, though the argument be directly contrary to frequent experience, it will be answer enough to such an objector, to state the *possibility* of the author's having kept some loose notes or records of former times, which, when in the decline of life and growing unfit for the more customary exercises of his countrymen and equals, he determined to connect together for the encouragement and instruction of the rising race in the principles of virtue, honour, and piety.

The second objection imposes a task of somewhat greater difficulty; and, at first sight, we feared that the baron had resorted to the expedient of cutting the knot which he was unable to loose. Nothing is more easy than to charge transcribers with interpolating, blundering, and even altering the language of MSS. to make them more conformable to the style of their own age. All these things are very possible, but a reasoning mind will retain somewhat of its original scepticism notwithstanding these bold assertions, unless aided by proofs. The Poitiers edition, and the edition of Menard (the earliest printed copies of Joinville) vary much from each other, and are evidently taken from two different MSS. They are both strongly liable to Hardouin's objection, and there are

two or three glaring errors, (which have been copied into every subsequent edition for want of any authentic original) errors which it is utterly impossible that Joinville himself could have made, and which, therefore, if they really existed in the original, would amount to a sufficient internal evidence that it was not of Joinville's composition. But we are happily furnished with a chain of collateral evidence which, in our opinion, increases the probability almost to a moral certainty, that the purest of the copies now known to be in existence are disfigured with a multitude of interpolations and errors which have crept into them through wilfulness and ignorance, and that there was an *original* from which they have descended that was not obnoxious to any of the objections raised against the copies. In the first place, M. de la Bastie has with great care and diligence, *proved* the several links of a chain of five different manuscripts *known* to have been in existence, the first in the library of Charles V. 58 years after Joinville is said to have published; the second in that of king Renè of Lorraine, in the early part of the succeeding century; the third was lent to Louis Lasserè by the duchess of Guise, about 1540; to be abridged by him and inserted in a life of St. Jerome which he was then writing; a fourth is spoken of most positively by the Sieur de la Croix du Maine, who wrote in 1584; and the fifth was discovered among some old papers at Laval by Claude Menard, who made use of it for his printed edition of 1617. The accounts remaining of these MSS. prove by strong and undeniable marks that they were so many distinct copies; and though at the time M. de la Bastie wrote, they were no longer to be found, it is no less certain that they did exist at the particular times above-mentioned. But a subsequent paper published by the baron as a sort of codicil to the former, is of yet more importance. In a catalogue of books found in the Castle of Moulins 1523, was discovered the following—'Les Chroniques de Monsieur Sainet Loys, roy de France, en papier à la main,' which can refer to no other than Joinville's history, and is therefore the proof of *another manuscript*. But it was reserved for the ingenious and indefatigable Ste. Palaye to make the grand concluding discovery. He actually found a manuscript of Joinville in the library of Lucca. The arms of the original owner are impressed on the book, and are quartered *Lorraine and France*. This could be no other than Antoinette de Bourbon-Vendôme, married to Claude de Lorraine, duke of Guise, the very same lady who lent her MS. to Louis de Lasserè. It is evidently a copy from some more antient MS., and it is probable from its appearance (which is of the 16th century) that it was a copy made by the order of the duchess herself. But the

point of most consequence ascertained by it, is that the very papers in the printed edition, which have been made the ground-work of the principal objections, are either not to be found in this MS. at all, or when found, are marked by some peculiar variation, which actually removes the objections against them. From this it is evident that the printed editions, if they follow the MSS. from which they were taken, are at least contradicted by other MSS. of much more *apparent* authenticity; and, since the MSS. differ so widely from each other, in such material points, it is also evident that, in some or all of them, gross interpolations and deviations from the original have taken place; it is thence fairly to be presumed that the original was free from the objectionable passages; and if so, there remains no reason to doubt that the lord de Joinville was the real author.

We pass over several other proofs equally ingenious, having given the outline of the most important, and without apologizing for dwelling so long on the introductory matter, we proceed immediately to give some account of the work itself.

The lord de Joinville's own preface will best explain the nature and design of his history:

'This book will be divided into two parts. The first will shew how the above-mentioned king, St. Louis, governed himself according to the precepts of God and of our holy mother the church, to the profit and advancement of his kingdom.

'The second part will speak of his gallant chivalry and deeds of arms, that the one may follow the other, to enlighten and exalt the understandings of such as shall read or hear it. The contents of both parts will shew plainly that no man of his time, from the beginning of his reign unto the end of it, ever lived a more godly or conscientious life than he did.'

The opinions of this good king on points of conduct are particularly interesting and characteristic, both of the age and of the man. They are frequently related by our author in the forms of conversation, which passed at different times, on the most familiar terms between himself and his sovereign. His readers of the present day will smile at the following question, 'whether you had rather be a leper or have committed a mortal sin?' The seneschal, who, as he ingenuously confesses, would not tell a lie, replied 'that he would rather have committed *thirty deadly sins* than be a leper.' The reproof of the holy saint follows, and is well worth the serious attention of all those who may feel themselves inclined to answer with the seneschal. Master Robert

de Sorbonne (the founder of the celebrated college which bears his name) was a favourite of the king, and a friend to the seneschal. While sitting at the king's table, these two used to converse together in an under voice, till the king convinced them of the rudeness they were guilty of—'When eating in company, if you have any things to say that are pleasant and agreeable, say them aloud that every one may hear them : if not, be silent.' After this admonition, they conversed more freely, and the king often joined with them, propounding questions of conduct and opinion, and taking pleasure in deciding on the merits of their respective answers.

The following lesson of good breeding will remind the reader of an anecdote of lord Chesterfield and Louis 14th, who tried the true politeness of that renowned courtier, by a test not unlike the following of St. Louis.

'The good king called to him my lord Philip, father to the king now on the throne, and king Thibaut, his son-in-law, and seating himself at the door of his oratory, he put his hand on the ground, and said to his sons, 'seat yourselves here near me, that you may be out of sight.' 'Ah, sir,' replied they, 'excuse us if you please; for it would not become us to sit so close to you.' The king, then addressing me, said, 'Seneschal, sit down here,' which I did, and so near him that my robe touched his. Having made them sit down by my side, he said, 'you have behaved very ill, being my children, in not instantly obeying what I ordered of you; and take care that this never happen again.'

In discoursing on points of religious doctrine, the king appears to have displayed a great share of excellent sense and genuine goodness of heart and mind. The very ingenious apologue which concludes the following story, justifies our insertion of the entire passage.

'The good king, however, said that faith in God was of such a nature that we ought to believe in it implicitly, and so perfectly as not to depend on hearsay. He then asked me if I knew the name of my father; I answered, that his name was Simon. And how do you know that? said he. I replied, that I was certain of it, and believed it firmly, because my mother had told it me several times. Then, added he, you ought perfectly to believe the articles of the faith which the apostles of our Lord have testified to you, as you have heard the credo chaunted every Sunday. He told me that a bishop of Paris, whose Christian name is William, informed him that a very learned man in sacred theology once came to converse with, and consult him; and that when he first opened his case he wept most bitterly. The bishop said to him, 'master, do not thus lament and bewail, for there cannot be any sinner, however enor-

mous, but that God has the power to pardon.' 'Ah,' replied the learned man, 'know, my lord bishop, that I cannot do any thing but weep; for I am much afraid that, in one point, I am an unbeliever, in not being well assured with respect to the holy sacrament that is placed on the altar, according to what the holy church teaches and commands to be believed. This is what my mind cannot receive; and I believe,' added he, 'that it is caused by the temptation of the enemy.'

'Master,' answered the bishop, 'now tell me when the enemy thus tempts you, or leads you into this error, is it pleasing to you?' 'Not at all,' said he; 'on the contrary, it is very disgusting, and displeases me more than I can tell you.'

'Well, I ask you again,' said the bishop, 'if ever you accepted of money or worldly goods, to deny, with your mouth, the holy sacrament on the altar, or the other sacraments of the church?' 'You may be truly assured,' answered the learned man, 'that I have never accepted money, or worldly goods, for such purposes; and that I would rather have my limbs cut off, one by one, while I was alive, than in any way to deny these sacraments.'

'The bishop then remonstrated with him on the great merit which he gained in the sufferings of such temptations, and added, 'you know, master, that the king of France is now carrying on a war against the king of England. You know, likewise, that the castle situated nearest to the frontiers of each monarch is la Rochelle, in Poitou; now tell me, if the good king of France was to nominate you governor of the castle of la Rochelle, on the frontiers, and to make me governor of the castle of Montlehery, which is in the heart of France, to whom would the king at the end of the war, feel himself most obliged, you or me, for having prevented the loss of his castles?'

'Certainly, sir,' replied the learned man, 'I should suppose it would be me, and for this good reason, that I had well guarded la Rochelle, as being in a more dangerous situation.' 'Master,' answered the bishop, 'I assure you that my heart is like the castle of Montlehery; for I am perfectly convinced of the truth respecting the holy sacrament displayed on the altar, as well as the other sacraments, without having the most trifling doubt on their subject. I must however tell you, that whatever good-will God the creator bears me, because I believe his commandments without doubting, he will have double satisfaction in you, for having preserved to him your heart in the midst of perplexity and tribulation; and that for no earthly good, nor for any distress that adversity might bring on your body, you would ever deny or abandon your faith in his religion. It is for this reason, I say, that your state is more pleasing to him than mine; and I am much rejoiced thereat, and intreat that you will keep it in your remembrance, for he will succour you in your distress.'

We are sorry to find, in a subsequent parable, that the good king is a staunch advocate for religious persecution. An



old lame knight once undertook to argue with a rabbi. He asked him if he believed the miraculous conception. The Jew replied that he believed not a word of it. The old gentleman lifting up a crutch told him he had answered very stupidly and should pay for it; and, withal, he smote him such a blow on the ear as felled him to the ground. The abbot of Clugny reproved the knight, who justified himself, much to the satisfaction of St. Louis, who draws the following deduction from the tale:

‘I therefore tell you,’ continued the king, ‘that no one, however learned or perfect a theologian he may be, ought to dispute with the Jews; but the layman, whenever he hears the christian faith contemned, should defend it, not only by words, but with a sharp-edged sword, with which he should strike the scandalizers and disbelievers, until it enter their bodies as far as the hilt.’

We cannot dismiss this first part without quoting one more passage as an instance of patriarchal simplicity, and of dispatch in the forms of justice, extremely pleasing and characteristic of the unsophisticated manners of the age.

‘Many times have I seen this holy saint, after having heard mass in the summer, go and amuse himself in the wood of Vincennes; when, seating himself at the foot of an oak, he would make us seat ourselves round about him, and every one who wished to speak with him came thither without ceremony, and without hindrance from any usher or others. He then demanded aloud if there were any who had complaints to make; and when there were some, he said, ‘my friends, be silent, and your causes shall be dispatched one after another.’ Then, oftentimes, he called to him the lord Peter de Fontaines and the lord Geoffrey de Vilette, and said to them, ‘dispatch these causes;’ and whenever he heard any thing that could be amended in the speeches of those who pleaded for others, he most graciously corrected them himself. I have likewise seen this good king oftentimes come to the garden of Paris dressed in a coat of camlet, a surcoat of tyretaine, without sleeves, and a mantle of black sandal, and have carpets spread for us to sit round him, and hear and discuss the complaints of his people with the same diligence as in the wood of Vincennes.’

Interesting and instructive as those little memorials of past ages appear to us, the most essential part of Joinville's history has always been considered to be his detail of the Egyptian expedition, to which we now hasten, passing over the tedious and unimportant wars which disturbed the early part of the reign of St. Louis. Our affections are soon enlisted in favour of the good relator by this little stroke of feeling which occurs in his description of parting from his native country.

‘As I was journeying from Bliccourt to St. Urbain, I was obliged to pass near the castle of Joinville, I dared never turn my eyes that way for fear of feeling too great regret; and lest my courage should fail on leaving my two fine children, and my fair castle of Joinville, which I loved in my heart.’

His reflection, on finding himself, for the first time, at sea, is full of nature and simplicity.

‘I must say that he is a great fool who shall put himself in such danger, having wronged any one, or having any mortal sins on his conscience; for when he goes to sleep in the evening, he knows not if, in the morning, he may not find himself under the sea.’

The lover of miracles will be delighted with the account he gives of the mountain on the coast of Barbary, which pursued them night and day, till dispelled by a procession made three times on a Saturday round the mast of the ship. On the third Saturday after this procession, they arrived at Cyprus, where they joined the king.

From this station that holy saint sent a deputation of monks to convert the Great Cham of Tartary, and presented him, ‘by way of inducement,’ with a tent ‘embroidered on the inside with the annunciation of the Virgin, with other mysteries of our faith.’

After waiting at Cyprus till the summer, the whole armament again set sail; and arrived, on the Thursday after Whitsuntide, at Damietta, within sight of the forces of the sultan, who were waiting for them on the shore.

‘The sultan wore arms of burnished gold, of so fine a polish, that when the sun shone on them, he seemed like a sun himself. The tumult and noise they made with their warlike instruments, was frightful to hear, and seemed very strange to the French.’

On the Friday preceding Trinity Sunday, orders were given for disembarkation; the French forces landed with scarce a shew of opposition, and shortly had the agreeable intelligence given them that the enemy had in a panic deserted Damietta, into which they immediately entered. Here the unruly conduct of the officers and soldiers laid the first train for their after misfortunes, and, as Joinville remarks, induced God to desert them who had heretofore been so signally their friend. They remained so long in this town, that the Saracens had time to rally and besiege them there, and various deeds of arms took place which appear generally to have ended to the enemy’s advantage. The arrival of Alphonso, count of Poitiers, the king’s brother, with large supplies, enabled them at length to sally

forth and pursue their march towards Cairo. The various transactions of this march, and of the two severe battles fought in the neighbourhood of Massoura, are related with the most convincing air of truth and honesty. The army weakened by the dreadful slaughter of those fatal days, was attacked by a contagious disorder, arising from the putrefaction of dead bodies, which floated down the Nile to a bridge near the christian camp, and choaked the current of the river. Joinville himself was attacked with the disorder; and at the same time by rheumatism and the quartan fever.

‘ My poor priest was likewise as ill as myself; and one day when he was singing mass before me as I lay in bed, at the moment of the elevation of the host, I saw him so exceedingly weak that he was near fainting; but when I perceived he was on the point of falling to the ground, I flung myself out of bed, sick as I was, and, taking my coat, embraced him, and bade him be at his ease, and take courage from him whom he held in his hands. He recovered some little; but I never quitted him until he had finished the mass, which he completed, and this was the last, for he never after celebrated another, but died. God receive his soul!’

At length the good king, ‘ witnessing the miserable condition of his army, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, blessing our Lord for all he had given him, and seeing that he could not longer remain where he was, without perishing, gave orders to return to Damietta.’

Part of the army, among which was the seneschal, embarked on board the galleys to convey the sick by water; but the king, though dangerously ill himself, would not leave his people, and remained to conduct them by land. He was soon after made prisoner, with his whole army, at the town of Casel.

Meanwhile, Joinville, and the remainder of those who embarked, were not at all more fortunate. We must give the history of his capture in his own language :

‘ When our mariners had gained the current, and we attempted to push forward, we saw the horsemen, whom the king had left to guard the sick, flying towards Damietta. The wind became more violent than ever, and drove us against the bank of the river. On the opposite shore were immense numbers of our vessels that the Saracens had taken, which we feared to approach; for we plainly saw them murdering their crews, and throwing the dead bodies into the water, and carrying away the trunks and arms they had thus gained.

‘ Because we would not go near the Saracens, who menaced us, they shot plenty of bolts; upon which, I put on my armour, to prevent such as were well aimed from hurting me. At the stern of

my vessel were some of my people, who cried out to me, 'My lord, my lord! our steersman, because the Saracens threaten us, is determined to run us on shore, where we shall be all murdered.' I instantly rose up, for I was then very ill, and, advancing with my drawn sword, declared I would kill the first person who should attempt to run us on the Saracen shore. The sailors replied, that it was impossible to proceed, and that I must determine which I would prefer, to be landed on the shore, or to be stranded on the mud of the banks in the river. I preferred, very fortunately, as you shall hear, being run on a mud bank in the river to being carried on shore, where I saw our men murdered, and they followed my orders.

'It was not long ere we saw four of the sultan's large gallies making towards us, having full a thousand men on board, I called upon my knights to advise me how to act, whether to surrender to the gallies of the sultan, or to those who were on the shore. We were unanimous, that it would be more advisable to surrender to the gallies that were coming, for then we might have a chance of being kept together; whereas, if we gave ourselves up to those on the shore, we should certainly be separated, and perhaps sold to the Bedouins, of whom I have before spoken. To this opinion, however, one of my clerks would not agree, but said it would be much better for us to be slain, as then we should go to paradise; but we would not listen to him, for the fear of death had greater influence over us.

'Seeing that we must surrender, I took a small case that contained my jewels and relics, and cast it into the river. One of my sailors told me, that if I would not let him tell the Saracens I was cousin to the king, we should be all put to death. In reply, I bade him say what he pleased. The first of those gallies now came athwart us, and cast anchor close to our bow. Then, as I firmly believe, God sent to my aid a Saracen, who was a subject of the emperor. Having on a pair of trowsers of coarse cloth, and swimming straight to my vessel, he embraced my knees, and said, 'My lord, if you do not believe what I shall say, you are a lost man. To save yourself, you must leap into the river, which will be unobserved by the crew, who are solely occupied with the capture of your bark.' He had a cord thrown to me from their galley on the escot of my vessel, and I leaped into the water followed by the Saracen, who indeed saved me, and conducted me to the galley; for I was so weak I staggered, and should have otherwise sunk to the bottom of the river.

'I was drawn into the galley, wherein were fourteen score men, besides those who had boarded my vessel, and this poor Saracen held me fast in his arms. Shortly after, I was landed, and they rushed upon me to cut my throat: indeed, I expected nothing else, for he that should do it would imagine he had acquired honour.

'This Saracen who had saved me from drowning would not quit hold of me, but cried out to them, 'The king's cousin! the king's cousin!'

'I felt the knife at my throat, and had already cast myself on my knees on the ground : but God delivered me from this peril by the aid of the poor Saracen, who led me to the castle where the Saracen chiefs were assembled.'

But all Joinville's distresses seem to have been less poignant than that which he felt on discovering, some time after, that, through forgetfulness, he had been eating meat on a Friday. He threw the trencher behind him immediately, however, and boasts with honest exultation that, notwithstanding his sickness, he never failed to fast on a Friday as long as he remained a prisoner.

After a long captivity, terms were at last proposed, and mutual oaths were entered into on both sides, for the observation of them. The Turks swore that 'if they failed in their conventions with the king, they would own themselves dishonoured like those who, for their sins, went on a pilgrimage to Mecca bareheaded, or like to those who divorced their wives and took them again, or like a Saracen who should eat pork.' But all their preparations were nearly blasted by the pious obstinacy of the king, who agreed to the first oath proposed to him, namely, that, 'should he break his conventions, he might be deprived for ever of the presence of God, of his worthy mother, of the twelve apostles, and of all the saints of both sexes in Paradise;' but when the second was read to him, 'that if he broke his word, he should be reputed as a christian who had denied God, his baptism and his faith, and in despite of God would spit upon his cross, and trample it under foot,' he declared he never would take it. The consequences of this refusal nearly proved fatal to himself and friends. One of the emirs, (or admirals as Joinville calls them—) and they are, undoubtedly, the same word—declared he would force the king to take the oath, 'by cutting off the patriarch's head and making it fly into his lap.' The poor patriarch was actually seized, and put to the torture in Louis's presence, when, overcome by the violence of pain, he cried out 'Ah, sire, sire, swear boldly; I take the whole sin on my own soul.' Joinville does not know whether the tremendous oath was at last taken or not; but their captivity at length had an end, and the king's ransom was fixed at 400,000 livres, which he religiously paid, and the surrender of Damietta. The idle story that Saint Louis was ransomed by his weight in gold, is disproved by this simple narration.

At Damietta, the whole remainder of the French army. (of 2800 knights, only 100 were now alive) embarked for Acre, and the piety of the holy king was increased by the calamities he had undergone to an extraordinary degree of

dévotion. Not unlike some modern saints, his severity of doctrine seems to have rendered him occasionally a little spiteful; for, on hearing that his brother the count of Anjou, (afterwards king of Naples) 'forgetful of the count d'Artois, and of the great perils from which God had delivered them,' was playing at tables with Sir Walter de Nemours, 'he arose hastily, though from his severe illness he could scarcely stand, and went staggering to where they were at play, when, seizing the dice and tables, he flung them into the sea in a violent passion.'

When at Acre, the king, as if he had not yet undergone enough in the service of religion, held a council whether to return to France, or stay to assist in the recovery of Palestine from the infidels. The good seneschal of Champagne was the only knight who advised him to stay, and incurred the ill-will of most of his fellow soldiers by doing so. But the king's inclinations were so strongly enlisted on the same side of the question, that it was soon determined, contrary to the opinion of all but Joinville himself, to remain.

An embassy from the Old Man of the Mountains leads the seneschal into a curious detail of the doctrines and practice of that extraordinary character, and of his subjects, the assassins, whom the author, by a mistake, calls Bedouins. This part of the history has given occasion to two ingenious dissertations by M. Falconet, which we shall notice more particularly in the course of these remarks.

We must pass over the actions performed by the army during their stay in Palestine, (in truth, our interest in the fate of the expedition diminishes extremely after their great dangers in Egypt were at an end,) and conduct the holy saint, the seneschal, and their few remaining friends safely back to their native country.

'I will now speak of the state and mode of living with the king, after his return from Palestine. In regard to his dress, he would never more wear miniver or squirrel furs, nor scarlet robes, nor gilt spurs, nor use stirrups. His dress was of camel or persian, and the fur trimmings of his robes were the skins of garnutes or the legs of hares. He was very sober at his meals, and never ordered any thing particular or delicate to be cooked for him, but took patiently whatever was set before him. He mixed his wine with water according to its strength, and drank but one glass. He had commonly at his meals many poor persons behind his chair, whom he fed, and then ordered money to be given to them. After dinner, he had his chaplains, who said grace for him; and when any noble person was at table with him, he was an excellent companion, and very friendly. He was considered as by far the wisest of any in his council; and as a proof of his wisdom, whenever any thing

occurred that demanded immediate attention, he never waited for his council, but gave a speedy and decided answer.'

The character of Saint Louis and his opinions on many points of practice are now continued nearly to the end of the work, and form by no means the least interesting part of it. The expedition to Tunis is barely mentioned by Joinville, who undertakes to relate nothing in his book of which he was not an eye-witness, or at least a partaker in some respect. While before Tunis, the good king was seized with a dysentery, which put an end to his life, but not before he had delivered to his son and successor Philip, the excellent advice which Joinville preserves for the instruction of his grandson, Louis Hutin. The conclusion attests the truth of the whole history in a manner which will leave few readers room to doubt of the author's sincerity.

'I now make known to my readers, that all they shall find in this little book, which I have declared to have seen and known, is true, and what they ought most firmly to believe. As for such things as I have mentioned as hearsay, they will understand them just as they shall please. And I beseech God, through the prayers of my lord St. Louis, that it may please him to give us such things as he knows to be necessary, as well for the body as the soul. Amen.'

The ample extracts we have made, leave us little occasion for commenting on the style of the author or his translator. On comparing the narration of Joinville with the more voluminous work of Froissart, we can trace the difference which the revolution of a century had already caused in manners as well as in language. The crusades, engendered by fanaticism and ignorance, terminated in diffusing a spirit of liberality, inquiry, and improvement. Those extraordinary expeditions were the means of throwing together the inhabitants of every country in Europe, who were embarked in a common cause, and imbibed the first principles of political and commercial alliance. Franks, Normans, and Goths, were no longer distinct and isolated people, kept apart by the jealousy of ignorance, but felt themselves only the members of one great society, depending on each other for support. By degrees, the chances and reverses of war, the accidents of captivity, the necessity of treaties and of intercourse with neighbouring powers, unfolded the extensive scheme of unrestricted humanity, and taught the great doctrine that all the creatures of God are alike his children, and formed for social union with each other.

In this view the period of the crusades may be considered as the most important in the annals of mankind. The benefits they bestowed were, however, very slow and gra-

dual, and as the cause died away in proportion to the growth of the effect, it is not till the spirit of fanaticism had almost ceased to operate, that we can distinctly observe the improvement which had been produced.

The expeditions of Saint Louis were kindled out of the few remaining sparks of that once predominating spirit. The flame was fierce, but of short duration: it was the last dying blaze of a subdued conflagration.

When Joinville wrote, the great work of civilization may be said to have commenced; his book itself may be considered as one of the earliest proofs now subsisting of its gradual advancement. It displays some extent of information, some fondness for inquiry, and some degree of liberality of opinion. The rude simplicity of former ages remains, but the beams of knowledge have already broken in to soften and diversify it. We discern faintly in some passages the first traces of that celebrated institution which, within a few years after the period of Joinville's writing, arrived with an astonishing rapidity of growth at its full perfection; for whatever may have been asserted by some writers, the genuine laws and ordinances of chivalry did not obtain any establishment in any part of Europe at a period long previous to the accession of the house of Valois to the crown of France, and the English wars which followed.

On turning our eyes from the pages of Joinville to those of Froissart, the scene is completely changed. The consequences of the crusades have had full time to operate. The establishment of chivalry is perfect, and its tendency to polish and refine the manners of the age has produced its effect. The intercourse between the two most civilized nations of Europe, even though hostile, has laid the foundations of a new and more extended political system. Magnificence, order, and ceremony, begin to prevail in the courts of sovereign princes, and are gradually extended to the establishments of barons and knights, the principal vassals of the crown and their own immediate dependants. The art of war is reduced to something like a regular science. Consequence is attached to commerce. The insurrection of the peasants all over Europe, and the bold assertion of their claims by the most opulent of the cities, have taught the proud nobles that there exists a third class of society, hitherto unnoticed, of weight sufficient to balance their inordinate power, to curb the insolence of tyranny, and restore the natural freedom of mankind.

From this sketch, it is impossible to hesitate as to which of the two labours already completed by Mr. Johnes we should affix the greatest degree of general interest. The work of Joinville is curious to the antiquarian; it is amusing and even



important to the philosophic historian, who makes the character of mankind his study. But that of Froissart is of far more universal consequence. It is the connecting link between the ancient and modern system of Europe; the faithful representation of that original structure, on which the whole of our present fabric is founded. The pictures of Joinville gratify our curiosity, as those of foreign and barbarous countries, their manners and inhabitants. Those of Froissart are the portraits of men like ourselves, rude and unfinished indeed, but rendered venerable by the knowledge that they represent our own forefathers.

The manner in which Mr. Johnes has executed this task as well as his former, entitles him to our commendation and our thanks. His style is extremely easy and correct without sacrificing entirely the peculiarity of the original. But we are sorry to notice some defects of inattention which should not have been admitted into publications of such importance. When Mr. Johnes translated a very noted passage of the original in these words, 'His brother Guion de Flandres, *who died shortly after at Compiègne,*' did he forget how much depended on the true construction of the phrase, and that one of the most ingenious proofs of the baron de la Bastie is founded on the supposition that Joinville spoke of earl Guy as having "*died not long since,*" (that is, not long before the time when Joinville wrote, *more than fifty years after* the period to which he is now adverting)? It has not been in our power to procure these memoirs in the original, to compare with Mr. Johnes's translation, but we suppose that the word rendered so inadvertently "*shortly after*" ought to have been "*not long since.*" If not, Mr. Johnes should have favoured us with a note on the occasion, detecting the fallacy of M. de la Bastie's argument on so essential a point.

We must defer till next month the short examination which it is our intention to bestow on the contents of the second volume, and shall not be surprised if, in the mean time, (such is Mr. Johnes's most commendable perseverance in the plan of his labours) we may have to congratulate the public, on the addition of the '*Grand Chronique de Mons-trelet*' to the stores of instruction and amusement which he has already opened.

*(To be continued.)*

ART. III.—*Bryan's Lectures on Natural Philosophy,*  
(concluded from p. 57.)

THE view taken of philosophy by Mrs. Bryan is of course of the popular kind. It comprises not only those sub-

jects of natural knowledge which have been reduced to known principles or settled laws, but some also of which little more is known than the phenomena. These are still referred by different philosophers to different causes, without any one having been able so to trace the connexion between them as to demonstrate the superiority of his own theory above that of his opponents.

The body of the work consists of an introductory lecture, one on mechanics, two on pneumatics, two on hydrostatics, one on magnetism, two on electricity, three on optics, and one on astronomy. A vast deal of information is collected from these interesting departments of philosophy, and adapted, both in the selection and display of it, to excite and invigorate the desire of knowledge. The general nature of the subjects is calculated to enlarge the mind, and exercise the powers of thought; and their variety affords great facility for producing the same effect in different ways, according to the different tastes and inclinations of the pupils. Knowledge comes abundantly furnished with expedients to allure and fix the attention, and attention in proportion to its perseverance can hardly fail of reaping advantage. The path lies through a succession of interesting speculations directed to the illustration of the glory of God, and the confirmation of the truths of religion. The ardour of the mind is stimulated by a series of views into the land of science, is warned of the difficulties and dangers of the road, of the true use of her labours, and the point at which all her excursions ought to terminate. We shall have occasion to remark that an increased effect might have been produced in this respect by more distinctness of statement and unity of design in the reflections at the end of each lecture.

The equability of the language is sometimes interrupted by a long word, or an unusual phrase, where the common forms of speech would have been more happily introduced. This practice appears indeed pretty generally to proceed from a desire to avoid repeating the same word, or the same structure of sentence. But it is disadvantageous upon the whole. It departs from that even and simple style which peculiarly becomes philosophical subjects, and which is equally adapted to the reflexions which arise out of such subjects. For such inequalities a general and pertinent apology is made in the preface; to which we may add that the time necessary for the minute and final arrangement of the matter of each sentence before it is put into words, and for selecting that mode of expression which would bring it most conveniently upon paper was probably not always to be found. Something is occasionally to be brought in after the close of the sentence ought properly to

have taken place, and the period is to be lengthened out by the inconvenient use of participles, or the feeble assistance of a conjunction. From the same cause and from eagerness to prevent the escape of an idea, and to return the attention to the task of selection, a neglect of arrangement sometimes occurs, and an appearance of desultoriness in passing from one subject to another. The mind occupied by general anxiety almost to the exclusion of the means of removing it, is often more strenuous in its indirect regard to those things which are waiting to be dispatched than to the one by which it is professedly engaged, and by which the rest ought to be excluded. Tormented with the idea of how much will on the whole be neglected, or is on the whole to be done, a comparatively feeble impression is felt of the small though decided advantage of accomplishing the single article immediately under contemplation. Of the pressure of such difficulties none can accurately judge but those who have actually experienced the task of condensing many subjects of unlimited extent into one uniform system. It is by such an experiment alone that we can fairly estimate the agony of being at once spurred and fettered; stimulated to the utmost speed by want of time, and by the same cause cramped in the exertion of thought. Moving in a track minutely circumscribed, yet ever changing its direction, versatility is as imperiously necessary as excursiveness is peremptorily forbid. It is to this cause that we are to attribute the following instances of inaccuracy, which our censorial duty obliges us to notice: 'Instinctively' is used, p. 1. where its full force is hardly applicable. At p. 32 we have a distinction made between 'weight' and 'resistance,' yet, in the account of the wheel and axle, 'resistance' is used to signify 'weight.' The tendency of certain fluids to diffuse themselves equably is repeatedly expressed by an 'endeavour to place themselves in equilibrium.' We have doubts whether some other expression would not convey this more clearly to a young reader, who will also probably have some difficulty in readily apprehending what part of the action of flying in birds is intended by 'semirotatory movement.' The remark at p. 91 on the stringed instruments wants more exactness of expression: and the same observation applies to an introductory sentence at p. 218, on the subject of light. A doubt may perhaps be admitted as to the propriety of using the word 'luminous' in the sense in which it occurs at p. 238 and 268. The variation of force at p. 25 might be more clearly put. The obscurity arises in part from a mistake of the printer; but the numerical statement might be more clear; and in the following calculation of space, time, and velocity, for 'a body moves,' substitute a 'body falls,' as the doctrine is applicable only to falling bodies. The as-

assertion at p. 24, 'that the velocity is, a term which may express the force resident in each equal part of matter,' is correct, if no more be meant by it, than that the forces of two equal bodies in motion, are to be estimated by their velocities. The description of the common pump, might be made more complete and wants more letters of reference. The doctrine of flowing water, at p. 130, requires to be explained at greater length, and to be exemplified arithmetically. It is too much abridged at present for beginners. And in the same page for 'double the height of the fluid, and of the perpendicular AB,' read 'double the height of the fluid above D, and also of the perpendicular DC.' The words 'lens' and 'focus,' in optics, are used as already known before they are defined. In the explanation of the hydrostatic bellows, p. 111, the supposed cylinder of water should be stated to have AC for its base, not ABCD, and the calculation had perhaps better have been put in the usual arithmetical form. Some slight mistakes occur in the anatomy, but this was unavoidable. At p. 132, 'Because CB is lower than AD and C, but about 32 feet above the level of the water at C,' would be better expressed thus: 'because the point B in CB is lower than the point D, though C is about 32 feet above the level of the water at A.' This last instance suggests some others of a similar kind, in which we have occasion to regret a deviation from the usual practice of mathematical writers. In the application of letters to the different figures, we have angles designated by two letters, and what is occasionally, though not always equally, inconvenient, lines by a single letter. The common mode is not merely more technical, it is also more accurate, and intelligible. Neither can we altogether reconcile ourselves to the so frequent use of the words 'surprising, amazing, astonishing,' not only because they are mere general terms, and have nothing characteristic in them, but as being ill adapted to a treatise on natural philosophy, the object of which is to approximate the remote, and familiarize the wonderful. To persons unacquainted with the secondary causes upon which the different natural phenomena depend, many of them appear in a high degree surprising, amazing, astonishing. But things, of which we know that they can be effected, and that we ourselves can at pleasure produce them, are no longer subjects of wonder. These epithets are rather calculated for persons to whom the appearances should be exhibited without explanation, and who consequently could derive no instruction from what they could not comprehend. Such persons would wonder, for wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance. We are by no means desirous to exclude the terms when properly

applied, and we are aware that they are frequently so applied by Mrs. Bryan, to express that rational wonder with which the mind is affected in tracing the impression of the divine attributes in the works of creation. But in this respect all things are equally wonderful to us, as to the Almighty they are all equally easy: the construction of a blade of grass bears the signature of his wisdom and power, as much as the sun in the firmament, and its production is as much beyond the reach of our conceptions. We have no hesitation in making these remarks, because to those who peruse the work with attention, and whose opinion deserves respect from being the result of a liberal and enlightened judgment, it does not require the indelicate assistance of indiscriminate commendation.

Having taken general notice of that obstinate adherence to system, which prevents the sufficient display of a subject by the determination to include it within a particular scheme, we shall select Mrs. Bryan's first lecture on pneumatics, as affording an example of freedom from a fault, which occasions peculiar embarrassments to children. The care of providing against it, is often no less embarrassing to the author or lecturer. Self love is hard pressed in the continual and compulsory exercise of that condescension which stoops in many instances to a plainness of exposition, unnecessary except to the persons immediately addressed. The amiable and unwearied diligence of female writers in conflicting with this difficulty, is entitled to distinct and peculiar praise. Undismayed by the stubborn and untractable nature of their materials, they persevere in the endeavour to smooth ruggedness, to connect dissimilarity, to adorn sterility and enliven abstraction; and they succeed in many instances beyond expectation. Indeed the patient assiduity which does not shrink from such a task can hardly fail of success, when combined with the affectionate humility that anticipates and answers the objections of children, assists their unpractised powers of apprehension, supplies collateral illustration when the direct means of simplifying fail, and converts even the desultory waywardness of their fancies, into an occasion of improvement. The adept who is accustomed to presume a previous stock of knowledge in those whom he permits to comprehend his meaning, is above explaining the rudiments of his own science. And it is often fortunate that he is above it, for the result of his undertaking would perhaps be a book for beginners intelligible only to proficients. Nor is the success of female writers in this department to be attributed solely to their being unincumbered by profound involution of thought, or to the engaging suavity of their address;

Even the occasional tenuity of style which maturer taste rejects is perhaps not without its use for children. Practical success justifies the combination of means used to obtain it ; and it is yet to be shewn what share each has in producing the effect. Were an instance to be presented to the public of one who, after having thus succeeded, possessed a mind of that reflective energy which reasons upon the exercise of its own powers, and the discrimination necessary to investigate the rationale of its success, we should obtain the solution of a problem of much greater interest and utility than can in general be attached to the speculations of the learned.

This lecture, after a few words of preface, and previous to the introduction of the properties of air, offers a very fascinating object to youthful curiosity in the description of the well-known instrument by which those properties are principally ascertained. This description is introduced by a short history of its invention. We cannot conceive a much more interesting group than would be formed at Mrs. Bryan's first introduction of this apparatus to her little audience. Their astonishment would scarcely be less excited by the statement which follows of the nature and constituent parts of the atmosphere, and of its weight, pressure, resistance, and elasticity. Each successive experiment would, as they are well calculated to afford clear and satisfactory proof of these different properties, increase their curiosity, and occupy and fix their attention. That the subject by being common may not be received with indifference, a philosophical view is given of the absolute necessity of the equilibrium of the air to human comfort, and existence.

“Every square inch of the exterior of our bodies, and on the surface of the earth, supports nearly fifteen pounds weight of the atmosphere ; so that a middle-sized person sustains a pressure of air equal to 30,240, estimating his surface at fourteen square feet, which we may suppose it to be at a mean calculation.

“Air, being a fluid, gravitates in all directions : of which we are convinced by its pressure horizontally into the canal of the pump, and also against the inside of the receiver, which is in every direction, and likewise equal to the compressing force of the air on its external surface. Thus we do not feel the external pressure of the atmosphere on our bodies, because it is within us, and the internal resistance is endowed with a power equal to the compressing force. We may readily conceive these effects of the external and internal air to be necessary to animal existence in order to keep up a constant motion in the fluids of our bodies ; and that if our bodies did not contain air, the external air would press us to death : or if the external pressure were removed, the internal expansion would burst all the vessels of our bodies, and animal existence would be impossible.”

The doctrine of the air's pressure and resistance is followed by the history and philosophy of the barometer.

'The knowledge acquired of the pressure of the air has produced a very useful instrument, which indicates the state of the atmosphere for every time and every place. This instrument called a barometer was invented by Torricelli, a celebrated philosopher in Italy, the intimate friend of Galileo; but unfortunately the latter died three months after the former became his friend and associate. Torricelli himself died at the early age of forty, and thus the great expectations he had raised were crushed; yet the experiments he began were not neglected, and have been considerably improved on since his time. Like all first attempts, little accuracy was produced by the barometer invented by Torricelli: he formed it with a pipe sixty feet long, which being immersed, and suspended in a vessel of water, after the air had been extracted, the water rose thirty-four feet in the tube by the pressure of the external atmosphere on its surface. This instrument being very inconvenient, induced him to attempt another, in which he used quicksilver, a fluid so much heavier than water, that a smaller quantity answered his purpose.'

'To make a complete barometer according to the most improved method, a tube of glass about thirty-three inches long, should be filled with quicksilver, and then immersed in a bason of that fluid, when the mercury in the tube will fall to about thirty inches, leaving a vacuum on the top of about three inches; and according to the state of the air, such will be the rise and fall of the mercury, between twenty-eight and thirty-one inches. This instrument has been employed to ascertain the densities of the air at different heights from the earth; for the quicksilver rising by the weight of the atmosphere, where that is lighter, the depression, and where heavier, the elevation, of the mercury in the tube, will express the various degrees of density. By this experiment, philosophers have discovered the air to be denser in the lower than in the higher regions of the atmosphere, for the quicksilver rose higher in a valley than on an elevation: and by observing the variations this instrument exhibited in ascending a mountain from its base, they estimated what must be the probable height of the whole atmosphere.

'It may not be displeasing nor useless to contemplate the mode by which mathematicians have made their calculations respecting the height of our atmosphere. Discovering by the Torricellian experiment that the whole weight of the atmosphere supported a column of water thirty-four feet high, a quantity weighing nearly fifteen pounds; also that quicksilver being about fourteen times heavier than water, a tube one fourteenth part of the height of the tube of water being filled with it, the mercury was supported by the air; they weighed equal columns of common air and quicksilver, and found that quicksilver was 10,800 times heavier than common air, by which they were able to calculate very nearly the probable height of the atmosphere, allowing for its gradual decrease of density as it was further from the earth. I state this method as a matter of curiosity, but by no means wish to convey the idea of its being a

perfectly accurate mode of estimating the whole height of the atmosphere. By the variation of the refractive power of the atmosphere, philosophers have ascertained its density at different heights with tolerable accuracy ; and according to their estimation the rarity of the atmosphere is in geometrical, when the heights are in arithmetical proportion ; as thus, at the distance of seven miles from the earth, it is four times rarer than at the surface ; and at fourteen miles, sixteen times rarer, and so on.

The course of the subject is afterwards diversified by applying the philosophy of air to the purposes of health, and the comfort of dwelling houses. Next follows the condensation of air, and the description of the condensing syringe ; and as dependent upon the principle of condensation, the forcing pump, and the air gun. We have given but a slight sketch of the lecture, and noticed only the principal heads ; but we have shewn enough to justify our commendation of it, and the terms of that commendation will be found extensively applicable to the work in general. At the end of this lecture, however, an observation or two occur, to which we cannot entirely subscribe. And we are the rather disposed to state the grounds of our hesitation, because in this place Mrs. Bryan seems to have accidentally countenanced an opinion which her general sentiments do not appear to sanction. We shall first extract the passage :

‘ How does each new subject raise our admiration of the kind, provident, and protecting goodness of our great Creator ! Surely no one can be so blind as not to perceive in the wonderful processes of nature, a regular arrangement of causes and effects, produced by infinite wisdom and beneficence. How greatly then ought we to rejoice in every opportunity that enables us to contemplate our Creator in his works ! This exercise of our reasoning powers strengthens our judgment, and elevates our ideas of religion and morality, placing them in their proper rank, the first in our esteem and admiration. Through the properties of air we have already investigated, we trace the hand of an allwise Providence, liberally bestowing benefits on creatures dependent on his goodness. Yet the unthinking many disregard these evidences, and, till roused to reflection, feel not the gratitude for them which must glow in the breast of the natural philosopher.’

Yet some have been ‘ so blind,’ some calling themselves philosophers we believe, as to deny the existence of the supreme intelligent cause. Others acknowledging what the phenomena of nature permit no honest man to doubt, have yet rejected the interference of the Creator in the government of the world, and the responsibility of his creatures, though suggested by reason, and authoritatively affirmed by revela-



tion. But of those practical infidels, who admitting the truth of Christianity reject its precepts, the professed scholars of nature afford frequent, and remarkable instances. This proves incontestibly, that natural knowledge does not necessarily teach, nor has any direct tendency to teach piety and the love of God, nor effectually to enlighten the mind respecting the relative value of present, and eternal interests. The notion of our Almighty Creator which is to be obtained from a view of his works, has always been free to all mankind, and we know what they have made of it.\* It may also be questioned whether natural philosophy has any necessary tendency to incline men to benevolence towards each other, to invigorate their attention to the social duties, or to improve their judgment in the concerns of life. Love to God is the only consistent and unfailing motive of love to man; and judgment is the result of an exertion of mind too general and constant to be materially aided by any particular study. Where such an effect appears to result from the mere acquisition of knowledge, we should confidently attribute it to the influence of religious principle previously received in the mind. And such we have no doubt is Mrs. Bryan's deliberate view of the matter, and the impressions she is desirous to convey. For though in this particular instance we wish she had been a little more distinct, yet in other parts of the work, and particularly at the latter end, she exhibits a fuller conviction of the necessity of the direct influence of religion to produce any material change in the human heart. To a mind so prepared, the view of the natural world and of its principal inhabitants furnishes the most affecting and important reflections. Both appear 'majestic though in ruins;' both created for the noblest and happiest purposes, though one is shattered by storms and earthquakes, and the other desolated by malignant passions. The subserviency of these facts to the impression of religious truth is obvious. They intimately concern every human being, and when referred by the lecturer to their proper source, the transgression of our first parents and God's just displeasure against sin, have a strong tendency to promote Mrs. Bryan's purpose in rendering natural philosophy an occasion of glorifying God, and awakening gratitude for the blessings of redemption. They go to establish under divine assistance in each individual the essential conviction of original guilt and depravity, and the necessity of a personal interest in the atonement and merits of Jesus Christ. The lamentable sight of misery and guilt ravaging the creation, which was at first perfect, may in the same

manner be improved to shew that man's recovery from this state of helplessness and disobedience must be effected by that power which formed him upright and can alone renew him unto holiness, acting in conjunction with, and subordinate to the stated and regular delivery of religious instruction, and we have no expectation from morality distinct from religion. A hope may be indulged that Mrs. Bryan will see her labours rewarded in the production of those virtues, which she has particularly enforced at the conclusion. Among these humility is noticed, and with particular propriety, not only for its general and indispensable excellence, but from its specific necessity to secure young minds against conceit of their attainments in this or any branch of knowledge.

The interest we felt in taking up this work, has been gratified by its persusal, and our examination of its contents justifies us in recommending it to the notice and patronage of the public. When a second edition shall have rendered it more generally accessible, we have little doubt that it will rival the popularity of Mrs. Bryan's former work on astronomy, and be generally adopted as a scheme of instruction in schools. In its present form, it is a desirable and elegant acquisition to all who wish to obtain a familiar knowledge of natural philosophy, without wading through dry, laborious, and uninteresting discussion, and equally adapted to excite a taste for such information, where it is intended to be followed by more profound research. To those who are desirous of such a treatise, it will probably offer many entire subjects, perfectly new : and others will find the principles with which they were before acquainted, embodied, and illustrated in a new form. The experiments are easy, and the examples are selected from objects and transactions of frequent and familiar occurrence.

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**ART. IV.—***An Address to the Members of Convocation at large, on the proposed new Statute respecting Public Examinations in the University of Oxford. By the Rector of Lincoln College. 4th Edition. 4to. Oxford. 1807.*

'AN university,' sayeth Dr. Tatham, 'is the seat of universal learning, increasing, and to be increased from the nature of men and things, with the lapse of time : it is also a seat of universal teaching, which is its first and most important duty.'—There are some truths enveloped in language so mysterious, that we are obliged to pause for the sake of considering a proposition the most simple in itself, before

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we give it evidence. 'Let us reconsider—'An university is the seat of *universal*,' &c. &c. &c. Why, it is even so.—but the latter part of the sentence might have been dispensed with, as it merely treads back the former; for it is an indubitable verity, that without *universal teaching*, there can be but a scanty portion of *universal learning*. Neither have we any objection to the definition and use of discipline, except to the dark wording in which it is entangled. There is much sense concealed in the following remarks:

*'Its discipline should, accordingly, be adapted to the increase or advancement of learning improving and to be improved according to the times; otherwise it may occupy young men in studies that are obsolete and in errors that are exploded: it should also be in the right or inductive method; otherwise it will lead them from instead of to the truth, into sophistry instead of science, in all parts of learning, and involve them in darkness and confusion.'*

After an able attack on the character of the Aristotelian discipline, and the accomplished schoolmen of old, our author turns his attention to Cambridge, whose discipline, with its effects, real or supposed, becomes the subject of his panegyric. To the effects of superior discipline, he attributes the greatness of Bacon, Newton, and Milton; and that Cambridge, at a time when the pursuits of her youth were directed in general to graver studies, produced better classics than the university, which is more properly the school for classical knowledge. His instance in the late Rev. Dr. Bateman, is a pious tribute of respect to the memory of an instructor. The assertion had been more completely proved by citing the names of Porson, Parr, Burney, and the late ingenious Mr. Wakefield; all of whom, by a strange fatality, thrived, and did well, and shot up to be full grown Grecians, amidst a harvest of mathematicians. We have taken the liberty of mentioning these living characters, not so much for the sake of feeding Dr. Tatham's favourite hypothesis, as to bridle and keep it within bounds. And here we cannot but observe, that Dr. Tatham, in his reverence of university discipline, attaches more to it than it has effected, or can possibly effect; for of the four latter scholars, (at whom he evidently glances) it is well known that three entertained no very high respect for the discipline of subordination; at least were but little concerned in the passing events of the place, and still less solicitous for its honors. Their subsequent pilgrimages to the academy have neither been frequent, nor over reverential, and a short sojourn there would convince any person of the reciprocal disregard between the

parent and her children. The antipathy of Milton to every thing smelling of the schools is on record. Cambridge therefore has, in these instances, rather accepted than commanded her fortunes; she is surprised at her success in having reared, with so little care on her own part, fruits so foreign from her,

*Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*

But there is one cause, which, if not a primary one, is entitled at least to go shares with discipline in the formation of scholars. The '*res angusta domi*' is more common there, than on the banks of the Isis. It is clearly made out that pink silk stockings, if not discovered at Oxford, were introduced there twelve calendar months before Cambridge shook off her lethargy in wearing apparel, and partially adopted them. Worsted, however, still kept its ground by reason of a strong northern reinforcement, and to this hour the Cam reflects on his clear mirror more worsted than cotton, and more cotton than silk; although the two latter frequently invest the same limb in friendly union; the former claiming the extremities of the stocking, which retire modestly from sight, the latter boldly braving it in the face of the world. This may appear rather a circuitous way of accounting to the western university, for the large proportion of wise men who come from the east; but we, who entertain a vast faith in the sympathy between the head and heels, and who know instances in which a well-turned calf, set off by silk, has crazed many a fine understanding, and directed many an aspiring and intelligent eye downwards, do not hesitate to recommend this our hypothesis, as highly probable, and worthy of serious attention.

The following fact can be admitted only as an exception, and '*Exceptio probat legem.*' It is this—We certainly did meet, some time ago, a young gentleman, who not only wore pink silk stockings, but in every respect looked, walked, stalked, and took snuff, as the French say '*cavaliere-mant*;' which may be translated, 'as unlike a scholar as could be.' Admiring, and wishing to imitate as far as we were able, the elegant vacuity of gesture and deportment peculiar to this gentleman, we ventured to address him in a set speech on the titillation of Frebourg's 39, more especially when mixed with a spice of the Prince's; and while we were anxiously, and with an indefatigable smile, waiting for his *pours et contres*, delivered in the very pink of courtesy, he took fair aim without our perceiving it, and barbarously knocked us down with a Greek canon. We have since once or

twice met the same gentleman at Trinity College, Cambridge, although without any wish to retaliate on our part. But he is more generally, and indeed perpetually to be found pacing Peckwater Quadrangle, picking his teeth, which are unusually white, swearing that no one is good enough to walk near him, bidding all who venture there, to doff their caps to him, and alternately repeating whole passages from Lycophron, with the opinions of all the commentators who ever commented on that tenebrous author, from Tzetzes down to Reichardus, and humming a running second to the Vaghri Colli, which immortalized Grassini, with unbounded self-applause.

The style of the present pamphlet, which has already gone through four editions, is very antiquated, and presents such a tissue of sober reasoning mixed with whim, that we can do no better than by making extracts from a work which is probably the last in the language of the old school. It seems that in two former discussions on the subject Dr. T. had declared in favour of a modification of the Cambridge system.

‘On both occasions, however, others, in the pride of their learning, seemed to spurn. They seemed to think it an act of magnanimity to reject at once whatever smelt of Cambridge. I, on the contrary, happened to think it an act of pusillanimity; and that the true magnanimity would have been to have said, ‘Sister University, we have both the same church, and the same king; and, all jealousy extinct, we will serve them both, hand in hand, as sisters ought to do: give us leave to take a plan of your discipline, a thing so essential to our well-being, and we will make it better if we can; and if we have any thing to offer you in return, you shall be heartily welcome to it.’

The principal abuses in the new scheme of examination, which provoke the author's displeasure, are the omission of grammar, and the re-introduction of the antient and exploded philosophy with all its concomitant jargon. ‘If it were so, it were a grievous fault;’ but how far his fears are justified, the learned body whom he addresses, can determine better than ourselves by their present deliberations and future decision. The following short extracts will bring into one view, the general elegance with which our author's thoughts are invested, and the beautiful sources from whence his figures of speech are usually drawn.

#### *On Private Discipline.*

‘Colleges of late years, have taken up a private discipline of their own, under which the university has indeed gone on; but only like a ship sailing under jury-masts.’

*On the new Statute.*

'It turns out, as its ill-fated predecessor did before it, to be a thing in all its parts, *patched and tinkered up out of the rubbish* of the old discipline of the schools.' This beauty is repeated in page 9.

*On the old Moral Philosophy.*

In the following valuation of the above philosophy, our author claims from obloquy, and brings into genteel company, a little animal that has but a hard birth of it among the prouder classes of mankind, and at no time has held an honourable rank in the aristocracy.

'There is but one moral Governor in the universe, and but one species of moral agents with which we are concerned, and unless, in the profundity of their wisdom, they can find out two different moral philosophies, I must beg leave to tell them, that the old moral philosophy of Aristotle, Cicero, or Epictetus, however admirable in their days, is at this day not worth a louse.'

Aristotle is nick-named '*that uncircumcised and unbaptised Philistine of the schools*;' and the Doctor flatly maintains the tenets of his opponents to be '*all a shuffle*,' an elegant and unexpected allusion to a game at cards. He swears like a Pagan by '*Apollo and all the muses*.'

The following address to the '*Juvenes ingenu*' is too delicious to be omitted.

'If, however, ye are ambitious of academical honours, ye must neglect all the sciences, and discard all the Muses, and the Graces too, in order to pay unremitting devotion to this crabbed old hag, which, by leading you in the *wrong* instead of the *right method* of study, will conduct you *from* instead of *to* the truth, and leave you in the sportsman's phrase, *hunting the heel* all your lives.'

And again :

'And when, after your four-years' labour in studying Dialectica is crowned with the desired success in ranking your names, though only *alphabetically*, in the *first class*, well may ye deserve to be pronounced *egregie*, for, doubtless, ye will prove *egregious block-heads*, unqualified to cope with art or science, and unprepared for the study of the learned faculties.'

We pass over several '*beauties of Tatham*,' which we expect to see bound up with other *beauties*; we pass over the epithet of '*long-winded*,' applied to comment, and that sublime passage about '*green-eyed jealousy*' striking the

'*Oxonians blind, &c.*' that we may lay one passage before the reader, to which all the expressions antecedent and succeeding are, to use a sweet *façon de parler* borrowed from our author, all '*moonshine.*' It is the following :

'But, perhaps, according to their own private and exalted views, they may be right in insulting this luminous Science, and excluding her from all share in the honours of their first and most distinguished class : for a spice of the mathematics, by their cathartic power, might so far clear the muddy brains of those whom, in the profundity of their wisdom, they destine for it, as to prevent them from becoming those consummate and accomplished blockheads their beloved Dialectica will, otherwise, be sure to make them—for it is *SEMPER* dialectica ; dialectica here, and dialectica there, and dialectica every where.'

The original, however, from which this is a plagiarism, we think vastly superior. It is, Mungo here, Mungo there, and Mungo everywhere, which, by the omission of the conjunction, becomes infinitely more hurried and proceleusmatic.

The author, it is hoped, will not be offended at seeing certain oddities of diction unusual to the age in which we live, concentrated in our notice of his work ; the more so, as we perceive a vein of good humour, candour, and sense, which entitle it to rank as a model for literary disputants, by which they would learn to abstain from that intemperance and asperity of language, which call into question the power of the *literæ humaniores* to soften and humanize the mind.

With regard to the points of dispute, we think it irreverent and useless to interfere. If the prospectus of the new statute contain in it any clause detrimental to the cause which they are intended to support, by whom are the objectionable parts so properly pointed out as by a member of that honourable and learned body for whose use the new regulations are to be made? Much is here said on the subject, and much is said well. On the subject of metaphysics we do not perhaps in all points agree with the author. Classical literature has been, and still continues, a favourite with all sides, but as a considerable part of the difficulty in attaining this object has been mastered previous to the entrance of a young man at the universities, and as the business of life requires something more than ornament, the rival academies have agreed on the necessity of pursuits more severe, and more calculated to exercise, strengthen, and sharpen the faculties. Here, only are they at issue ; and it is the choice of this something which Dr. Tatham wishes to influence.

But there is one tenet which this author has the hardihood to maintain, and which, fighting under his shield, we are no longer scrupulous in asserting to be necessary for the well being of all bodies, whether literary, military, or political. It is, that however excellent may be the original institution, however good the laws by which it is upheld, *that* institution and *those* laws should be capable of admitting, and should from time to time admit such a revision, and such slight alterations, as may adapt them to the changes of times, the progress of science, and the tone, temperament, and manners of existing society. To say this, is by no means to say that what is modern is essentially superior to what is antient, that every thing which succeeds is better than what preceded it. But this gradual adaptation of societies comparatively small, to the habits of society at large, is but a proper compliment paid to the world, which will be amply repaid by the honour and esteem in which the body so conforming will be held, and will secure that body from those dreadful revolutions which an obstinate persistence in antiquated forms must and will eventually bring about. In learned bodies this pertinacity is the more remarkable, as one of the most salutary effects of learning is to dissipate prejudice. We wish the term *prejudice* to be rightly understood, and not to be confounded with that reverential regard, that holy 'admonitus rerum, et locorum,' and of institutions bearing the stamp and seal of antiquity, which the members of universities should feel and acknowledge. The prejudice, to which we allude, is that blind adherence to error, that hatred, persecution, and jealousy, which some men evince towards those who would substitute truth in its place. Academicians, we fear, are, and ever have been deeply involved in this guilt. That it is not of modern growth the following instances will prove; and that we may not be accused of partiality, an instance shall be brought to bear on both the sister institutions as they were in the days of Erasmus. It appears from a letter of Sir Thomas More to the university of Oxford, that the introduction of Greek literature met with great obstacles. It was considered an innovation, and such was the clamour against it, that a party styling themselves Trojans held a more than ten years siege against the Greeks. We are ignorant of the hooded Hector of those days; but, as the *τιχοσκοπικα* must have presented to the Trojan leaders Erasmus and More at the head of those who conducted the siege, and co-operating throughout, without any secession of the principal hero, it becomes matter of astonishment how the besieged should have held out so long.



The spirit of Cambridge broke out in partial skirmishes against the new language ; for when the rest of that university had thrown down their arms, and quietly submitted to have their eyes opened, one college remained refractory. Erasmus had finished his edition of the Greek Testament, on which he had bestowed such pains, that his health became a sacrifice to his labours. Jortin and Erasmus himself shall tell the remainder. ' There was, it seems, one college at Cambridge, which would not suffer this book to enter within its walls,' as he observes to his friend Bullock. Quamquam narrarunt mihi quidam, πάντες ἀξιόπιστοι, unum apud vos esse collegium θεολογικώτατον, quod meros habet Areopagitas : qui gravi senatusconsulto caverint, ne quis id volumen, equis, aut navibus, aut plaustris, aut bajulis, intra ejus collegii pomæria inveheret.' Ep. 148.

We have ventured to mention this non-compliance with the times as the greatest evil attached to our old universities ; and we have mentioned it thus freely, because it is of national importance that our learned institutions should not, by resisting every attempt at improvement, and persevering in useless and dark studies, and in customs bearing no relationship nor semblance to the times in which we live, sink into contempt, and get the imputation of dotage. No period in the life of a literary man is so favourable to the establishment of a character, as the three or four years passed at the university. The attainment of honours presents sufficient difficulties to excite respect and eagerness for them, and affords sufficient facilities to inspire those, who can study and digest what they know and think into form, with a reasonable hope of being brought into notice at an earlier age than befalls those who commence their career against the competition of the world at large. The aim and end therefore of the seniors should be, not only to excite a thirst for knowledge, but to direct it to springs that are the clearest and most salubrious ; so that nothing should be learned at the university of that precarious sort of value, that the student should at any after period of his life entertain the mortifying reflection of having thrown away on grave trifles four of the most valuable years of his existence.

**ART. V.**—*The New London Medical Dictionary, including under distinct Heads every Branch of Medicine, with whatever relates to Medicine, in Chemistry and Natural History; originally compiled by G. Motherby, M. D. and G. Wallis, M. D. Sixth Edition, improved and corrected in every Part, rendering it a new Work. In two Volumes 4to. Part I and II forming the first Volume, Price 2l. 8s. Boards. Johnson. 1807.*

SOME apology may appear necessary for noticing an unfinished work; but as our attention was on a former occasion drawn to the various dictionaries in different languages and on different subjects, and as we then expressed no little indignation that we had not a superior Medical Dictionary in our own language, we were led to examine the parts of the present publication as they successively appeared. We were more anxious to peruse each number, as it professed to contain numerous improvements and corrections; so that, while it appeared only another edition, it was styled 'a new work.'

On returning, with renewed attention, to the last edition of Motherby and his coadjutor, we experienced, if possible, greater disgust than on the former perusal, and sincerely wished that it had been condemned as wholly obsolete, and incapable of emendation. Yet as a skeleton to be clothed with muscles, animated by nerves, and supported by blood-vessels, it may yet be useful. It remained then to examine, whether the editors, for they speak of themselves as many, had succeeded in this task.

The more obvious general defects which struck us in the former edition, were the want of a general system, which would form of the scattered limbs *one whole*, and a language so tautologous, vague and inelegant, as to leave the reader with that light only, which makes darkness visible; and with that imperfect information, which may be styled confusion worse confounded. The particular defects were the omission of the pathology and therapeutics, the very imperfect details of the curative plans, and the collections of opinions from the most despicable sources, the copies of a copy and the shadows of a shade. The later editions, particularly the last, was a mere medical cento, patched and pyebald, nor was its author, Dr. Wallis, in the slightest degree acquainted with the new pharmaceutical doctrines, promising scions from the root of the most improved chymistry, nor of the various improvements and discoveries in natural history illustrative of medicine.

While we contemplated a field originally barren, thus neglected or choaked with weeds, the confident pretensions of the new editors awakened our attention. Two quarto volumes seemed an adequate space; and while the ponderous folios of Dr. James lay before us, we began to feel the labours of a comparison. A slight reflection however showed us, that, from the different state of science at the respective æras, little could be gained by the examination, and that we must judge from the work before us, and try the authors only 'on the statutes, in that case made and provided.'

The style of the work is professedly altered; and indeed it must be so, or 'Edward's armour would gleam on Cibber's breast.' In this at least the editors have succeeded, and this 'thing of shreds and patches' appears now sufficiently uniform. We know not that we are hypercritical or fastidious, but we fancy we see sometimes a remnant of the old drapery; but it is not offensive, and only shows how difficult it is to close every avenue to discovery. The language is in general neat and correct: it is also closely compacted and expressive, and in some instances the maxim of Horace, '*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*,' has occurred to our recollection. A passage, in the advertisement, struck us then more forcibly than before, for the editors admit that it is not a work 'which he who runs may read,' but by which 'he who reads with attention, may profit.' In this way, we may admit that the volume will contain a greater mass of valuable materials, and it may form, or fix, in the mind of the younger student, habits of reading with attention; but whether it may not be inconvenient in other views, the reader will decide.

The consistency of opinion is of more importance than the uniformity of style, and this is a point which has been too much neglected in many dictionaries, particularly in the late French one of natural history, so far as we can judge from the parts before us; in this respect the editors have succeeded, and we find their peculiar opinions pervading every minute portion. They have not indeed explained them at length, though they have given abstracts of the Boerhaavian, the Cullenian and the Brunonian systems; and we gather, from an incidental passage under the second of these articles, that they have followed the system of Cullen, 'giving a temperate view' of that professor's opinions, 'adding to, modifying and sometimes differing from him.' They profess having added, from the Brunonian system (perhaps they should have said from that of Gertanner), the doctrine of accumulated and exhausted excitability; and have themselves made one alteration 'in considering convulsions as irregular, not as increased action, the effect of debility only.'

On examining the parts before us with much attention, we cannot perceive that any modern improvement, so far as our recollection will carry us, has been omitted. In general the symptoms are described with accuracy, and the curative means pointed out with discrimination. Should the other parts correspond with those before us, the work will, we think, be a valuable addition to the medical library, not only of the student, but the practitioner.

We know not when we have found equal difficulty in selecting specimens from a work, not to find what is new or interesting, for numerous articles are both, but to select adequate specimens to discriminate the nature and character of the work. As the editors claim the opinion of convulsions being irregular action from debility, as a novelty, it may perhaps be right to transcribe that article.

‘ Convulsions attack persons of all ages, but chiefly the young, or the debilitated ; all constitutions, but principally the fair, the delicate, and the irritable ; each sex, but particularly females. Its causes are various ; but the chief source of convulsions is, in the opinion of every author, irritation. It is certainly irritation, in systems peculiarly mobile, in other words, easily excited to action ; but, as the mobility is greater, the irritation necessary to produce convulsions is less, and sometimes so slight as to be imperceptible.

‘ If we examine the functions of the nervous system, we shall find life and health depend on the regular distribution of the nervous power. If it is hurried, irregularly exerted, or deficient, various diseases, and particularly convulsive ones, ensue. Joy, grief, surprise will equally produce them. Violent exertions, and tone, suddenly relaxed, are also causes of these irregular motions. We do not find however, that with high health, full vessels, and a firm constitution, however the circulation is accelerated, or the nervous power excited, convulsions ensue, unless the tone is *suddenly* remitted. Whatever effect therefore may be attributed to predisposition, the causes are chiefly debilitating ones ; and the constitutions chiefly affected, those which are weak. It is then irregular action, in weak habits, which constitutes the disease. In palsies of every kind, tremors attend every exertion ; and the various species of tremor in Sauvages, one only excepted, are obviously from debility. In hysteria there is usually considerable debility, though the circulating system is often full ; and indeed there is no more common cause of weakness than over-distended vessels. This is the exception noticed in Sauvage’s species of tremor. In epilepsy this debility is less obvious, but the most obstinate cases occur in weak constitutions ; and, in others, the irregular action is excited by peculiar and violent stimuli, chiefly affecting the organic structure of some part of the nervous system. The palpitations in chlorosis, the gesticulations in chorea, the convulsive agitations in raphania, the causes of true convulsive asthma, all confirm the idea, that debility is the cause of irregular action.

Nor need we add, for it is the subject of common observation, that convulsions close the scene, particularly of disorders induced by excessive evacuations and worn-out constitutions; that they are effects of narcotics of every kind, of deleterious gases, mineral exhalations, and even of stimulants that exhaust the vital power, and increase, in consequence, the irritability. We may therefore rest safely on the position, that irregular action, either spasmodic or clonic, has its foundation in debility or in irritability: but the former is most frequent, as it is a very common cause of increased mobility.

From the effects of narcotics, deleterious gases and similar powers, we have reason to conclude, that irregular action may arise from debility alone, or at least from obscure and unperceived irritation. Yet in practice we must always keep in view the existence of irritation; and we often find it necessary to check this exciting, at the risk of increasing the power of the predisposing cause. There is little doubt, for instance, that the irritation of the meconium sometimes produces the locked jaw and convulsions in new-born infants; this must be evacuated. The sedative power of lead produces the Poitou colic: this irritation must be soothed by opium before laxatives will succeed. A wounded nerve will occasion a locked jaw; the irritation on the nerve must be removed by destroying its sensibility, and the increased action of the muscles at the same time counteracted by appropriate remedies, general and topical. Other convulsions are more effectually remedied by warm stimulants and tonics: the warmest stimulants are often required in the convulsions from sedative poisons or the deleterious gases. In this short disquisition, our first object was to establish the principle, that convulsions are rather *irregular* than *increased* action, and that their primary cause was debility: our second, not to mislead the young practitioner, who, by attempting to counteract debility, may lose sight of the exciting cause, irritation.

How debility acts in producing convulsions we pretend not to say, nor is the inquiry of importance; there seems, however, to be a ruling power in the constitution, which regulates the distribution of the nervous influence; and, when it is weakened, this influence is irregularly distributed. We mean not to say with Stahlian, that this power is all wise, and directs every thing for the general good; exciting these convulsions to throw off some noxious matter, threatening destruction to the whole system. If such a power exists, it is implanted by the Almighty; regulated according to his fiat by secondary causes; and acting necessarily from the organisation of the machine. In another view, the whole nervous influence may be regulated by its state in the brain; and, if that arrangement is altered by any violently stimulant or sedative impression, the rest must suffer a similar change: and, when we contemplate the various phenomena which diseases of the nervous system present, we are rather inclined to adopt this opinion. We have, however, already observed that our object is to establish principles, not to build systems.

We find this principle pervading many parts of the work, and particularly the theory of fevers, which in the editors' or authors' opinion, consist wholly in debility occasioning an altered balance of the circulation. So far as relate to spasm we shall transcribe.

'We have often hinted that we differed in some respects from Dr. Cullen, and shall now state what we think a more probable view of the subject, connecting, in some measure, both the opinions just stated. Not the slightest doubt can exist but that the first symptoms of fever are those of debility—of a debility of the sensorial power, in other words, of the energy of the brain. This may arise from actual or from partial debility, occasioning an unequal excitement in different parts of the brain, which seems to produce the same effects. Under the article *CONVULSIONS*, and in other places, we have endeavoured to show that either real debility or unequal excitement is the cause of irregular action of the muscles; and this appears in the tremors and rigors, and in the spasm of the capillaries, not only of the surface and glands, but of every other organ. The irritability thus accumulated may occasion the exertion of the sensorial power; but the heat, for the reasons assigned, is not wholly owing to this exertion. In fact, the greater activity of this power, or of the vires medicatrices, imply increased energy; but through the whole course of fever we see only debility, and its consequence, irregular action. Even the boasted sensorial power is weakened, or irregularly exerted; and while the sanguiferous system acts with vigour, the voluntary muscles and the brain show every mark of diminished energy. There is then no contest between these rivals, the spasm and the vires medicatrices; but the debility continues, though varied in its form.'

'It appears singular that increased action should ever have formed a part of the theory of fevers. It is obvious in the sanguiferous system; but the opposite state is singularly conspicuous in every other part. Even when in delirium, the voluntary muscles are, for a time, violently exerted: it is the energy of a moment, generally accompanied with tremor, and succeeded by the most considerable debility. A tone, an apparent temporary strength, is seemingly kept up by fever; as greater weakness is felt at its solution than during its course. But it can only be said that, if the debility is in excess afterwards, it is considerable while the disease continues; and this apparent tone is evidently kept up by the increased action of the vessels in the brain, from which also the delirium proceeds. In short, after watching fevers with attention for thirty-five years, we have never seen any appearances of increased action, except in the sanguiferous system, and even in these vessels the circulation is not apparently free.'

We wish to see the more general application or the more

complete developement of this principle, which appears a favourite one, and which, so far as the work has proceeded, is supported by facts and observation. Will the authors place the foundation of inflammation in debility?

Another principle of some novelty, which pervades, we perceive, this work, is, that violent shocks destroy the irritability of the blood vessels, especially in organs where the circulation is languid, and the energy of the nervous power. One of the most important applications of this principle is in the article on 'concussion,' a part of which we shall transcribe

**'CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.** An affection of the brain, produced by a violent shock, without a wound or fracture, though it must have been often the subject of observation, has been but lately distinguished with accuracy. It has been confounded with the effects of depression and extravasation; with inflammation and abscesses of that organ. The two latter are often its consequences; but should be clearly distinguished in the origin. To take the simplest idea of the disease, we will suppose a cannon-ball to pass near the head. The person falls insensible: if it passes near the spine, death, or a paralysis of the lower limbs, is often the consequence. From this there can be no organic injury; none can be traced by dissection: and though the momentum of the air may account for the fall, it will not explain the subsequent disease. This, however, will be a future consideration.

'In concussion, the greater number of symptoms which distinguish compression are present. The great distinction is, that the pulse is soft, often weak, and sinks on bleeding. A discharge of blood from the nose or ears and the apoplectic stertor, are wanting. After a short period has elapsed, the insensibility in concussion is not so great: the patient will complain on the head being moved. The muscles retain their natural tone, and the pupils are often contracted; they are, indeed, sometimes dilated; the insensibility is then extreme, and concussion and compression often so much resemble each other, that they cannot, perhaps, always be distinguished. What adds to the difficulty is, that after the insensibility from the simple concussion begins to wear off, inflammation comes on; not active inflammation, with violent pain and delirium, but the milder kind, from a dilatation of the vessels, exciting, in consequence, a slight increased action. This, in many cases, unsuspectedly runs its course, till symptoms of compression come on; and, after death, an abscess is found generally at the base of the brain, though, occasionally, in other parts of that organ.

'The best foundation of the distinction in these very difficult emergencies, is the effects of remedies. In every accident of this kind, blood should be taken. If there is no wound, if there is no evidence of an actual blow, it should be taken sparingly. Should the pulse sink, the insensibility continue, we must content ourselves with in-

jecting a clyster, and consider it to be a concussion. Should, however, any blow be discernible; should the patient, on pressing the cranium on every part, show more sensibility when pressed on one rather than any other part; should the pulse *not* sink on a moderate bleeding; we have reason to think the accident has produced a fracture or an extravasation.

Concussion is a disease similar to the effect of insolation, an affection of the nervous aura, equally produced by noxious vapours, by the simoon of the desert, particularly by lightning or electricity, which probably produce their effects only by the momentum communicated to the air. Why this concussion of the air should affect the nervous aura it is impossible to say, until its nature is better known. Shocks, however, of every kind produce, in different parts of the body, similar effects. How often will a fall in old persons occasion infractions or abscesses in the liver, independent of any topical bruise, or obvious inflammation! By such concussions the vessels are weakened, and admit of congestion: the load is greater than the debilitated powers can overcome, and suppuration is the consequence.

In cases of concussion, our conduct is by no means cleared from difficulties. When the pulse sinks from bleeding, and when we are satisfied from the other symptoms that no depression or extravasation has taken place, the warmest cordials have been ordered. Yet, as we have a second stage to dread, they should be employed with caution. Evacuations by clyster, topical discharges from the head, not, with the hasty rashness of some modern practitioners, *at once*, but in a gradual manner to keep up a constant effect, and prevent too great a stimulus in the early period, are necessary. We may, for instance, apply immediately leeches; but not more than four. At this time, a blister at the nape of the neck may be operating. After its discharge has begun, two may be applied behind the ears; and, after a similar interval, another to the vortex. During this period, the bowels should be kept moderately open; wine and nourishment supplied in sufficient quantities to support the strength, and preserve a vital warmth, without heating. The extremities should be kept warm by friction and hot bricks, if cold.

Mr. Bromfield was led, seemingly by a happy accident, to give the Dover's powder; for which he afterwards substituted an antimonial with opium. When we consider the extent of the vessels over the whole surface of the body, and recal to our recollection the advantages we derive from an evacuation from the skin in every topical congestion, we shall at once see the foundation of this practice, which, in his and other hands, has been found very successful. In reality, we consider it as one of the greatest improvements in modern practice; and from the views we have given, the foundation of its use is particularly explained. Time, however, can only perfect the cure. The functions of the brain, if not hurried out of their regular train, exerted with too much energy, or too early, gradually recover, and the patient, at last, regains his former health: the time, however, is usually long.



‘If the patient has been neglected, or the plan not fully answered its intended purpose, though he appears to recover, yet at an uncertain interval, shiverings, a low delirium, with marks of compression, come on. An abscess has then taken place, and death is inevitable.’

In this article, the reader will perceive an accuracy of distinction not very common in medical works, and it leads us to observe, that the diagnoses are, in general, established with care and accuracy. The definitions are usually those of Dr. Cullen, but some nosological remarks are interspersed, which have at least the recommendation of novelty.

The therapeutical part is new, and executed with care and with minute (sometimes we have thought too minute) discrimination. We now particularly allude to the article on diaphoretic; but, on this point we cannot decide, till the article on the *materia medica* appears. If in the minuter arrangements, the same principles are supported; if in the list of remedies, what now appears to be somewhat refined, should be established on facts, we shall consider this part of the work as valuable. We see, in the instances adduced, traces of the arrangement, which, on the whole, we approve. We might offer some remarks on these subjects, but that it is more our business to explain the author's labours, than to offer our own. From this part of the work we shall select one article, which we prefer as one of the shortest.

‘**ANTISPASMODICA**, (from *anti* against, and *σπασμος*, a convulsion). This class of medicines must be ranked among the more irregular and anomalous groups, as the individuals are adapted to a set of symptoms arising from a variety of causes, and not to a particular end or object. The causes of spasm differ essentially, and the remedies must equally differ. Spasm is obviously irregular action; and, from what we have already hinted, irregular action is commonly the effect of weakness. See **ANODYNES**. In this view antispasmodics must be tonics and stimulants. This, however, though an obvious, is a partial, result of the premises. When action is irregular, we may equally restore the equilibrium by stimulants and by sedatives; more often by the powerful effect of sedatives, which by stopping all action, enable us to commence it more regularly. Thus in ileus, where strong spasm, and in consequence inverted motion, take place, we succeed better by stopping all muscular exertion, and again commencing the stimulus from above downwards, than by forcing the peristaltic motion in an opposite direction to that which has morbidly taken place. If, then, we were to fix on any general determinate action of antispasmodics, we would say that they were sedatives. Experience, however, corrects such hasty theoretical conclusions; and we shall find that they are sometimes stimulant, more frequently tonic but most often sedative. Yet there is a class

highly useful, referring to neither, the fetids, which we need not enlarge on at this moment, but shall treat of them in turn, under the appellation of *anomalous*.

' The stimulant antispasmodics are not numerous. The chief are electricity and galvanism. It is an unavoidable inconvenience in a dictionary, that we must anticipate what is afterwards to be fully explained, and the only remedy is, to give shortly the result of reasoning which is at a future period to be more carefully pursued. We shall find that the electrical fluid, and the galvanic (if not the same with that which gives activity in the nerves, is certainly nearly allied to it), excite the powers of life by their passage through the nerves. These, then, are stimulant antispasmodics; for they correct the irregular action of muscular fibres with considerable success. Volatile alkali acts, in many instances, very powerfully as an antispasmodic. Æther and ardent spirits are more equivocal; yet as their action is immediate, we would refer them to the same head. Some other remedies are equally doubtful: we allude to quicksilver and iron. A very extensive view of the action of metal inclines us to consider the whole class as tonics; yet mercury certainly keeps up a steady increased action of the sanguiferous system, and iron, though less pointedly, is of a similar nature. We shall have occasion to explain all the powers of these metals on this principle; and, therefore, must arrange them in this order of antispasmodics.

' The tonic antispasmodics are very numerous. Of this kind are the whole metallic tribe with the exceptions just mentioned, viz. arsenic, zinc, copper, and silver. Bark, of course, belongs to this order; and the viscus quercinus, the balsamum Peruvianum, and cold bathing, will not be refused a place in the same arrangement. The sedatives are also numerous and powerful. Bleeding ranks the highest, and opium follows. No other remedies can claim an equal credit; but warm bathing, fear, and other depressing passions, camphor, the flores cardamines, and, perhaps, hydrogenous gas, have no inconsiderable claims to our attention in the same way. Blisters, as explained under the article of *ANODYNES*, are sedative, by lessening the irritation of the sanguiferous system.

' The anomalous antispasmodics include the fetids. These, from their effects, we suspect to be sedatives. When breathed, the want of elasticity in carbonic acid and hydrogenous airs gives the sensation of suffocation; and many of these show, in other instances, sedative effects, particularly the assafoetida; the sweet oil of wine, the most active part of Hoffman's anodyne and Tickell's æther; the fetid herbs (including the rue, savine, atriplex olida, and aristolochia), petroleum; ambergrise; the fumes of burnt feathers; must, and civet.

' Since we have considered blisters as taking off internal irritation, we might also, in a more general view, consider bleeding as a cause of derivation from a part unusually loaded, and perhaps irritated. Yet we chose to consider it separately, since we would connect this with a very different class of remedies, viz. those which act by arresting the attention, and, of course, breaking the habit. Spasmodic

diseases soon become habitual ; and when the cause is removed the paroxysms recur from habit only. Bleeding, either from association or the terror of the operation, acts in this way ; and Dr. Whytt has remarked, that a person usually relieved by bleeding, has experienced the same relief on puncturing the vein. Keeping the attention alive has had a similar power ; and it is remarked, that during a siege a town has been peculiarly free from nervous complaints. Sudden terror has been equally effectual ; and we thus account for the effects of numerous superstitious remedies formerly recommended.

\* In another view, emollients and demulcents are antispasmodic ; for when the more sensible mucous membranes are inflamed, and the more fluid mucus rapidly carried off, they are morbidly irritable ; and from the common stimuli, irregular action is often excited. Causes of this kind sometimes produce spasmodic colics, and what are styled nervous coughs.

\* In the choice of these we employ the sedatives and fetids to shorten the fit ; the stimulants and tonics to prevent returns. The stimulants, when employed in this way, are exhibited in more constant and less active forms, and then, probably, approach the nature of tonics.

The histories of chemistry, of anatomy and surgery are neat and instructive, though perhaps not sufficiently extensive. The chemical articles do not greatly intrude on the more strictly medical part ; and those on mercury and antimony, contain a longer and fuller list of the various preparations than we find in other works. The other metallic substances and the more useful ones occur in the earlier part of the alphabet, and are comprised in the volume before us ; these are examined also very satisfactorily ; and in general the pharmacy founded on chemistry in its improved form, is accurately detailed.

We were led to examine particularly those parts of natural philosophy and natural history, by a confident challenge in the advertisement to the second part, respecting the articles "Galvanism," "Hydatis," and "Hirudo." The two latter are new, we believe, in our language, and appear to be drawn from the best philosophers of the continent. Though the article Galvanism comprehends an accurate view of the subject, according to the best information that can now be procured, we were better pleased with that on electricity. The latter contains some ingenious remarks, and the disappearance of the electrical fluid, in the process of animalization, seems to merit more attention than it has received. The author speaks of positive and negative electricity as depending on an excess or deficiency of uncombined electricity, modestly observing, that he adopts the hypothesis for the

sake of simplifying the language. Perhaps, in this way, he wishes to elude controversy, for it is evidently his own opinion. Would our limits permit, we should have copied the anatomical description of the leech. It has been asserted that it has no nervous system, but the author describes, very pointedly, the course of what are evidently such.

We shall not probably trespass greatly on our reader's patience if we transcribe a portion of this article :

' *Hirudo*, (quasi *haurudo*, from *haurio*, to draw out). The LEECH ; *sanguisuga*, *exos*; first noticed by Themison. Those whose backs are striped, and bellies spotted, which are taken from clear running water over a sandy bed, are preferable.

' The *hirudo* is a genus of aquatic vermes, characterised by an oblong body, very contractile ; having each extremity capable of being expanded into a fleshy disc, by which they adhere to the body, with a kind of suction similar to that of a cupping-glass ; a triangular mouth situated under the anterior extremity.

' The body of a leech is composed of numerous rings, or rather circular muscles, by which the particular motions of the animal are performed. Their skin is unequal and tuberculous in different degrees, in the different species, but always feels smooth to the touch, because it is covered by a slimy fluid, designed to facilitate its motions. Their head, in a state of contraction, is more pointed than the opposite end ; but each extremity is equally enlarged when they fix. The mouth of the leech is a triangular aperture, placed at the bottom of what may be styled the anterior cupping-glass, armed with three very sharp, strong teeth, which can pierce even the skins of horses and oxen. It is an instrument with three cutting edges, each of which is furnished with sixty little teeth. At the bottom of the mouth is a nipple of a firm fleshy consistence, which sucks the blood that exudes from the triangular wound by exhausting the air. In this operation the nipple fixes on the skin, and when drawn back a vacuum ensues. After the wound is made, the action is apparently repeated, and the power is so considerable as to fill the vessels around ; a circumstance from which both advantages and inconveniencies arise.

' We next find the larynx, whose strong fibres contract the diameter of the canal, and carry the blood, which has been drawn, into the stomach. This viscus consists of a series of membranous sacs, furnished with valves, which can retain the blood for many months without coagulating. In a leech of a moderate size there are about twenty-four of these sacs. As the blood which they draw contains no heterogenous particles, they require no aperture to carry off the excrementitious parts, and have consequently, it is said, no anus. M. Morand, from whose Memoir on Leeches much of this description is drawn, thinks that the slimy moisture on the surface, which is thrown off in blackish filaments, found in the water they inhabit, may form the whole of the excrementitious fluids of the constitution

\* On each side, under the belly of the leech, are two longitudinal vessels which divide into branches; contract and dilate; carrying a grey fluid. In the middle is a nervous cord, composed of twenty-three gaggia; and on each side glands filled with a clear liquor. These glands have several vessels, which are lost in the body of the animal. So distant from the truth are those physiologists who deny that the Galvanic power acts on the nerves, because leeches are affected by it, supposed to have no nerves.

\* Leeches seem to breathe by the mouth, but have no organs which correspond to lungs. Insects which breathe by lateral spiracula are killed when covered with oil. When the leech is put into oil, it lives many days, and a slough separates from it, so tenacious, when taken out, as to retain the form of the body. The greater number of leeches have eyes, and some species have so many as eight; but in others no such organ has been observed. These animals swim, like eels, by a vermicular motion; but this is more generally in a longitudinal than in a lateral direction. When they walk they fix the fore part of the body by the mouth, and then draw the back part. They then fix the latter, and extend the former.

\* When the greater number of the species of *hirudo* are cut transversely, the two parts do not immediately die, for the head lives considerably longer than the tail. If the section is not complete, the animal raises the wounded part above the water, and keeps it in the air, till each end is cicatrised, for the parts never unite; and the fluids, usually carried downwards, are discharged in abundance from the wounded part. The operation greatly weakens them, and they soon become a prey to those with whom they are placed, after the cure has been completed.

\* Leeches are hermaphrodites, and generally viviparous. The organs of generation, according to Redi, resemble those of a snail. The penis lies under the œsophagus, and the aperture of the vagina immediately below it. Their young are born in the earliest part of the spring. As the animals are semitransparent, the young are seen in the body of the mother, in the form of round seeds, and seventy have been counted in a single leech. In their progressive state they seem to grow not only by evolution but by augmentation, as the number of the rings seems to increase. They are found in fresh and salt water. The former prefer lakes or ponds where a great quantity of vegetables grow. They are common in every part of Europe; but less so in the southern regions. They appear to live for many years; but, independent of the danger of the lakes being dried, or the waters putrifying, they are devoured by fish, waterfowl, by the larvæ of insects, and by the insects themselves. They also devour each other; and Vauquelin found that the hungry leeches bled without mercy those which were full. When in want of blood, they suck the larvæ of insects, worms, and other animals, which live or are found by accident in the water. They can live with little nourishment for many months, and pass the winter, often a great part of the summer, involved in the mud, when the lakes are dry, without eating.

Sea salt, tobacco, and every salt or acrid substance, kill these animals, and this is the method of disengaging them from the body, for if torn off the head is left in the wound, and a troublesome supuration ensues. If cut in two, the head continues the suction, while the blood is discharged from the wound, and all the consequences of an hæmorrhage follow.

The article 'Homo' is designed to collect, in one view, those circumstances relative to the human body and mind, which could not be so satisfactorily detailed in separate articles. It is extensive, and contains some valuable remarks; but though not defective, is not perhaps compacted with sufficient skill. The other branches of natural history, particularly the natural history of medicinal substances, are treated in a manner that demands our approbation.

It will be evident, from this extensive view, that the present work is far from a mere compilation. It contains much original matter, and the author, for notwithstanding the language, it appears to be the work of an individual, takes the liberty of thinking for himself; he has generally thought to a good purpose, and has collected also very extensively from the best works. On the conclusion of the second volume, we may perhaps resume the subject.

This dictionary is very neatly and on the whole correctly printed; and the modern fashion of large margins, numerous paragraphs, as well as distant lines, seems to have been with great anxiety avoided. We have not indeed seen any work where the author and printer have apparently been more careful to condense. May the fashion spread still farther!

The plates are very elegantly executed. Those of the ligaments are wholly new in this country, and truly valuable. The others are well chosen, and engraved with great accuracy and elegance. We cannot point out deficiencies, as we know not the author's plan, and consequently are unacquainted with what are intended to follow.

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ART. VI.—*An Account of the Life and Writings of Hugh Blair, D.D. F.R.S.E. One of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. By the late John Hill, L.L.D. Professor of Humanity in the University, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Svo. 6s. Cadell. 1807.*

THE perusal of this title page cannot but affect the mind with melancholy emotions, and excite serious reflections on

the uncertain issue of all human designs. Dr. Hill was the friend and pupil of Dr. Blair, with the memoirs of whom we are here presented. This task he undertook, if we rightly understand him, at the request of his venerable friend, and it seems to have been congenial to his disposition, and to his professional habits and pursuits. Accordingly he has completed it in a manner well calculated to gratify the numerous admirers of this celebrated preacher. But before he could present the world with the fruits of his labours, he was himself summoned to eternity. This circumstance would disarm the severity of criticism, had the work itself been calculated to excite it; and praise cannot be suspected of partiality, when bestowed on the labour of one, who is alike insensible to praise or censure.

The lives of literary men are rarely chequered with adventures, which can make the relation of them very interesting to ordinary readers; that of Dr. Blair was perhaps less diversified than those of many of the same profession, and who are occupied by similar pursuits. Bred up to the ministry, preferred early in life to the office and duties of the pastoral function in his native city, gradually advanced to the highest station in the church which that metropolis afforded, and spending the remainder of a long life upon the same spot, employed in the peaceful duties of his office, what materials are afforded by a life like this to infuse an interest into the narration, and relieve the monotony of so uniform a scene?

The private correspondence of eminent men has often preserved many anecdotes of their lives and traits of their characters. When reading the effusions of their unguarded moments, and following the current of their thoughts as they arose warm from the heart, we seem to become more familiar with the writer, we enter into his views and sympathise with his passions, and if he occasionally descends from the pinnacle on which our imagination had placed him, to the common level of mankind, he often gains in our esteem what he loses of our admiration. However much therefore we disapprove the senseless or sordid practice of publishing, under the title of posthumous works, every loose fragment, every undigested thought, or every insignificant note, which has fallen from the pen of an eminent writer, still we would not stigmatise as unfair all such publications, though it may be of compositions never intended for the public eye. If an innocent curiosity is gratified, and no private duty violated, we cannot subscribe to that sternness of morality, which would deprive the public of so much harmless and agreeable recreation. But Dr. Blair entertained contrary sentiments.

He was of opinion, that in composing the lives of eminent men, an improper use had been made of the letters addressed to them. Though therefore he had entertained a correspondence with many eminent literary characters, every vestige of it had been destroyed, except a few letters respecting Ossian's poems. We cannot but regret the fact, while we respect the motives which led to it. It has increased the difficulties of his biographer, by contracting within limits still more narrow, the materials which might have been applied to his undertaking.

Dr. Blair, we are informed, was the lineal descendant of an ancient family in the west of Scotland, that of BLAIR of Blair, a family which has produced several eminent men in the departments of divinity, of law, and of physic. He was the eldest son of John Blair, a respectable merchant and magistrate of the city of Edinburgh; his mother's name was Martha Ogston. He was born at Edinburgh on the 7th of April, 1718. He was educated at the high school of Edinburgh, and became a student at the university in October 1730. At the age of sixteen, while attending the logic class, he composed an essay, *Περὶ τῆς κατὰ*, which possessed so much merit, that the professor (John Stevenson) ordered it to be publicly read at the end of the session. In 1741, Mr. Blair was licensed to preach the gospel by the presbytery of Edinburgh, and his appearances in the pulpit justified the expectations which his friends had formed of him. One sermon of his, in the West church, was so much noticed, as to procure from the earl of Leven in the year 1742, the presentation to the church of Colesie in Fifeshire. But in the following year he was restored to his native city, by being admitted second minister of the Canongate. This situation is filled by a popular election, in which he obtained a majority over Mr. Robert Walker, a minister then in high estimation as a preacher. We cannot but suppose that the private influence of his family and friends must have had as great a share in procuring him this preferment as his own merit, since he was still only 25 years old; nor can we thoroughly reconcile the preference shown him over a man of established reputation, to our own ideas of justice.

In the Canongate church he preached 11 years. From it he was translated to that called Lady Yester's in 1754; and from thence to the High Church, in 1758; a situation which in Scotland is understood to be the limits of a clergyman's ambition. In this situation he continued during the remainder of a long life.

Dr. Blair first showed his talents for criticism, from the share he took in a periodical work, called the 'Edinburgh Re-



view,' which appeared in 1755. Though there were concerned in it some men, who acquired afterwards much celebrity, as Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn, Dr. Robertson, Adam Smith, and Dr. Blair, its existence was very short, two numbers of it only having been published. To this work Dr. Blair contributed a review of Dr. Hutcheson's 'System of Moral Philosophy.' The next specimen of his critical powers, was displayed in a Dissertation upon the poems of Ossian. In this dissertation he laboured not only to evince the beauty of the poems themselves, but to remove the imputation of their being literary forgeries. Of those, however, who attended to the subject, a greater number was disposed to agree with him as to the excellence of those compositions than as to their authenticity. But whatever were the doubts entertained on this subject, none were ever heard of as to the extraordinary merit of Dr. Blair's dissertation.

The success of these pieces, and the acknowledged excellence of his compositions delivered from the pulpit, had established his reputation as an arbiter of taste and a master of polite literature. Accordingly he began to read lectures upon rhetoric and belles lettres at Edinburgh, about the year 1759. In 1760 the town council instituted a professorship of rhetoric, to which they appointed Dr. Blair, and in the year 1762 his majesty endowed this professorship with a salary of 70*l.* per annum.

There was a whimsical mania at this time epidemic among the Scotch literati, to which the establishment of this professorship has been ascribed: perhaps it may amuse our readers to be informed of it, though Dr. Hill has thought it unbecoming the gravity of his work to notice it. A debating society was established at Edinburgh about the year 1754, which was denominated the Select Society. Among the early members we find the names of Robertson, Hume, Kames, John Home, Carlyle, Wedderburn, Andrew Stewart, and Sir Gilbert Elliot. In 1759 the numbers amounted to 130, and included all the distinguished literati of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, with an appropriate complement of nobility and gentry. In 1761 the elder Sheridan made his appearance in the Scottish capital, and delivered his lectures on elocution, professing to instruct his auditors in the true pronunciation of the English tongue. These lectures were exceedingly popular, and on a sudden, such was the rage excited for speaking with an English accent, that three hundred gentlemen and a proportionate number of ladies attended them; and all the polite world began to affect a nicety of pronunciation

in their ordinary discourse. Public intimation was given in the newspapers, that the plan of a new establishment for carrying on, in Scotland, the study of the English tongue, in a regular and proper manner, was to be laid before the *Select Society*. Accordingly, an association was formed for the establishment of schools, the procuring of teachers, and for raising a fund for the payment of the salaries. It was to be denominated *The Society for promoting the reading and speaking of the English Language in Scotland*. The result of this mighty bustle may be readily anticipated. One master made his appearance, who circulated the price and condition of his attendance. And with this contemptible *annonce* the *Select Society*, which comprised all the high rank and literature of Scotland, closed its labours for ever.

If however this folly was the occasion of instituting Dr. Blair's professorship, it at least left behind it some permanent good. The lectures which he read to his classes on rhetoric and belles lettres, he found it necessary at length to publish. Undoubtedly it is not to these lectures that the doctor is indebted for his great celebrity. If we make some allowance for the partiality of a friend and the enthusiasm of an admirer, Dr. Hill must be allowed to have justly appreciated them in the following passage;

'It must be apparent to every attentive reader, that Dr. Blair was much more anxious to compose lectures that might become distinguished for their utility, than for their depth. His object was to initiate youth into a study, with which the country at large was but little acquainted. His pupils had undergone no preparatory discipline in the science, to which they applied themselves. Subtle discussion, from their teacher would have been, in a certain degree misapplied; and the stability of the structure might have been impaired, had the foundation not been securely laid.

'As the author of those lectures did not pique himself upon their depth, so neither did he boast of their originality. Upon every subject treated of, he tells us that he had thought for himself, but that he availed himself occasionally of the ideas of others. He felt it his duty to convey to his pupils all the knowledge that could improve them. By borrowing from others, he understood, that he not only enlarged the mass, but gave a value to the parts of it, of which they might otherwise have been destitute.

'But whatever reason Dr. Blair might see to accommodate his lectures to the capacity of young men, who were novices in his science, it has been urged by some, that he carried his desire of doing so too far. No great effort, they tell us, is requisite to apprehend principles legitimately formed, and clearly stated. If a teacher establish no principles, he trifles with those whom he pretends to instruct. He refuses to satisfy the appetite which he raises, and genius must

linguish for want of its proper food. Though superficial thinkers decry metaphysical discussion, because they dread its effects, yet nothing is so bad as the total want of it. It exposes the falsehood of those theories which exist in the imagination of the petulant, and it evolves the truth, by a nice discrimination of facts, which pretenders in science have neither discernment nor industry to collect.

‘ With all the merit which Dr. Blair’s lectures possess, it must be allowed, that the objection mentioned is in some degree applicable to them. By being too modest, or too timid, he rarely has the boldness to hazard a general remark. What many have said, and almost all believe, he states with confidence; and, by an unfortunate distrust of his own powers, he is apt to excite doubts in others, by betraying them in himself. He, who makes his pupils exercise their own talents, does them a real service; and it is better, perhaps, to establish principles that are questionable, than to establish none.

‘ In respect to the vigour and the correctness of the principle of taste, Dr. Blair had few rivals, and no superiors. In him this power was feelingly alive to the slightest impulse, and it separated the spurious from the genuine with unerring delicacy. Lord Kames, who had studied the subject of belles lettres before the doctor was known to have done so, and who was the first in this country that attempted to reduce it to a system, does not catch beauties and defects with the same nice apprehension. In point of originality, at the same time, and of that inventive power, which traces and establishes principles in the science, his lordship is much superior. Some of his theories may perhaps be false, and others whimsical; but in all of them there is ingenuity, and in many of them much truth. Whatever advantage the former critic had in the delicate precision of his taste, the latter seems to have possessed in the force of his genius. By every scientific enquirer, accordingly, the *Elements of Criticism* must be regarded as a valuable mine, that will not soon be exhausted.’

But his volumes of sermons are the durable monument which Dr. Blair has erected to his own fame. The unparalleled success which they have obtained, is an uncontroversible proof that their author was a consummate master of his art, and possessed a perfect knowledge of the avenues to the human heart. Indeed, if we except the Spectators, we think that Dr. Blair’s sermons are the most popular work in the English language; and they must therefore have a prodigious influence on the sentiments, taste, and manners of the age. If therefore to be the author of such discourses does not entitle him to the very first rank in literature, few will dispute his claim to the very highest station in the second. We know not indeed what standard of excellence to adopt, if that be not allowed, which is taken from distinguished eminence in an art which every churchman attempts, but in which very few attain even to mediocrity.

Upon the doctor's character then as a preacher Dr. Hill dwells at the greatest length, and apparently with the most satisfaction. He takes a view of the peculiar difficulties of the art, and makes a comparison between the eloquence suited to the pulpit, and that of the bar and the senate: and he determines, perhaps with justice, that though it may be more easy upon the whole to preach than to plead, it is infinitely more difficult to preach well than to plead well. He considers at some length the rules of composition which more immediately constitute the beauty of sermons, and which lead to eminence in that very delicate species of writing. The view he has taken is of course rapid and cursory, but it is bold and correct.

The learned writer then proceeds to examine critically some of Dr. Blair's discourses, and to contrast them with those of the celebrated French preachers, Bourdaloue, and Massillon, upon similar topics; He takes occasion to introduce some strictures on the eloquence of these writers, and of some other orators of the French church, Saurin, Bossuet, and Fenelon. This part of the work will be read with much interest by all who cultivate or admire the eloquence of the pulpit. Having given a short and masterly sketch of the style of some of our own preachers, Dr. Clark, Dr. Barrow, and Bishop Butler, Archbishop Tillotson, and Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Hill concludes this part of his work in the following words:

'Such are the outlines of the character of those distinguished preachers, both in Great Britain and France, with whom Dr. Blair is entitled to be compared. Each preacher, in each country, exhibits, in a certain degree, the merits and the defects of its style of preaching, as well as those that belong to himself. We might be accused of partiality to the country to which Dr. Blair long did honour, were we to affirm, that he had surpassed the splendid beauties of Massillon, Bossuet, and Flechier, or the clear and ingenious reasoning of Clark, Barrow, and Butler. In the medium between the extremes to which each set may have leant, he seems to have been desirous to find a place. - He wished to temper the glow of passion with the coolness of reason, and to give such scope only to the imagination of his audience, as would leave the exercise of their judgment unimpaired. He tried to accommodate his discussions to the apprehension of those whom he addressed; and, when called to elucidate the mysteries that bear to be inquired into, he enlivened the dark research by the brilliancy of a well-regulated fancy. The reception which his sermons have met with throughout Europe, after being translated into different languages, proves equally the merit of the preacher, and the candour of his judges. Even those in this country who envy his fame, hold it prudent to

be silent, and seem to set every thing like jealousy asleep. They are afraid to encounter that tide of public opinion, by which they are sure they would be borne down. In France his sermons were never said to be inanimate ; nor were they, in Britain, by good judges, said to be superficial. In both countries they have, at once, given pleasure to the gay, and consolation to the serious. By such a mixture of beauty and usefulness, as the world never before witnessed in their line, they have given fashion to a kind of reading that had long been discarded. They have stopped even the voluptuary in his career, and made him leave the haunts of dissipation, that he might listen to the preacher's reproof.

Having viewed Dr. Blair in the capacity of a *tritic* and a *preacher*, Dr. Hill proceeds in the last place to view him in that of a man. In this division of his subject, a short account is given of the eminent men with whom he corresponded or lived on a footing of intimacy. These were David Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Dr. Ferguson, and John Home. Dr. Robertson gave him, at the close of his life, a strong proof of the liberality of his mind and the sincerity of his attachment. Being aware of the approach of death, and wishing for a successor in his office as principal of the university of Edinburgh, he sent for Dr. Blair, begging that no delicacy to himself or his family might prevent his making the proper applications ; and assuring him that he should die with greater satisfaction, if he had reason to anticipate his friend's success. Dr. Blair, it must be acknowledged, betrayed great want of judgment in not following advice so generously given. He declined using any solicitation, even after the vacancy had taken place ; and, notwithstanding, it is certain that, when the appointment was given to another, he felt the oversight as injurious to himself, and that he was more affected by it, than his friends in general could have supposed. He should have considered, that in the appointment to offices of dignity and emolument, the electors are called upon, not only to select, but to *repel*; and he seems to have entertained too high an opinion of his own claims (however well-founded) and to have had too little feeling for the weakness of human nature, when he expected men to impose upon themselves so ungrateful a task for an object, to which he seemed himself indifferent.

In his private character and deportment Dr. Blair seems to have been calculated rather to engage our esteem and affection than to command our admiration. Delicacy of feeling, gentleness of manners, and a nice sensibility, were the principal features of his mental frame. These qualities

rendered him in some degree unfit for the bustle of active life, and unwilling to enter into it. But his judgment was sound, and it was strengthened by habits of study and observation. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; his reading indefatigable; and his memory tenacious. Nor were his studies confined entirely to the severer sciences. In books of voyages and travels he had a particular pleasure; and not contented with viewing human nature in the realities of life, he likewise read a great deal of fictitious history. Hence few people were more conversant in novels and romances than Dr. Blair; and to those which were excellent in their kind, he always gave due praise. With such dispositions, it is obvious that he was more adapted to please and adorn the circle of his private friends, than to take an active part in public life. In this intercourse he was apt to unbend himself without reserve, and he took no liberty with his friends which he did not willingly grant. Hence his acquaintance, particularly females, were mortified occasionally at his talking upon subjects that appeared too trivial and common. They should have considered that the mind, which in solitude is much upon the stretch, makes use of conversation as a relaxation from severer pursuits, rather than as a mode of displaying its own acquisitions, or gratifying itself by the empty applause of wondering ignorance. Though from his timidity and diffidence Dr. Blair was prevented from taking any active part in ecclesiastical business, in private consultations his opinion was much courted. Dr. Robertson, Dr. Carlyle, Dr. Drysdale, and others who managed these matters, conferred with him frequently; and his efforts, though not so public, were not less strenuous than theirs, for the introduction of those principles into the general assembly, which for fifty years have influenced its deliberations. The outline of the pastoral admonition, which this assembly, in 1799, addressed to the people under their charge, was furnished by him. It was distinguished by a beautiful simplicity of style, well suited to the plain doctrine it was meant to inculcate. This last public service may be regarded as his legacy to the church which he had so long adorned. Those who filled up this outline will long remember, with gratitude, this seasonable effort of a reverend father, who had then passed the 80th year of his age.

His death did not happen till the end of the following year, on the 27th of December. He left no family behind him. He had married in 1748 a cousin of his own, Miss Katharine Bannatyne, daughter of the Rev. James Bannatyne, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. By her he had two children; a son, who died in his infancy, and a daughter, who having

reached her twentieth year, became a victim to consumption.

Such are the principal facts we derive from this account of the life and writings of Dr. Blair. The whole is rather to be termed an *éloge*, than memoirs, of the very respectable divine it undertakes to commemorate. Having read it, we are sorry to see the doctor so little in action: as an author he was well known already; as a man, we are not much more acquainted with him than we were before the perusal of this life. But the execution of the work is respectable; and it is an honourable memorial of the piety and affection of a grateful pupil to the memory of a beloved and venerable master.

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**ART. VII.**—*Improvements in Education, as it respects the industrious Classes of the Community; containing among other important Particulars, an Account of the Institution for the Education of one Thousand Poor Children, Borough Road, Southwark; and the new System of Education, on which it is conducted.* By Joseph Lancaster. 8vo. Darton and Harvey. 1806.

**ART. VIII.**—*A Letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. in Consequence of the unqualified Approbation expressed by him in the House of Commons, of Mr. Lancaster's System of Education.* By John Bowles, Esq. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

**ART. IX.**—*Comparative View of the new Plan of Education.* By Mrs. Trimmer. 8vo. Rivington. 1806.

AS the reviewers of literature, and consequently deeply interested in the progress of intellect and the diffusion of knowledge, we congratulate our countrymen on the new method of teaching, which was originally invented by Dr. Bell, and which has been brought so near to perfection by Mr. Lancaster, that we trust it will soon be considered as great a phenomenon to find a man in the British empire who cannot read and write, as it was in the middle ages to find one who could. By this mode of teaching, which may be regarded as one of the most salutary inventions since that of printing, the means of obtaining the rudiments of knowledge will be so much facilitated, that the children of the poorest peasant in the kingdom will be enabled, in some degree,

to participate in the advantages of a literary education. We are well aware that there is no inconsiderable party in this country, who view this improved system of teaching with a jealous eye, and who consider it as likely to render the mass of mankind unfit for the drudgery of life. We are, however, so far from entertaining this narrow-minded apprehension, that we consider it a fit instrument for promoting not only the progress of knowledge but habits of industry and virtue. We are no advocates for that political code, which would keep mankind in a perpetuity of ignorance. Ignorance may do good by accident, but knowledge only is beneficial by design. Nor was ignorance designed to be the characteristic of man. The faculty of mind was not bestowed that it might not be employed; and as that faculty was not communicated to any privileged class, but freely dispensed to all, it was intended to be cultivated in all. Different individuals indeed in different circumstances possess different degrees of leisure for the culture; but even those in the humblest sphere possess it in some degree; and they must be regarded as morally accountable for the use. It will not certainly be denied that it is the duty of every government to employ all the means in its power to promote the happiness of the subject, but as happiness does not consist merely in the absence of physical want, but in moral and intellectual improvement, by which it is both augmented and refined, the education of youth or the culture of the mind and heart, is one of the most momentous and interesting considerations which can occupy the attention of any government. We do not mean that government should force upon the people any particular system of education, but that it should furnish all with the opportunity; and that even the lowest poverty may be raised above the level of brutal barbarity and ignorance. It is indeed supposed that, if all could read and write, none would work, and that famine would be the fruit of knowledge, communicated to the lower orders of society. But, is not ignorance the parent of sloth? and is the Irish peasant, who does not know his letters, more industrious than the English cottager, who can read his testament and perhaps write his name? Though even in this country there are still many who are left uneducated, many who have never been blest with the lowest rudiments of knowledge, yet there certainly never was a period among us, when knowledge was so generally diffused, or when so many persons of all ages and sexes, ranks and conditions, could read and write; yet was there ever a period in this country, when industry was so alert, when the whole mass of the people was so energetically impres-



sed, or so vividly animated with the spirit of exertion, when the labours of the plough and the loom were so perpetual and intense, and, in short, when the active powers of man were in a state so opposite to that of debility and indolence? The diffusion of knowledge therefore, as far as it has hitherto been extended, has been attended with the most salutary effects; and what reason have we to believe, that the farther extension would be productive of consequences injurious to the welfare of the community? Those, who are enemies to the diffusion of knowledge, reason as if the intellectual culture of man would cause the plough and the loom to be forsaken for habits of philosophical speculation. But such would be so far from being the effect of Mr. Lancaster's system of education, that it would rather tend to invigorate the habit of exertion. And as man is, on the whole, more governed by habit than by precept, and as the scions of our early habits gradually harden into that trunk of habits which form the characteristic of our later years, that system of education which combines physical activity with moral and intellectual improvement must be regarded of incalculable advantage. The object of education is to qualify the individual to act his part well in that state of life in which it is his destiny to move. Any education, which has this tendency, must be beneficial. Such is that which Mr. Lancaster proposes to render universal. But to the general adoption of this plan, Mr. Bowles objects, because, in the religious instruction which Mr. Lancaster communicates to his scholars, no doctrines are inculcated but such as are common to all sects of Christians; and consequently, such as we must allow (unless we exclude particular sects from the possibilities of salvation) to constitute the only essential points of the Christian doctrine. But Mr. Bowles contends that in such a system of education the peculiar doctrines of the established church ought to be exclusively retained; and that, though Mr. Lancaster teaches the apostles' creed, *that* is not sufficient without the creed of St. Athanasius. But is any man likely to become a better christian by being instructed in the principles of that creed? Is a want of charity one of the essential constituents of christianity? Is the spirit of intolerance inculcated in the precepts of the gospel? And is it one of the preliminaries of a good education to teach ingenuous and tender-hearted youth to imprecate damnation on all who do not think as they think? But, because Mr. Lancaster's plan does not inculcate any controverted or uncertain doctrines, Mr. Bowles seems to think that the christianity which he teaches

is 'scarcely any thing else than Deism.' Now, if Deism mean any thing, it means a disbelief in the divine mission of Jesus. But does Mr. Lancaster encourage this disbelief? Certainly not. For a belief in the divine mission of Jesus is one of the essentials of christianity, in which all sects of all denominations are perfectly agreed, and which consequently enters into the plan of Mr. Lancaster. Though different sects may entertain different opinions respecting the person of Jesus, though some may deny his pre-existence, or his miraculous conception, yet all agree in this, that he was divinely commissioned to teach the will of God; that he worked miracles to prove the divinity of his mission; and that he ratified the hope of a future life by his resurrection from the dead. Surely here is doctrine enough for the nutriment of faith and the encouragement of goodness. On such articles of belief as we have mentioned, in which all sects concur, and which are as powerful in their practical efficacy as they are in their speculative importance, we may safely erect a solid and useful system of religious education, suited to all the denominations of the christian world. Such is the basis on which the religious system of Mr. Lancaster is erected, and which is equally honourable to his head and to his heart. Mr. Lancaster is a member of the society of quakers, but he by no means wishes to render his system subservient to the propagation of his own peculiar opinions. Unanimity is his object, and charity his guide. One of the salutary tendencies of Mr. Lancaster's system of religious instruction would be to allay the spirit of religious animosity, and to cement between the different denominations of christians the bond of amity and peace. For, as that system would inculcate only those tenets, in which all sects of christians are agreed, and which constitute the only essential articles of that religion which Jesus preached, the youth of both sexes, by being taught from the earliest period, to consider these points of primary importance, would easily be led to regard those doctrines which are more ambiguous and obscure, as of inferior dignity and interest, and no fit object of animosity and strife. And, as early impressions are the most durable, such sensations of a comprehensive charity, and such notions of religious forbearance, by being imbibed in very early life, would not readily be effaced; and a true christian disposition might thus be gradually diffused among mankind. The distinguishing characteristic of true, as contrasted with spurious christianity, is an enlarged philanthropy, a general good will, which knows no limitations of sect or party

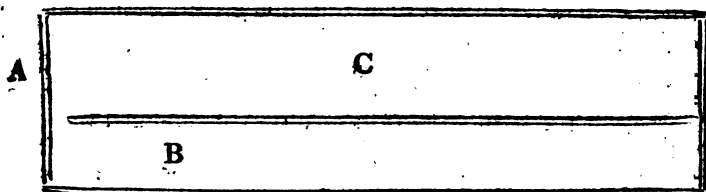
‘By this,’ said the founder of the christian doctrine, ‘shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another.’ Though our Saviour well knew the differences of opinion which would arise among his followers, and the complicated absurdities which would be incorporated with his doctrine, yet, instead of allowing any differences of judgment to make any interruptions in the harmony of his disciples, he made the spirit of mutual charity and forbearance the only test of their attachment to his religion. Mr. Bowles, who would render Mr. Lancaster’s system subservient only to the propagation of those tenets, which are embraced by a particular body of christians, would not only render it an object of aversion to christians of other denominations, but would deprive it of its greatest usefulness as a most salutary and efficacious mean of diverting the attention of mankind from the forms, the superfluities, and excrescences, to the only essentials of true religion; of appeasing the animosities of contending sects; and of diffusing the spirit of a comprehensive charity through the whole christian world.

‘Education,’ says Mr. Lancaster very justly, ‘ought not to be subservient to the propagation of the peculiar tenets of any sect. Beyond the number of that sect, it becomes undue influence; like the strong taking advantage of the weak. Yet, a reverence for the sacred name of God and the scriptures of truth; a detestation of vice; a love of veracity; a due attention to duties to parents, to relations, and to society; carefulness to avoid bad company; civility without flattery, and a peaceable demeanor, may be inculcated in every seminary for youth, without violating the sanctuary of private religious opinion in any mind. When obedience to the divine precepts keeps pace with knowledge in the mind of any man, that man is a christian; and when the fruits of christianity are produced, that man is evidently a disciple of our Blessed Lord, let his profession of religion be what it may.’

These are the sentiments of a pious and enlightened mind, well acquainted with the principles and the operations of genuine christianity. We here discover none of that sect-making spirit, which is one of the surest marks of a misguided, a bigoted, or an hypocritical religionist. Mr. Bowles will perhaps apply to these sentiments, as he has done to the system of Mr. Lancaster, the epithet of Deistical. But if by Deistical, Mr. Bowles mean that comprehensive good will, which, without any narrow or sectarian antipathies, causes us to love one another, as Christ has loved us, we confess that we are highly flattered by the imputation; and that we take what he vents as abuse, for the

highest panegyric. We will now communicate to our readers some idea of the mode of education which Mr. Lancaster pursues, by which one master and only one or two books may be competent to the instruction of one thousand boys. The whole school is divided into classes according to the proficiency of the boys ; and a monitor, or more, according to the number of boys, is appointed to each. Thus the labour of the master is abridged, and the instruction of the scholar is accelerated.

‘ The first or lowest class of scholars are those who are yet unacquainted with their alphabet. This is called the A B C class. The method of teaching is as follows : a bench is placed or fixed to the ground for the boys to sit on ; another, about a foot higher, is placed before them. On the desk before them are placed deal ledges, thus :



‘ The letter A shews the entire surface of the desk. B, is a vacant space, where the boys lean their left arms, while they write or print with the right hand. The sand is placed in the space C. Sand of any kind will do, but it must be dry. The boys print in the sand with their fingers ; they all print at the *command* given by their monitor. A boy who knows how to print and distinguish some of his letters is placed by one who knows few or none, with a view to assist him ; and particularly that he may copy the form of his letters from seeing him make them. We find this copying one from another a great step towards proficiency. In teaching the boys to print the alphabet, the monitor first makes a letter on the sand, before any boy who knows nothing about it ; the boy is then required to retrace the same letter with his fingers ; and thus he is employed till he can make the letter himself without the monitor's assistance. Then he may go on to learn another letter.’

‘ Another method of teaching the alphabet is, by a large sheet of pasteboard suspended by a nail on the school wall ; twelve boys, from the sand class, are formed into a circle round this alphabet, standing in their numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. to 12. These numbers are pasteboard tickets, with No. 1, &c. inscribed, suspended by a string from the button of the bearer's coat, or round his neck. The best boy stands in the first place ; he is also decorated with a leathern

ticket, gilt, and lettered *merit*, as a badge of honour. He is always the first boy questioned by the monitor, who points to a particular letter in the alphabet. "What letter is that?" If he tells readily all is well, and he retains his place in the class; which he forfeits together with his number and ticket to the next boy, who answers the question if he cannot.'

'The second class are chiefly boys who have learnt to print the alphabet and *figures* in sand and readily to distinguish the same on paper. Their business is to spell short words by writing them with their fingers in the sand; the monitor pronouncing a word or a syllable, and each boy printing it on the sand with his fingers, and thus spelling it. These boys have besides small slates on which they learn to make all the alphabet in writing.'

Mr. Lancaster's method of spelling 'commands attention, gratifies the active disposition of youth, and is an excellent introduction to writing. It superadds in a great measure the use of books in tuition, while (to speak moderately) it doubles the actual improvement of the children. Supply twenty boys with slates and pencil, and pronounce any word for them to write, suppose it the word *ab-so-lu-ti-on*; they are obliged to listen with attention, to catch the sound of every letter as it falls from their teacher's lips; again they have to retrace the idea of every letter, and the pronunciation of the word as they write it on the slates.' Thus we find that Mr. Lancaster's plan almost entirely saves the expence of books, pens and ink, while boys have six times the usual practice in writing. 'By this practice of writing on a slate, they learn to humour their pencils, so as to write just like a pen, in making the up and down strokes of the letters.' The usual mode of teaching requires every boy to have a book, but, by the ingenious contrivance of Mr. Lancaster, one book will serve instead of six hundred. In the common schools, each boy can read or spell only one lesson at the same time in the same book; while the other parts are in continual wear and liable to be *thumbed* to pieces. But if a book containing thirty different lessons were printed in a large letter, only on one side of a leaf, and each leaf fixed on a pasteboard and suspended by a string from any convenient place, twelve or even twenty boys might stand in a half circle round each board, and by these means, learn to read or spell as well as if each boy had a spelling book in his hand. This method is practised in the school of Mr. Lancaster, and thus one book containing thirty lessons, serves at the same time for the instruction of six hundred boys, without being liable to the wear and tear to which school books are usually exposed.

'Every lesson,' says Mr. Lancaster, 'placed on a card, will serve for twelve or twenty boys at once; and when that twelve or twenty have repeated the whole lesson as many times over as there are boys in the circle, they are dismissed to their spelling on the slate, and another like number of boys may study the same lesson in succession; indeed *two hundred boys* may all repeat their lessons from one card in the space of *three hours*.'

Mr. Lancaster's extempore method of spelling, like the other parts of his system, combines clearness of instruction with rapidity of improvement.

'When the circle of boys is formed around their card or lesson, the monitor points, with his pencil or pen, to the columns of spelling which form the lesson for the day. The first boy reads six words by syllables; he does not spell the words by repeating each letter, but by repeating, in a distinct manner, each syllable in every word. If he commits any mistake the next boy is required to rectify it without being told what the mistake is; if the second boy cannot correct the first, the third or fourth may; in which case the scholar takes precedence of him that committed it, and receives the *insignia* of merit at the same time. In no case is a monitor suffered to teach or tell the boys in his circle what the error is, unless they should all be equally ignorant; then it becomes his duty to do it. This is in fact each boy teaching himself,' &c. &c.

The mode of teaching arithmetic is equally simple and profound; but, as we can hardly allot room for further extracts, we must refer the reader to the book. We have, in the former part of this article, bestowed high commendation on the religious instruction which is delivered in the school of Mr. Lancaster, and we have applauded it the more, because it is divested of all sectarian partialities. The character of true religion is well depicted by St. James;—It is 'TO VISIT THE POOR AND THE FATHERLESS IN THEIR AFFLICTION, AND TO LIVE UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD. Such is the religion which is taught by Mr. Lancaster. The distinguishing feature of his religious system, in conformity with the precepts and with the example of the founder of christianity himself, is, **UNIVERSALITY**, as it respects the principles and the practice, the duties of life and the affections of the heart.

Mr. Lancaster has lately established a school for girls on the same plan with that for boys; and he hopes soon to perfect his systems so far as not only to teach his pupils to read, to write, and to sum, but to learn the rudiments of some use-

ful trade. This will perfect the plan, and render it still more deserving the support and protection of the government. When we consider not only what have been the effects of Mr. Lancaster's system, as far as it has hitherto been tried, but what must be the national good which it will produce, when practised on a larger scale and supported as a national concern, we cannot help rejoicing in the hope which it inspires. We regard it, under the favour of Providence, as the probable means of effecting a radical reformation in the morals and the habits of the lower classes of society, and, instead of agreeing with that unwearied pamphleteer, Mr. Bowles, that it is a delusive cover for the propagation of Deism, we consider it as likely to furnish the best and safest antidote to infidelity and vice. If the substance of christianity consist, as its blessed author affirmed, in loving our neighbour as ourselves, and in doing to others what we would that others should, in the like circumstances, do to us, the schools of Mr. Lancaster will be found very efficacious in establishing this religion in every heart, without any hypocritical mummery or pharisaical inventions. We venerate Mr. Lancaster as one of the best friends of his country and his species.

Mrs. Trimmer, in her 'Comparative View,' approves of the mechanical part of Mr. Lancaster's plan; but she differs with him about the essentials of religion. With her every thing is essential, which is inculcated among that sect of christians to which she belongs; and consequently Mr. Lancaster's system must be made to conform to her tenets, or not have her support. But this is to reason and to act on narrow principles; and to be deficient in that comprehensive charity, which is the brightest ornament of those who profess the religion of Christ. There are some great and fundamental truths, such as we have enumerated in a former part of this article, which are common to all sects; these truths constitute the only essentials of christianity, and these Mr. Lancaster inculcates. If the creed of Mrs. Trimmer include a multiplicity of articles, which are not to be found among these essentials, let her be contented with the peaceable possession of them in her own bosom, without endeavouring to force them into a system of national education, where they will operate only as a bone of contention and a cause of strife.

NT. X.—*Historical, literary and political Anecdotes and Miscellanies. In 8 Vols. From the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, 12mo. 18s. Colburn. 1807.*

THE injudicious use of the words *even, such-like, therefrom, thereby, the same*, the spelling of *were* for *where*, &c. and the numberless instances of nouns plural rejoicing in verbs singular, bear internal evidence to the identity of this translator, and the extraordinary personage who rendered to White-chapel English the romances of Kotzebue.

Deep were our conjectures in February last on the profession and character of this translator, whom we then considered, and do still consider, to be an inverse genius of the very first water.—But to Augustus Von Kotzebue,

These anecdotes are professedly compiled from various books, and are in general more unamusing, dull, and unmeaning, than any of the *ana's* which have issued from the press for a century past. They are in general beneath all criticism, and beneath all notice. It would be needless to point out passages eminent for their dullness, where nearly every thing is eminently dull; in travelling through a country fertile and beautiful, the journeyer remarks with pain the first barren or unhappy spot; it rivets his attention, and becomes impressed on his memory, allied with a wish that it had not obtruded itself to the detriment of the rich vallies and woody mountains which surround it. But no man's attention would be arrested by one peculiar tract of sterility on the desert and boundless sands of Libya, where one undistinguishable and uniform waste expands to the eye. For this reason, on comparing the author with himself, it is difficult to fix on one anecdote which is more tame and spiritless than those by which it is surrounded. The extended name of the author demands some attention; the anecdotes which he has compiled should otherwise have passed unnoticed. The reviewer of this article will confine himself almost exclusively to the selection of such specimens as he may think in some degree exceptions to the character of the book.

In volume 1, is a curious, and it were to be feared, only a curious disquisition into the fate of the Maid of Orleans.

The common account that she was burned to death for a relapse into heresy and sorcery, is discredited on the authority of a manuscript found at Metz by a father Vignier, from which it appears that this father was busily occupied with the history of the lords of Alsace, and in a journey through Lotharingia sought every where the accounts and antiquities



which might throw any light on the subject. The result of his enquiries was a *discovery* that she was not burnt, but was married in the year 1436-7 to a count Whenbourg, to whom she bore several children.

The anecdote is entitled, "The Maid of Orleans, as a wife and mother." Amidst our apprehensions for the accuracy of father Vignier's researches, it is some pleasure to reflect, that the outrage to humanity, which it is here attempted to disprove, was the work of her own countrymen almost exclusively. The French prelates, the university of Paris, and not improbably the French officers by whose treachery she was betrayed, and who envied her glory, were her judges and her executioners. Of our countrymen, only the cardinal of Winchester had the baseness, cowardice, and cruelty to concur in this impotent revenge.

In the second volume we meet with extracts from Iwan Iwanow Tschudrin's yet unprinted travels in China. Mr. Kotzebue in his journey from Tobolsk to Petersburg became acquainted with this personage, who in his youth had been sent to China on some mercantile missions; had, from circumstances peculiarly favourable to him, made himself master of the mysterious language of the natives; was esteemed by them as one of their countrymen, and consequently admitted behind the curtain which they never fail to drop before the eyes of convicted foreigners. Among other feats he became a Chinese comedian, and married a native lady. The extract here made contains the description of a feast to which he was invited by the worshipful Krag-hao. The account of the formalities which took place before and at this entertainment are amusing enough.

A Chinese gentleman by the name of Pic-ting-Koan drills our visitor, for about a week before the festival, in all the solemn grimaces which are in China considered manners. Iwan Iwanow Tschudrin receives a *titsee* or card of invitation from his well-wisher, and on the following morning receives a second message to ask if he had not forgotten his invitation.

After entering the hall, where two richly dressed door-keepers concealed their master beneath a large fan, the description of the congratulation and welcome is as follows:

"I might be still about six steps distance from those people, when they suddenly drew their umbrellas from before them, and Krag-hao came from behind. Now the compliments began, which an European spectator, in spite of his serious mien, would have taken for jest. We stooped and bowed over and under, pushed now to the right, and then to the left, according to the province in which we

found ourselves (for in China the place of honour is not every where on the right hand), we kneeled upon one knee, then upon the other; in short a sort of pantomime ballet was danced with the master of the house, in which the number of the allotted motions is not to be described. Then followed phrases of politeness and fine titles of honour, which we conferred on each other. Afterwards the master of the house invited his guests to go farther, in dumb show, and the latter replied in the same mute manner. The master of the house at last broke the silence in the following words: "*tsin tsin*," he was pleased to say, which contained the request, "*be pleased to walk before.*" "*Pic-can*," answered the guest, "*Heaven forbid, that I should attempt such a thing!*"—until he at last, after oftentimes repeating, and refusing, was forced by a gentle push.

After innumerable compliments, delays, bows, compliments again, ceremonies of precedence, and other formalities, they sat down, each to a separate table, near which is placed another table, on which rises a pyramid of meat and fruit about a foot and a half high. Here we vainly imagined that the repast might have commenced. No such thing. Poor Tschudrin! Alas poor Tschudrin! Thou wast doomed, like a second governor of Barataria, to see this savoury pyramid of dainties vanish from thee untouched, and to smell in its stead a silver pan of perfumes. Patience is valuable in every place; in China it must be invaluable. The time for commencing an assault on the dishes at length approaches. The manner of commencing it is partly military, partly civil.

My appetite was already sufficiently provoked by the long preparation, and I eagerly waited for the commencement of the repast. At last a master of the ceremonies knelt down in the middle of the hall, raised his voice loudly and solemnly, pronounced seriously and slowly: "*Ta lao pe Tsing Tsin!*" that is to say: "*My master treats you to drink.*" We all seized our cups in a moment, raised them to our foreheads, as a battalion their arms, at command, then lowered them to our mouths; we however only sipped, till the master of the ceremonies a second time cried out: "*Tsing Tschao can!*" that was "*if you please, to the very last drop;*" at the same time the master of the house turned down his cup to shew that it was empty.

The same ceremony was not only observed at every draught, but even at every fresh dish, which was not placed in order, until the solemn invitation: "*take up your Ta-tsce* (or small ivory stick or fork) *to taste this fresh dish!*" was pronounced to us, and a polite nod from the master of the house confirmed the invitation.

Here the master of the house gives the word of command, not absolutely indeed, but in the way of injunction not un-

like these officers of small volunteer corps, who, bearing in mind that they are commanding gentlemen, and not impossibly scholars, adapt their orders with due discrimination. 'May I trouble you, gentlemen, to wheel to the left?' 'Eyes right; if you please, gentlemen.' 'Will you do me the honour to march?' 'I shall feel myself infinitely obliged to you, gentlemen, if you will be kind enough to shoulder arms,' &c.

To complete the romance Iwan Iwanow hears the rustling of silken dresses against a partition of bamboo sticks, behind which the lovely Can-hoa was concealed. After gaining considerable glory by eating, there is no wonder that our visitor should incline to love, particularly since he saw now and then a white hand, from which the long hanging sleeve was, not without design, drawn back. A finer and no doubt a keener appetite takes place of that which had been sated by the ragouts, herbs, pulse, and broth seasoned with hog's lard.

After the repast and reiterated compliments, the guests sally out through a brilliantly decorated gallery into the garden illuminated by variegated lamps. From thence they return to a little divertisement got up by Chinese drolls, which is rendered more convivial by being compelled to drink pretty freely of the best *lamb wine*, which is prepared from the flesh of the lamb, in the province Schewei, and has (we perfectly believe Iwan Iwanow) a most unpleasant smell. Iwan Iwanow concludes with these sapient remarks:

'Thus then was concluded this festive repast, with all thereunto appertaining. I have often since had opportunities of being present at similar festivities; and whatever an European may think of them, I can even still almost assert, that such a banquet is much more agreeable than a great European feast. To the ceremonies and measured motions a man becomes as soon, and as easily accustomed, as to those of freemasonry, in a table lodge. With the rest of the deviating customs, the advantage is much on the side of the Chinese.

'The *Assigned Place* relieved me from the embarrassment, either of advancing too forward, or remaining too far behind.

'The *table for each guest* secured to the same a convenient place, where he had his arms at liberty, and was out of danger of receiving a thrust in the ribs from his neighbour.

'The separate dishes that were placed before each guest, protected him from committing the incivility of perhaps depriving his neighbour of a dainty, after which he had already squinted with desire.

'The *perfuming pan*, chased away in the most agreeable manner, the oppressive smell of the provisions.

'The *limitation of the drinking*, by an invitation to every draught, was a preventative to the guest, from becoming too merry, and would be particularly advantageous in our dear native country.

'The actors produced the most agreeable entertainment, and even the kettle-drums prevented one guest from saying any thing stupid in the ear of another. How often is a man during European meals obliged to torment and torture himself, to produce some entertainment to his guests. In China that is unnecessary. There a man sits quiet, and enjoys with eyes and ears, with body and soul.

'The rising up between the regular meal and the desert is highly desirable, gives time to breathe, and promotes digestion.

'In short, I have in my subsequent travels through England and Germany, been feasted in many principal towns, where there was not less complimenting than in China, and where a considerable increase of ennui was suffered.'

From all this it is very evident that Mr. Tschudrin (if there be such a person) saw much more than lord Macartney and his followers. Kien Long was far from saying to his lordship and associated adventurers '*tsin, tsin*;' neither had his lordship the trouble of answering melodiously, '*Pic-can*,' which we hope our readers perfectly comprehend. For our own parts, we really thank Mr. Kotzebue for this description, which, we have no doubt, is as nearly resembling the truth as certain fanciful noises resemble the music of the Sandwich Islands, Otaheite, and other barbarous places. The composing this account of a Chinese banquet, the aforesaid tunes, and the history of navigation before the deluge, must have enlivened considerably many a long breakfast of each of the several inventors.

The reader is in another part favoured with extracts from the journal of Stanislaus Augustus, the last king of Poland, from the 20th of March 1777, to the 12th of February, 1798, the day of his death. These are not altogether uninteresting.

The few things which are curious in these volumes, are curious enough in conscience. We hear of a nail, which had been employed in the crucifixion of our Saviour, preserved, and sent from Constantinople to Petersburg. We hear that count Kobenzel, before his departure from that metropolis, enacted, for the amusement of the company, the part of a hen; and that some of the princess Dolgorucki's children were attired as chickens, whom the hen, his excellency count Kobenzel, sheltered and defended.

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora.—

It had been well for Austria and some other states that many of their grave counsellors and parade generals had played at hens and chickens; the latter, although old, have been proved to be far from tough.

In the third volume is a memorial of an Asiatic grandee well known in this country by the name of Mirza. He

was a visitor in the British isles for the space of two or three years, and in that time collected as much information as the opportunities of an intercourse with all orders of people allowed him, to note down and compare our manners with those of his countrymen. It seems to be his opinion that the Asiatic wives are much better off than the European. There is much acuteness in his defence of their pretended superiority. But the cause is weak, and it cannot be matter of wonder, if the reasoner fails in proving what he intended. He has succeeded admirably in shewing that the wives of the East have all the facilities to embitter the happiness of their husbands; and he has not forgotten to prove that their inclination is at least equal to their power.

'The Asiatic women appear in many instances to enjoy less freedom than the European. The most striking in their manner of life is, that their habitations are completely separated from those of their husbands. In Europe, people have the strangest ideas thereon; but the custom has great advantages; yet, who knows whether it would not be everywhere imitated, had it not too many difficulties in an economical point of view. For example, it is very expensive living in England, few domestics are kept, and the houses are so small, that if a man and his wife would live in separate parts of the house, the expence for table, equipage, and servants would be enormous, and not to be borne. They therefore are obliged to live together, eat together, be served by the same people, which to the wife may often be troublesome enough. In Asia, on the contrary, the women have the handsomest part of the house to themselves, and are not required every hour and minute to accommodate themselves to their husbands. If they have female friends with them, they then send the husband his dinner in the *murdannah* (his own chamber), and do not allow him any entrance for many days. Even so can the husband remain perfectly undisturbed in his *murdannah*. In Europe the climate, in part, obliges the people to draw closer together. It is cold, people must keep themselves in motion, they always go out a walking. But the Asiatic women can never attempt to walk out, under their burning sun; it does not accord with their retired manners, nor with their modesty.—Want of room alone obliges the people in Europe, often to inhabit one chamber, even to sleep in one bed.'

The foregoing comparisons undoubtedly set the matter of separate apartments in a point of view different from that in which we have generally seen it. Again of the Asiatic ladies;

'They also walk a little in their gardens, and musicians, dancers, jugglers are allowed to come to them, and thus to scare away

uniformity.—The right to take more wives than one, appears to the European, to be oppressive and degrading to the softer sex ; but to me this custom appears to be founded in nature. Pregnancy, the suckling of children, separates the wife however, either a longer or a shorter time, from the husband. The Asiatic women have the right to keep their husbands a very long time at a distance from them. A European would, in this case, be completely at a loss. The Asiatic takes refuge in the second wife. The plurality of wives is also an indemnity for that right. The first wife is never injured thereby in honour nor selflove ; the second and third wife are never of a good family. The rich and noble people never allow to their daughters such marriages. The first wife never admits the others into her company.'

As a picture of domestic tranquillity in Asia :

' Over the servants in the house the wife has considerably more power than in Europe. The female domestics in the *Zenana* (Haram) are wholly under her command ; she chuses them, and turns them away again at pleasure. The husband in that business has no right. Has he cause to complain against any one of them, so will this one directly become more dear to the wife ; on the contrary, does he praise any one of her chamber maids, so certainly will the latter not remain long in the house. Also the servants of the husband know and dread the influence of the wife.—If in Europe a severe quarrel disturbs the married state, the wife must fly to her father and relations. In Asia it is the reverse. The husband cannot even have his dinner, if his wife does not give it to him ; for all the provision is dressed in the *Zenana*.—Asiatic women possess the talent, to torment their husband, through their whims, to much greater perfection than the European. They generally believe, that to maintain the rule a woman must not be too gentle, yielding, and condescending. They all make themselves a little grievous to the men, to raise the value of their complaisance. If, for example, a wife pays a visit to her father for three days, she certainly will not return home on the fourth. The husband finds himself obliged courteously to go and fetch her, but she does not follow him yet, promises to return on the next morning, and deceives him again. Or if she is called to dinner, she is not yet ready, and makes the husband wait till every thing is cold, and thus she goes on. Besides, it would be in the highest degree indecent and indelicate if the wife was, when on a visit to her father, to return home again immediately on the first entreaty of the husband. —At last there is also still an article that incontrovertibly proves the independence of the Asiatic wives. If, for instance, a husband and wife are at variance, so can the wife, without further ceremony, take the children, together with all that she has of value, and go therewith to her father, and remain there so long, that the husband is at last obliged to submit.'

We accordingly find the Asiatic ladies, capricious and tyrannical ; any thing but free and respected. As a proof of

the contempt in which they are held, the law enacts that four female witnesses should concur in proving a fact, for which two males are sufficient. 'And this law,' continues Mirza, 'is founded on the inexperience and *sickleness* of women.' Their freedom is bounded to their own house, nay to their own apartments, and gardens; and to appear in public is infamy.

From this and all other accounts, it is evident how far the Asiatics undervalue females; neglect their education; impose on them harsh and degrading laws, by which they are for ever reminded of their inferiority, and their subserviency to the appetites, without any claim to the affections, of men. The ladies therefore retaliate dreadfully on their oppressors; and however great and powerful the latter may be esteemed abroad, to the comforts of a home they are utter strangers. If women are in those countries objects of such perfect insignificance, it is hardly to be wondered at, that they should live despised, tortured, and giving tortures. But to what causes is this insignificance to be attributed? To early neglect, or to an education more dangerous than neglect.

In the better parts of Europe the sex have attained to their natural rank. In domestic matters their power is undisputed, and from being used to the government of their own houses and families, they are seldom found to abuse their birthright. They are acknowledged to be susceptible of the fine feelings to a more exquisite degree than their male associates; in all the elegancies of life they are their superiors; and in literature they give daily proofs of a vigour of conception, and fervour of genius, which is hardly equalled, at least by the authors of the present day. In positive endurance of sufferings they are unrivalled, and when the trial demands the greatest exertion of heroism, the tragic scenes which have been played in a neighbouring country, evince how their courage rises with the difficulty. England never made such rapid strides to grandeur as under the dominion of Elizabeth, and the real weakness of Russia was unknown until the death of Catherine. The combined experience and talents of Talbot, Suffolk, and the duke of Bedford yielded to the genius of a country girl, who had hardly reached her twenty-seventh year. But that *old women* are unsuccessful in saving their countries, the events of the two last years more particularly evince.

**ART. XI.—*An Essay on the Causes and Phenomena of Animal Life.* By John Herdman, M.D. 2d Edition. 8vo. Jordan and Maxwell. 6s. 1806.**

THE principles, on which are founded the doctrine contained in this essay, are those of the Brunonian theory. But Dr. Herdman in several points differs from the opinions of his master; and attempts by several modifications of the Brunonian doctrine to overcome the difficulties, and reconcile the contradictions, with which it is embarrassed. After some introductory matter, and some just strictures on the theory of Dr. Girtanner, who maintained that the vital principle is no more than oxygenous gas, Dr. H. lays down the design of his own work in the following words:

‘In the prosecution of this subject, we shall first take a brief view of the structure of the animal body, chiefly with the design of showing that a similar organization, under various modifications, takes place in every part.

‘Secondly, we shall endeavour to show, that by the union of various parts of the animal body, a complete and indivisible whole is formed, so that any agent, which operates upon a part, must in a greater or less degree affect the whole.

‘Thirdly, we shall offer some general observations on the nature of excitability, or that principle which appears to exist in every part of the body, and by which it is rendered susceptible of the action of various agents.

‘And lastly, we shall take a brief view of those agents, by the operation of which upon organized matter, the phenomena of life are produced, and continued.’

It will be seen that these topics comprehend the whole field of *pathological* and *physiological* reasoning. We must say in general of these speculations, that we by no means attach the importance to them which they are apt to do, with whom they are a favourite pursuit. The fact, Dr. Herdman tells us, is indisputable, that Dr. Brown’s system has produced a more remarkable revolution, both in the theoretical and practical departments of the healing art, than is to be found in the whole history of medicine. This we wholly deny. The theory has principally tended to mislead the minds of fervent and often indolent young men, and to make them believe, that medicine is to be learnt not in hospitals or by the bed-side of the sick, but from the pages of authors, who have bewildered themselves in the mazes of their own generalities. As to practice, we may challenge Dr. H. to produce a single practical improvement, which can be traced to the works of



Brown, and we may add of Darwin, and the whole herd of medical metaphysical physicians. The reason of this is extremely obvious. The data on which to build a just and perfect theory are deficient; the defect must therefore be supplied by hypotheses, drawn merely from the imagination. We could readily illustrate the truth of this position from the pages before us. But the task would be irksome to ourselves, and not very agreeable to our readers. At the same time we confess with pleasure, that the author has displayed in the execution of his task no mean talents, from which, if applied to subjects more within the compass of talents, we are inclined to hope for the happiest success.

**ART. XII —***First Impressions, or Sketches from Art and Nature, animate and inanimate.* By J. P. Malcolm, F. S.A. Author of *Londinum Redivivum*. 8vo. 18s. Longman. 1807.

IT is no uncommon thing to find want of merit accompanied by impudence and affectation; but we have seldom known these qualities walk so affectionately hand in hand from the advertisement to the conclusion, as they do in the work before us. It is our province among other more serious duties, to guard literature and the arts from the encroachments of bad taste, and the pretensions of ignorance. It is only to readers of some degree of sense and experience, that Mr. Malcolm's publication affords its own antidote; to others a book is not always harmless because it is ridiculous. Mr. Malcolm's absurdities begin earlier than the date which we have just now assigned to them; the very title of the book, '*First Impressions*,'\* is condemned to endure the lie from almost every page of it. As the chief end of his journeys appears to have been the examination and description of antient edifices, we were led to expect some attempt at explaining the several effects which they produce on the imagination of the spectator by their striking proportions, their elegant or magnificent outlines, or their varied masses of light and shadow

\* It is only right to observe, that since this article was written, Mr. Malcolm has informed us by a letter that he has altered the title to '*Excursions in Kent, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Somersetshire, made in the Years 1802, 1803, and 1805, illustrated by descriptive Sketches of the most interesting Places and Buildings in those Counties, and Delicacies of Character in different Banks of Life.*'

which the first impression of an object on a cultivated mind entirely depends; but Mr. M. discloses nothing like a general idea in his whole work.

Sterne says of mirth, 'every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life.' Now if solemn nonsense can produce merriment, we would recommend this book as a pocket companion to every physician, surgeon, and apothecary, when attending a patient in extreme danger, who has not been provident enough to make a will, and to whose family a few added hours of life must be of extreme importance; but if the book itself be deemed too ponderous, let them clip out the advertisement and introduction.

#### THE ADVERTISEMENT.

'The author of the following pages feels the more confidence in laying them before the public, as they are the result of actual and recent observation. Lest the critic should commit an unpardonable error by condemning the scenes delineated from animated nature, the author warns him, 'Poor, poor critic! "be merciful great duke to men of mould; abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage, use lenity, sweet chuck!"' the author warns him, that they are from absolute facts, with the conversations literally and faithfully reported, as the interlocutors must acknowledge should they peruse this work. On this head he is perfectly safe. The only point in which he acknowledges himself vulnerable is his style; who would not take this for modesty? 'that it is own; that it is indeed, and we give him joy of it; yet, he hopes if some condemn it, some will do so without doubt, others will approve.' We were willing to give our author credit for his modesty, till we saw that it was all legerdemain; for though he seems to give up his style as a sop to the open-mouthed reviewers (as a man pursued by a bull throws away his coat in order to save his carcass), he does it unfairly, for we hardly lay our hands on it when by a deceitful jerk he twitches it away, 'he hopes if some condemn it, others will approve.'

The subjects described are of superior interest, 'Mr. M.'s journal is perpetually giving the lie to this assertion, 'and must command the admiration of every spectator. If they are even faintly recognised, from the descriptions or engravings, by those who have had the good fortune to view them, his principal aim will be accomplished. The drawings are all originals, and made, etched, and finished by J. P. Malcolm!!! Astonishing man! Michel Angelo, poor fellow! only claimed a triple wreath; J. P. Malcolm, the painter, the engraver, the antiquary, the sentimentalist, bursts on the

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gaping world, a meteor with four tails! Next comes the 'Introduction' (for so important a work must be ushered into the world with becoming dignity), which is intended to be explanatory of the title of the work 'First Impressions.' It begins with bombast, its continuation is a tissue of confusion and absurdity, and it ends in a pun. This elegant specimen of our author's brilliancy of imagination, is the point of a well-bred address to the reader, and kindly shews him what kind of humour he has to expect from so entertaining and polite a companion.

'If he should peruse the effects of "First Impressions" on my mind with complacency, he will make me extremely happy, and perhaps occasion a second impression of "First Impressions."'

The author after admiring the beauties of London at sun-rise in the month of August, sets out on his journey to Rochester, which place affords him an opportunity of quoting about eleven pages from Sir Walter Gorge's address to Frederick prince of Wales on ship building, and the imprudence of using Rochester as a station for the British navy. This information cannot *now* be of any importance to the public: it answers very well to the author, as it helps him forward with his book; but the reader finds nothing to laugh at in it, and his time passes heavily, till he is again titillated by Mr. Malcolm's own sublime and interesting journal.—Mr. M. next proceeds to Canterbury, where he finds that the cathedral compared with the surrounding buildings 'repels all competition.' A fine idea! and so the author thinks it, for he quotes it again and again in p. 23 and 28, including the expression (as it deserves) in inverted commas, thus impressing 'so exquisite and happy a phrase indelibly on the 'mental tablet' of the reader.

That we may give our author's ideas of architecture unmutilated to the public, we will postpone all his minute descriptions of Christ church, and other examples of our national style of building, to the latter end of our critique. We must not however omit a remark in p. 27, which exhibits him in the character of a Chinese chronologer: an uncomfortable system this for a F. S. A. who after having spent his precious time, and occupied his valuable head, in viewing, considering, and describing British antiquities, can only look upon them as things of yesterday. A century is nothing in his estimation. 'Dr. Weston, residentiary at St. Paul's, particularly desired me to observe the walls alluded to,' viz. of Christ-church cathedral, 'declaring it his opinion they cannot *possibly* stand many years longer. In that opinion I entirely concur: yet it is *probable* a century or more may

elapse ere such a calamity happens. What calamity? But it would tire a disciple of the school of Heyne to notice all the bad sense, and bad grammar, which occur in the course of this work; it ought to satisfy the author that with all possible admiration we occasionally lay before the reader instances of his profundity of thought and of his simplicity and perspicuity of style.—Speaking of St. Martin's church, he observes, 'Roman bricks proclaimed antiquity; and Christ-church, rising from grand piles around it, proclaimed sublimity. Let them still contend in the view annexed,' &c. p. 28. This, which is mere nonsense in the text, is rendered very entertaining by the print, in which the sublime cathedral of Christ-church is hardly perceived in the shape of two ill drawn, ill-executed steeples, attempting to squeeze themselves into the view of the spectator between the ragged branches of a yew tree, and the walls of an unmeaning little church; they remind us indeed of (a sight familiar to travellers) two dirty children bobbing their shaggy heads at us through a broken wall, in hopes of being noticed by a penny or a smile.

In p. 29 the reader will find some fine writing on encampments, and on the 'fleet racer' in training on Barham Downs 'to sweep over its verdure with touches too transient for impression, or that would prevent the elasticity of the blade from recovering its position.' Here poor Virgil is robbed of a thought. Mr. Malcolm's 'fleet racer' will be quoted by posterity to the confusion of the now forlorn and neglected Camilla.

After abundance of humour on 'half-way,' 'one third,' 'one-quarter,' or 'other ale-house,' and a long anecdote of a profligate cripple with a good voice, together with some profound and affecting remarks on the occasion, he arrives at that unheard-of spot, where 'the plain ending vegetation expands into shrubs and trees, and precipitate descents and ascents soon convince the traveller it has ceased.' p. 32. Yes, traveller! when you meet with precipitate descents and ascents, you must not always suppose yourself on a plain.—The remainder of this page and the whole of the succeeding one are occupied by a prodigiously sublime and striking description of the rising moon, of which our limits will only allow us to give the conclusion.

'Thus rose the moon, swelled in the magnitude by the refraction of vapours, till the vast orb appeared detached from the horizon, flaming, distorted, and portentous. Instantly the "first impression," were fixed, and the North Briton's second sight whispered in my ear, "Even as the moon appeared on the natural horizon, so doth the political: the vapours of the mind are in motion, anger flashes its rays on them, they are agitated, and finally will explode." The moon hath risen in blood from France; when will it have revolved its course?'

This will do framed and glazed as a companion (and no unworthy one) to the sublime "meditations on a broomstick."—The tourist after a while arrives at Dover, where he finds the subjects of several etchings of various degrees of merit. The first, of the cliffs and castle, is a very meagre scratch; the second, a view of the French coast, is coarse, indistinct, and unnatural, and does not contain one object to distinguish it from any other coast: though he informs us that we shall find the massy towers of Calais in the left hand margin of the plate, we unhappily find nothing of the sort, but we do find what is much better, the effigy of our author himself with a telescope in his hand, whom from an unhappy and unbecoming way of sticking out the dishonourable part of his person, we should rather mistake (as he doubtless would wish us to do) for the ornament of a Gothic capital, than the statue of Apollo, Meleager, or Antinous.

We are next presented with a view of Shakespeare's cliff, washed by a sea of flowing wigs beautifully frizzled and powdered. We cannot but think that Mr. M. intended to represent the real waves of the sea, though a friend of ours, and a defender of the author's, suggested to us that a ship-load of these ornaments might have been wrecked on the coast; and pointed out two men, who he affirmed were evidently waiting to pick them up. We confess this explanation appears somewhat feasible, especially as Mr. M.'s visit to Dover happened soon after the treaty of Amiens, when French wigs must have been in great request. If this idea be correct, the pickers up were probably well rewarded for their trouble, as the articles are apparently not a whit the worse for their dip. We shall conclude our remarks on the author's first journey, by observing that his etching of the ruin on the site of the ancient church of the believing Romans, is a good and spirited one; indeed his engravings are of such various degrees of merit that, had he not in his preface asserted the contrary, we should be inclined to attribute them to different hands; and this would be no new imposition on the public, among other instances of this nature we know that a Welsh tourist did not blush (a few years ago) to add his name as the designer of prints, for which he was merely capable of giving a rude, and all but unintelligible outline.

Mr. Malcolm sets out on his second excursion in the Gloucester mail, where he fortunately meets with the captain of a South-sea whaler, and by his help fills a page of his work by a description of the method of taking whales. We shall for the present pass by his description of the cathedral

of Gloucester, and only congratulate the author on his good fortune in having an opportunity of swelling his book with an extract of three pages, which are occupied in describing what he calls a 'whispering place,' from a work of Mr. H. Powle; but omitting the only circumstance which could make it interesting to any thing above a child in his first breeches; Mr. Powle's *explanation* of this curiosity.

In a description of Hereford cathedral, p. 106, the reader will find a fair example of the interesting matter and luminous description which pervade the whole book; we will quote part of it.

'We will therefore ascend above the latter, which are certainly in a correct taste, and examine the architecture. An arch on the south side, with lozenge ornaments next the piers of the tower, has been closed. Above it is a great blank; and the clerestory pointed window, separated into tall arches by beautiful pillars and capitals, is singularly obstructed by an odd set of steps. The strings that cross the space are richly sculptured.'

This however is not always the style of 'First Impressions;' sometimes it is elevated to the very clouds; the images of Chaos itself are pressed into service, and such a hurly burly is produced in the imagination of the astonished reader that his room appears to turn round, his head swims, and he is in danger of falling precipitately from his armless chair. In page 110, the author favours us with one of his 'subjects of superior interest;' his merry friend rings the tenor bell of Kingston church, whilst the sedate antiquary is 'deeply employed in observation;' this *noise*, strange to tell, 'discomposes the *silence* of the hamlet,' and produces the strange phenomenon of bringing people (old women, we conclude) into the church-yard to inquire what is the matter.

After a while we find ourselves at Dore-abbey, where Mr. M.'s humour is employed in perverting one of the most awful and important passages of holy writ into a pun on the *slippery* pavement of the abbey. We will not pollute our pages by extracting this sentence, but merely observe, that *the only word* in the passage alluded to, which can in any way relate to the object of his wit, has been invented and inserted by the author, and, to make his stupidity and profaneness the more obvious, is printed in italics. p. 123.

We cannot resist our inclination of quoting the following delightful effusion of delicate sensibility: 'The feathered songsters perch on the branches, and erect their nests on the battlements and in the windows, paying the sweetest melody as a quit-rent to the silent dead who repose near them.' p. 121. Here we find a fair bargain existing between the 'feathered

songsters' and the 'silent dead,' though favourable upon the whole to the tenants, as their singing is in general considered at least as agreeable to themselves as to their hearers.

At page 131 we are saluted by another of those 'subjects of superior interest' with which the book abounds, and with which the reader may, if he pleases, edify himself from the original; we shall merely inform him that it contains the conjectures of our author, his friend, and a farmer, on the probable state of the weather; in which, though different opinions were held on the subject, it proved, to our great interest and gratification, that each party was a true prophet.

In page 135 we have one of those grand descriptions in which Mr. Malcolm always excels; in this particular one, he, like the celebrated Fadladinada, her majesty of the Queerummanians, "by far outdoes his late out-doings." But the reader shall not take our word for it.

'A fierce gust of wind swept from the south parallel with it, which seemed to rule over a branch of the mountain, inclining to the west as if from a volcano of vapour, shredded in white fleecy fragments that glided over the summits and the sides, vanishing in a falling mist, or ascending to increase the frowning gloom, suspended in collected majesty above the watery crater, arranging its volumes into dense masses, till attraction, or the impelling power, urged its departure. Then, advancing, the deep shades stalked along the mountain, and the wind howled hoarse music to the appalling march; the sable hue of the ravines became black, the surface sable, &c.' p. 135.

This is above comment.

As our readers may not happen to know what sanctity is, we shall inform them in the words of our antiquary.

'Sanctity, like the rich perfume, spreads through the air; and, penetrating the apertures of the brain, produces a sweet intoxication. Thus, particles of holiness floated from William, and meeting a proper receptacle in the pericranium of Ernesi,' &c.

We have now sufficiently exposed the author's intolerable and unrivalled bombast to the contempt of every judicious reader; the only excuse that occurs to us in extenuation of his impudence and folly in obtruding such trash upon the world, is, that this inflated style may be intended as an extravagant *quix* on the writings of some flowery tourist; if it be so, we are ready to acknowledge it has great merit. We have already swelled our critique to a size which the importance of the subject will hardly justify, or we should indulge the reader with a view of our author in the character of a *sentimentalist*; but if he possesses this invaluable book, by

turning to page 166, he may gratify himself by reading a 'pathetic picture,' which 'should be given with the touches of a master.' The dramatis personæ (except those behind the scenes), are 'groups of superior interest—the sexton, the villager, and myself, in converse, to the accompaniments of the feathered race.' After the departure of the antiquary's constant and valuable friend the sexton, a fly is aptly introduced to fill up the vacuum, which part he performs with becoming dignity. The scene closes with the death of a poor man, the relation of which, and the circumstances connected with it, would, if separated from the surrounding dross, do credit to the humane feelings of the relater.

The author's third excursion is employed in viewing Bristol, Bath, and their environs. Of the former place he gives us no very favourable idea, and even taxes the female inhabitants of it with plainness of feature and inelegance of manners; at the same time he very fairly gives us the standard by which he estimates them; 'neither have they that elegance of exterior, which distinguishes even the nursery maids and shop-women of London.' p. 210.

Pursuant to the noble art of book-making, Mr. M. gives an extract from the General Evening Post of Nov. 11, 1738, containing an account of the 'splendid honours rendered to Frederic, prince of Wales, and his lady,' which occupies from the 213th to the 220th page. This same useful paper furnishes him with a recital of the disasters of a coal mine, which fills four pages, and which the author observes 'if true, is most extraordinary.' p. 240. Our antiquary of course, does not pass by the beautiful, though mutilated structure of St. Mary Redcliff, and we are happy in the opportunity of doing justice to the execution of an engraving which faces p. 230; it displays sections of two north doors of that church, and is highly creditable to Mr. Malcolm's talents as a neat and careful artist. The last plate, which particularly attracts attention, is that of St. Vincent's rocks, with a partial view of Bristol; in this singular print the light falls from the right and left. As we dare not (after the threat denounced against such offenders in the advertisement) doubt the accuracy of Mr. M.'s representation, and deny that at Bristol the sun may shine in opposite directions at the same moment we will only venture to recommend this peculiarity to the notice of all vinegar manufacturers, gardeners, and washer women, to whose various occupations a double quantum of sunshine must be of the greatest advantage.

In p. 234. we meet with a most fulsome compliment to the royal family. 'The virtuous and sedate now follow the example of the Sovereign and their families,' &c. Is this



intended as a severe stroke of irony? Those who have even but a newspaper acquaintance with the domestic transactions of some branches of that illustrious family, cannot but view the author in the light either of a shameless sycophant, or a malicious and bitter satirist.

We shall conclude our remarks on the work before us by some short observations on Mr. Malcolm's architectural descriptions. We have not, since our wading through this tedious and stupid volume, acquired one idea of the principles on which he founds his affection for Gothic, and his apparent contempt for Grecian architecture. Under the head 'Gloucester Cathedral' he says, 'The Saxon architect, exalted and sublime in conception, formed a design too vast for execution,' &c. p. 62. He adds, 'the pillars appear to be designed for a structure far beyond the attainment of human abilities.' p. 63. We are too dull to discover how this is any proof of the architect's talents; we might with equal reason praise Mr. Malcolm for writing a book which neither he nor his readers can possibly understand.—'Surely nothing ever surpassed the whimsical mixture of excessive strength and delicate attenuation of solidity.' P. 65. Here we see the very violation of harmony introduced as a perfection. We have not time, room, or patience, to quote from any of his particular descriptions; suffice it to observe that from his own partial evidence, the Gothic architect seems to have employed his mind on the minute finishing of parts rather than on the general effect of the whole, and in consequence, almost every Gothic edifice furnishes a proof of the justice of Sir J. Reynolds' remark, that in the arts 'many little things can never make a great one.' The reader may find a beautiful illustration of this rule in Addison's description of the sensations he experienced on entering the Pantheon at Rome, compared with those which are produced by the interior of a Gothic edifice. We have used the term *Gothic*, as we are not disposed to ring changes on the name of an anomalous style, the origin of which is little understood; we shall merely observe that the Goths appear to have at least as good a claim to it as the Saracens, and we are of opinion that it may be traced by almost imperceptible gradations from a Grecian head.

We take our farewell of Mr. Malcolm with a piece of friendly advice; let him never again attempt fine writing, let him confine his engravings to scraps of buildings, and let him amuse himself by grubbing for old records and worm-eaten-registers; so shall he earn a degree of praise proportioned to his merits, and the public being no more annoyed by the whimperings of his sensibility, and the grumbling of his bombast, will pardon the insipidity of his future productions.

ART. XIII.—*Solyman, a Tragedy, in five Acts. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*  
Hatchard. 1807.

THIS tragedy is evidently the work of time, and the composition of no mean scholar. Without pretending to possess the ring of Gyges, or arrogating peculiar acumen, we shall venture to assert that the author's view in writing it, was to subject our licentious and irregular drama to the severe and perhaps fastidious unities of Aristotle. He has however retained the customary, but by no means essential, division into five acts, and greater liberty became consequently necessary. The unities of time and place therefore, instead of comprizing the entire play, are preserved in each successive act; but the unity of the fable has not been violated. It is useless in the nineteenth century to discuss the merits of Aristotle; his writings are no doubt entitled to the highest praise; yet experience has shewn that the Stagyrice's Poetics are ill calculated for the meridian of a London theatre, and we fear that there is no power in logic to controvert the old maxim, that at Rome we must comply with the customs of Rome.—We shall proceed to lay the leading features of the plot before our readers, premising that though our author has not condescended *celebrare domestica facta*, he has yet forbore to shock us with Turkish or Oriental images. Had it not been for the names, we should have fancied ourselves in England. In short (with the exception of the bow-string, a white robe, and a hard word called Timariots) the heroes and heroines have been as perfectly naturalized as the most zealous Englishman could have expected. Solyman to his numerous accomplishments did not add peculiar serenity of temper. Mustapha, his eldest son by a Circassian slave, was his presumptive heir. Roxolana his present favorite, naturally anxious about the safety and aggrandizement (the words are synonymous when applied to the blood royal of Turkey) of her own offspring, leagues with Rustan the vizier, who had married one of her daughters, to effect the destruction of Mustapha, whose well earned popularity deters them from open hostilities. They resolve therefore to make a cat's paw of the magnificent Solyman himself. The irritable jealousy of the latter is greatly inflamed by their artful devices; in a paroxysm of rage he sends for Mustapha from his country quarters. The young gentleman arrives post haste, 'comically accoutred and equipped' in a white robe, and hastens to vindicate his sullied innocence; Solyman however being determined to *flogge*, does not trouble himself about the

*preachee*, and poor Mustapha is strangled *sans ceremonie*. His disconsolate sister Almeria, after bestowing a funeral oration upon him, proceeds in plain English to rifle him, or in more refined language, in weeping over his body, finds a paper, which he had placed next to his heart, containing a full disclosure of Roxolana's and Rustan's machinations, secures it, gives it to Solyman, and thus the fatal secret is revealed. Roxolana, despairing of indemnity for the past or security for the future, poisons herself; Rustan is torn in pieces by the enraged Janissaries; and Solyman, understanding that Almeria 'wishes to pour her sorrows at his feet,' and thinking that 'ev'n in grief society is sweet,' shews his good breeding by marching off the stage to wait upon the lady. The rest of the good company imitate so illustrious and genteel an example, and thus the tragedy concludes.—It is now time to say a few words concerning the characters. That of Solyman is exquisitely delineated, and admirably sustained throughout. We must notwithstanding own ourselves a little surprized at his readiness in quoting the elder Brutus and Manlius Torquatus, as precedents for his behaviour towards his son, during the very time that son is suffering. But since Solyman is resolved to do credit to his grammar school (and literature is a novelty in Turke), we are happy for the honour of the East, that no instance later in date or more familiar than the aforementioned had occurred, and that both Saracens and Turks have been falsely accused of a want of filial affection. The character of the artful Roxolana and its copy Rustan, are naturally drawn; though we are somewhat at a loss to discover the lady's reason. She mentions Erebus (p. 42.), and in the next line swears by Mahomet. When Rustan hints that Solyman, her husband, must be sacrificed to their security, she frowns and tells him (p. 78.), "Ha, by my soul we must not think of that." Now as our author has bestowed a more liberal education than is usual in Turkey on all his personages, Roxolana, though formerly a Russian captive, and now we *presume* a Mahometan, may perhaps have studied Touchstone's dissertation on oaths in 'As you like it,' and having discovered that the knight was not forsworn, though he had falsely pledged his honour about the mustard and pancakes, might conclude that she herself could with the like impunity dispense with her oath, since Mahomet had been so ungallant as to assert that women had no souls. At all events we wish Roxolana had not suffered her conjugal affection to appear thus doubtful, nor given us or Rustan even the slightest reason to suppose, by so faint a denial, that she had in reality consented to good king Solyman's

death, and should think her oath 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.'

Mustapha is represented by his sister as an '*egregium sine labe monstrum*;' the little we see of him interests us, and we cannot help regretting his untimely end. A perfect character is generally insipid, but the poet has very judiciously kept him out of sight till the fourth act, and terminated his dramatical existence soon after its commencement.

As for Almeria, she makes her debut in *lacrymis*, and continues in the melting mood throughout the tragedy. She must infinitely surpass the *flexilis Ino* of antiquity. Being the only daughter of Roxolana, she has no doubt been brought up with peculiar tenderness and indulgence, and been taught to entertain very sublime and favourable sentiments of matrimony. But the short experience of two months suffices to disgust the mourning bride, and to create a most violent aversion against Rustan. We extract the following dialogue for the sake of our married readers.

*Attendant.*

'Be comforted.

If now while yet a bride, but two months married,  
You mourn so deeply, after years are past,  
How will you bear your pain ?'

*Almeria.*

'O, 'twill be lighter.

I'm yet but young in marriage, and the yoke  
Is galling ; but, when time shall give it use,  
We shall endure it better.' (P. 14.)

The consolation we bachelors would deduce from the preceding passage is this, that if any bride or bridegroom should experience *ennui* in the so much vaunted honeymoon, and naturally conclude that each future moon would rather diminish than increase their felicity, let them learn from Almeria's logic that marriage is nothing when you are used to it. We hope no snarling hypercritic will dare to hint that a certain old woman is reported to have administered the same consolation to the eels who were suffering the fate of Marsyas under her aged hands. At all events the tragic poet is defended by Horace's assertion,

Dixeris egregie si notum callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum.

And both Pope and Johnson, according to their own definitions of wit, would concur in thinking the above allusion (if it must be one) wondrously and superlatively witty.

When the interlude in *Hamlet* is performing the queen observes, 'The lady doth protest too much methinks ;' *Hamlet* ironically adds ' O, but she'll keep her word.' Our author's gallantry has not subjected *Almeria* to the above satirical commendation. On learning the murder of her beloved *Mustapha*, his sister hastens to behold his breathless corpse. Her entrance is barred by *Elar* the captain of the palace guard, who well knowing the weak state of her nerves, very reasonably doubts whether so horrible a sight would permit the young lady to ' keep her perfect mind.' She replies, (p. 72.)

' Mistrust me not, I will be resolute,  
I have a melancholy joy in this ;  
And it will make my sorrow lighter, *Elar* :  
Which were more grievous, if, unwept by me,  
Unhonour'd with a parting look of mine,  
My brother's bones were yielded to corruption.  
But, have they mov'd him, *Elar*, from the chamber ?  
Mine eyes their mournful object seek in vain.

*Elar.*

' If you are absolute in your resolve,  
I'll draw this curtain, here ; approach ; behold him,

*Almeria.*

' See where he lies ! all motionless his limbs,  
And on his alter'd countenance impress'd  
The violence that robb'd him of his breath.  
Is this my brother ? he, the gay, the young,  
Who, with his father's benediction grac'd,  
The hope of Turkey, led his legions forth ?  
I saw him, when the martial train with shouts  
Of gratulation hail'd him, as he pass'd ;  
The fiercely-gleaming sabre in his hand,  
And on his brow the warrior's pride, the helm ;  
And from his eye the soul-commanding looks  
Glanc'd, of a hero, while the warlike steed  
Bore him rejoicing thro' the armed ranks.  
Alas, how alter'd now !

Clos'd is that eye, whose piercing aspect once  
Could awe, or animate ! how cold this hand !  
And on this brow behold the dew of death !  
The prop and glory of the house of *Othman*  
Is gone, is gone !'

Scepticism itself cannot doubt but that *Almeria* has kept her word, despite the voice of nature.

In passing by a bookseller's shop lately, our eye was caught

by Mr. Henry Siddons's recent publication, *Practical Illustrations of theatrical Gesture and Action, &c.* Prefixed to the frontispiece was a plate containing a 'graphic delineation' of excited interest. Johnson explains interest by concern, and vice versâ, concern by interest. We shall make no apology for declining what he has evaded, especially as we learn from the superior intelligence of Messrs. Siddons and Engel that interest may exist in a dormant state. Our finances were too low to permit our purchasing the above-mentioned publication at the price of a guinea; but we shall so far profit by the gratuitous information of the exposed graphic delineation, as to recommend Almeria's speech as an illustration of unexcited sisterly interest. We know not whether there is any representation of this passion, but, in case there is, we shall venture to assert, that, *ut pictura, poesis erit*, and that, should Mr. Siddons, in his theatrical capacity, suit the action to the word, the word to the action, he will not o'erstep the modesty of nature.

The language of this tragedy reflects the highest credit on its author; we congratulate him, in all sincerity, on possessing a style clear, simple and harmonious, perfectly devoid of turgidity, and equally free from puerile and miserable rusticity.

Our readers can form their own judgment from the extracts we have already laid before them: Almeria's funeral oration certainly boasts great beauty and elegance, though we are of opinion *nunc non erat* his locus; the neatness of the following speech will be sufficient excuse for its insertion as a specimen of our author's talents for narrative:

*Rustan.*

' This morning, as in yonder camp  
Which holds its station on that eastern shore  
Near old Chalcedon's desolated seat,  
I made my daily progress, I remark'd  
Mix'd in the crowd, a man in wild attire  
Dress'd like a wand'ring Arab of the desert;  
Yet in his face, and shape, and mien, methought  
Was something noble I had seen before.  
And as from tent to tent he pass'd along,  
The warlike leaders of the Janissaries  
Gather'd in knots about him, as he talk'd;  
Gave him their ears and looks, more earnestly  
Than seem'd to suit with such a man's degree.  
I was all wonder; I approach'd again;  
Again perus'd him with a curious eye;  
And then I knew the man; I could not err—  
My liege! 'twas Selim's self that I beheld.'

The number of poets, who have done honour to themselves and to our nation, greatly facilitates composition on the one hand, on the other almost precludes originality, unless qualities, perhaps equally essential, are sacrificed to its attainment.

The attempt becomes still more hazardous to one so intimately acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages: it is in the power of the veriest commentator and index-maker to charge him with imitation and stigmatize him as a plagiarist. Notwithstanding this, we are firmly convinced that our author does not belong to the *servum pecus*, and he is in all appearance guiltless of pilfering.

There appears a similarity or perhaps a coincidence in the following instances, but neither similarity nor coincidence prove the existence of intentional imitation. They, however, who doubt the originality of Shakespeare, will at least approve of our industry while they blame our incredulity. With the exception of one Greek quotation, which we have of course complimented with the post of honour, we have purposely selected the most trite resemblances we could recollect.

*Solyman*.—P. 96.

‘Declare it, Selim :

Have I not borne the greatest griefs, and done  
The greatest mischiefs, and have yet survived it?  
What can be now too great to be endur’d?’

*Selim*.

‘The queen, my lord, by her own hand is dead.’

Κραυ.—Τί δ’ ἐστὶν αὐτῇ κακίον ἢ κακίον ἔχ’;

Εξ.—Γυνὴ τῆς βασιλίσσης.

(*Antigone*)

*Rustan*.—P. 46.

‘O! you have seen a lily charged with dew,’ &c.

O! have you seen a lily pale. (Colin and Lucy)

*Solyman*.—P. 48.

‘Had it but been a stranger to my blood  
That had done this, I could have pardoned him,  
But that my son should do it—’

55 Psalm, 12 verse. For it is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it, 14 Verse. But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend.

‘When Tigris’ stream ran purple with their blood.’ x. 59.

When smooth Adonis from his native rock

Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood

Of Thammas yearly wounded, (*Milton’s Paradise Lost.*)

The dialogue between Elar and Mustapha, (p. 66). appears to bear some affinity to the conversation that passes between Lear and Gloster in the 4th scene of the second act in that affecting tragedy; and the catastrophe may *perhaps* be copied from Johnson's Irene. We shall now willingly close this unimportant list, with two very trifling instances. Solyman exclaims in the 26th page, 'Yes, I taught the boy.' With the exclusion of the negative, Quin is reported to have used these very words when the graceful manner in which the king reads his speech was the subject of discourse. Almeria is tired of matrimonial imprisonment in the short space of two calendar months: the same period renders the solitary confinement of widow-hood equally insupportable to queen Gertrude. Are these instances *more* absurd than the assertion that the 'I præ, sequar' of Terence, is the original of 'Go on, I'll follow thee,' in Shakespeare?

Our anonymous author seems to have a strange partiality for monosyllables; indeed, to use a vulgar metaphor, he sometimes throws doublets; or to use the more solemn cant of criticism, monosyllabic lines do concur. As, page 56; lines 21, 22.—Pages 78 and 79, in eight successive lines four are monosyllabic.—Page 85, the seventh and eighth lines from the bottom, are also composed of monosyllables. What is still more strange is, that 'perhaps,' which (for aught we know to the contrary) is a word of exceeding good report and may possess much virtue, has been violently ejected from the rank it usually holds among the dissyllables. The word is met with in the following passages:

Page 6. And Selim perhaps your ancient enemy.

9. But perhaps already with ambitious hope.

12. But perhaps thou art too hasty, Roxolana.

17. Perhaps the cool breeze has tempted her to walk.

40. Perhaps 'tis age or some disease of blood.

41. Perhaps we may win him yet.

60. Which perhaps themselves, my lord, have help'd to light.

86. And when 'tis told, perhaps I may descend  
 Lamented to the grave; perhaps may bear, &c.

96. And perhaps, beyond your constancy to bear.

The measure in most of these lines requires that *perhaps* should be pronounced either *perhp* or *prhps*, both which



sounds are rather unmusical. The second line may indeed be read thus—

‘And Slim perhaps your ancient enemy.’

But this we merely hint, for the present grand signior might not approve of our taking such a liberty with his name; and with very pardonable vanity we do not think our head pieces sufficiently ponderous to form a good substitute for cannon balls. We shall therefore excel in the better part of valour, and content ourselves with attacking the crest-fallen *perhaps*, which is yet but young in monosyllables, and, (to use *Almeida*’s words).

‘The yoke,

Is galling, but, when time shall give it use  
He will endure it better.’

A sentence may be rendered more energetic by the omission of words, but the omission of vowels is generally (and certainly in the present case) detrimental to harmony.

The mere English reader would think the following expressions rather pedantic :

Page 7. Nor I, alas, be childless of my sons.

24. Has my lord now the leisure for th’ affairs.

31. Barren field where once  
Was fertile; desolate; where once thick swarming  
With busy multitudes the city stood——

73. If you are absolute in your resolve.

74. Last night at midnight.

Would not Sir Hugh Evans have exclaimed here, ‘The Tevil and his Tam, what phrase is this to-night at midnight?’ Why this is affectations.

Page 77. My lord, she was so absolute to come.

93. I feel the death advance upon my nerves.

We are in no small doubt whether the succeeding line should be quoted as an example of climax or anticlimax.

——— ‘The wisest measure  
Is marr’d, destroy’d, disorder’d, lost, without it.’

The next passage will serve for an instance of the pathetic.

Ambassador.

‘ For this your friendship  
You have my thanks. And, if our causes shall prosper  
Thro’ your promoting, the great king I serve,  
Who never owes a debt of gratitude  
But he repays tenfold, will thank you too.’ P. 44.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu.

We have now, happily for our readers and ourselves, finished a tedious and ungrateful, but necessary task. If our remarks should be thought hypercritical, let it be recollected that the defects which we have enumerated are not (in our opinion at least) those *quas incuria fudit*. Our author has conferred a high obligation on the admirers of Aristotle, and acquitted himself very creditably of a most difficult undertaking. The part of Achomat, who, we presume, represents the Greek *ἀγέλης*, has been judiciously engrafted into the tragedy. We know not what interval is supposed to elapse between the acts, but at all events it must be a considerable time; as Achomat, who is present in the second, is dispatched away to Hungary and returns in the fourth act; and in the conclusion of the third, Solyman resolves to send for Mustapha from Alabanda in Caria, who arrives in the commencement of the fourth.

We shall now take our leave of this work with assuring the author that we have derived great pleasure from the perusal of his tragedy, but that we are afraid the generality of his readers will not participate in our feelings. The very chasteness of his drama will perhaps be objected to, for in these degenerate days it is hazardous to combine the *nil ornati* with the *nil tumultu*. We have before praised his style, and he certainly can interest the passions when he pleases; let us therefore hope that he will in future throw off the slavish fetters with which he has incumbered his genius, and gratify us with that modern desideratum, a tragedy suited both to the closet and the stage.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

**ART. 14.**—*Discursory Considerations on the supposed Evidence of the early Fathers, that St. Matthew's Gospel was first written. By a Country Clergyman.* 8vo. Payne. 1806.

THIS writer seems to think that the gospel of Luke was written prior to that of Matthew, from the omission of the important fact of the ascension in the latter, which would not have taken place if Matthew had not known that the account had been inserted in the narrative of Luke. But the difficulty might perhaps be better solved by the hypothesis of Mr. Marsh, and of the German critics; who have endeavoured to prove that the three first gospels were derived from some more antient document, and that the copies of this document, which were possessed by one evangelist, were more circumstantial and detailed than those which were possessed by another. Or one evangelist might, by personal enquiry and research, come to a knowledge of facts, of which the other had not obtained any information. The exact literal agreement in the phraseology and construction, which is, in such a great diversity of instances, found in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, is an infallible proof that they copied from some common original, while the numerous differences in their diction and their narrative, shew that each had, at the same time, sources of information which were not common to the rest.

**ART. 15.**—*The encouraging Aspect of the Times, or the Christian's Duty to study the Prophecies of Revelation, in connection with the Events of Providence. A Sermon, preached in Orange Street Chapel, Portsea, February 26th, 1806. By John Griffin.* 1s. 2d Edit. Williams. 1806.

HOWEVER much we may differ with Mr. Griffin about certain completions of the Apocalypse in the events of the present times, we cannot but warmly commend the good sense and rational piety which his sermon contains. Mr. Griffin is not like many writers, who affect to look through the telescope of the Apocalypse into the combinations of futurity, a croaking politician, or a gloomy religionist; he takes a chearful view of things; and he thinks that, in the moral and political appearances of our horizon, there is more to encourage than to depress, to excite hope than to produce despair. His are not the speculations of an infatuated misanthrope, but of an enlightened philanthropist; and his sermon

is worthy of a serious perusal, from the genuine morality which it inculcates, and the trust which it impresses in the wise and beneficent government of God.

ART. 16.—*Religious Union perfective, and the Support, of Civil Union.* 8vo. Mawman. 1807.

‘THE present state of religion in these realms,’ says the author of this sensible pamphlet, ‘is in one instance perfectly Antipapal, as it is a state of *division among us*.’ See 1 Cor. 1. 10. ‘Shall mere form and discipline,’ says he in another place, ‘separate christians, constitute divisions, produce and foment animosities? Or, is it worth trying whether some mode may not be discovered to heal those schisms, and unite all christians in union and communion of worship, as we have historical evidence in proof they were in the three first centuries united? Will not that first great principle of our religion, brotherly love, go far to effect this?’—The great and much desired measure of bringing all denominations into one communion of adoration, generalized by forbearance, and consecrated by charity, does not appear to us so difficult and impracticable, as may at first sight be imagined. For, as the essentials of that doctrine which Christ preached, consist of a few plain points, in which all sects agree, the grounds for concord will, if rightly considered, be found more cogent and obligatory, than those for their dissent. Of those certain and indisputable truths, which constitute the essentials of christianity, and in which all sects coalesce with a perfect harmony of sentiment, we have spoken at some length, in our review of Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Bowles. The boundary which separates the different sects of christians is thought wide, precipitous, and impassable, because it is a thick consistence of clouds and darkness, of ambiguous opinions, and of mysterious speculations. But may not the intervening obscurity be dissipated by the sunbeams of charity? Any plan of rational worship, which is to unite all sects of believers in a hallowed communion of religious amity and peace, should include only the essentials of the doctrine; and leave the accessories to be made the subject of private contemplation. If a comprehensive charity presided in the national sanctuary, all sects, however differing in unimportant particulars, would consider the preservation of brotherly love, as a point of the highest interest and importance. We wonder that christians can be so bitter and implacable towards each other, when they recollect the divine injunction of Jesus: ‘By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another.’ This is the best and surest test of our being in communion with Jesus; and if we be in communion with Jesus, can we be at variance with each other?—What is called the Lord’s prayer, affords the best and purest model for a public liturgy, which should unite all the different denominations of christians, the worship of the God and father of all, who is above all, and

*through all, and in all.* This prayer neither begins nor ends with the subtleties of a mysterious theology; but is a simple and forcible invocation to the God of love, and the Father of mercies. The sermon on the mount, in reading which we seem to breathe the air of heaven, contains no uncertain doctrines; but it forcibly inculcates all those points of religious adoration, and of practical duty, in the truth and importance of which all sects are agreed. Here we have the most solid bond of union. Let us profit by the lesson, and cease to hate, to despise, and to revile one another.

**ART. 17.**—*A just Defence of the established Protestant Faith. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Mary, Newington Butts, in the County of Surrey, October 19th, 1806, being the Sunday following the Interment of the late Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, with an Appendix containing a Sketch of the Life of the Bishop. By Robert Dickinson, Curate and Lecturer. Published at the Request of the Congregation. 3rd Edition. Rivington. 2s. each, or 12 for 1l. 1s. 1807.*

THIS discourse is an eulogy on the late bishop of St. Asaph. Subjoined to the sermon, is a sketch of the life of Dr. Horsley written by Mr. Dickinson, which concludes with a sentence of such Latin as evinces the writer to be no great proficient in that language, 'Qualis ille fuit, vita labore et charitate functa jamdiu demonstravit. Qualis erit ille, postrema dies cum Christus veniet judicare mundum indicabit.'

**ART. 18.**—*Future Punishments of endless Duration. A Sermon preached at the Reverend James Knight's Meeting-house, Collyer's Rents, Southwark, at a monthly Association of Ministers and Churches, Dec. 11th, 1806. By Robert Winter. 8vo. 1s. Jordan and Maxwell.*

WHEREEVER the greatest ignorance prevails, there predominates the greatest zeal. Mr. Winter, who is a furious methodist, insists upon the eternity of future punishments. We are unwilling to enter into any controversy with him on this subject, because nothing can be said decisive upon it.

## NOVELS.

**ART. 19.**—*Drelincourt and Rodalvi, or Memoirs of two noble Families, a Novel, in three Volumes. By Mrs. Byron, Author of Anti-Delphine. 12mo. Mawman. 1806.*

TO amuse without injuring, to instruct without offending,' says the author in the first two lines of an unmeaning preface, 'is the high-

est aim of the following pages.' To these laudable motives we always gladly subscribe our assent. But we cannot conceive that this object has been attained by the execution of the work before us. The principal male character is represented as possessing the most amiable and virtuous inclinations, at the same moment that he is committing unheard-of enormities, such as debauching the daughter of his friend, who on his death-bed had consigned her to his guardianship; he then engages himself in marriage to an English lady, and taking a trip to Italy, weds a Florentine; this lady had also engaged herself to another English gentleman; but taking a great fancy to our hero's physiognomy, she makes no scruple of consenting to an elopement. The only deduction which we can draw from this is, that ladies and gentlemen are at liberty to break the most solemn engagements, whenever it suits their passions or inclinations. The author, to be sure, kills her hero in a duel; but in our opinion, this only renders him more odious; for he fights for a trifle, and with the friend of his bosom. A general sameness pervades all the other characters, one only excepted, who is occasionally introduced, like the chorus in ancient tragedy, to make a few sage remarks, and vanish. We are told by Mrs. Byron that this work was written at the request of a beloved and lamented friend, whose hours of languor, during a lingering illness, were occasionally relieved by the perusal of them, whose partiality encouraged, and whose judgment approved them: This we conceive to be very probable; but we, whose minds are not languid from disease, cannot be quite so partial. We think that neither amusement nor instruction can be derived from the perusal of Drelincourt and Rodalvi; but that, on the contrary, languor, in spite of resistance, will supervene, and that the young and thoughtless will be more likely to imitate than to shun the vices of the respective characters, because they accord with the passions of the generality of mankind.

ART. 20.—*Francis and Josepha. A Tale from the German of Huber, by William Fardeley. 8vo. Leeds. 1807.*

SO great is the rage for German tales, and German novels, that a cargo is no sooner imported than the booksellers' shops are filled with a multitude of translators, who seize with avidity, and without discrimination, whatever they can lay their hands upon. William Fardeley, among other *helluones*, appears by his own confession to have possessed himself of a considerable quantity of trash of this kind, with the translation of which he intends to favour the public, should he be so fortunate as to please their palate with *Francis and Josepha*. That the public may not be induced to squander their money upon such worthless objects, and that the translator's time may be employed on something more deserving of attention, we inform them that '*Francis and Josepha*,' is the most uninteresting tale that ever came from Germany. The father and uncle of *Francis*, having been themselves soldiers, are determined to make the boy

one, *no'ens volens*. Count Von S——, a canon of —— and a neighbour, is likewise determined that he shall not be a soldier; how then is the affair settled? the boy and the count agree to cheat the father by pretending that he is receiving a military education at the count's, and that he shall use his interest with field marshal—a member of the family, as soon as an opportunity shall occur. This lulls the father and uncle into some degree of security, and the boy is sent to the university; from whence after a lapse of two years he returns to his father's house; where he meets with Josepha, 'who had a countenance, which but for an appearance of too much youth, had the full expression of the Madona of the seven swords.' Now the love business commences; but an impenetrable mystery hangs over Josepha, which nothing but an accident unravels. Josepha had been branded on the shoulders with the 'mark of the three lilies,' a brand of infamy. She satisfactorily however proves her innocence, yet ashamed of the discovery conceals herself by flight. Francis at length losing his patron the count, whose nephew succeeds to the estates, &c.; is obliged to make up the accounts of his stewardship, in which capacity he had acted. In consequence of a deficiency of four thousand guilders, the cause of which he declines to explain, he is sentenced to a disgraceful dismissal from his office, and banishment. Like a run-away apprentice he packs up a bundle of linen in a handkerchief and crosses the Rhine, where he meets with the beautiful Josepha, whom he marries, and makes very happy. This is the outline of the history. The author, contrary to the plan of Fielding and Smollet, who never marry their heroes without informing their readers that a fine family was the consequence, concludes his tale with the interesting intelligence, that 'they had no children.'

## POLITICS.

ART. 21.—*Observations on Mr. Whitbread's Poor Bill, and on the Population of England, by John Weyland, Jun. Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1807.*

WE heartily approve of the principles of that truly benevolent bill, which Mr. Whitbread has lately introduced into the House of Commons, for the purpose of ameliorating the condition, and promoting the moral and mental improvement of the poor. Such is the object of Mr. Whitbread's bill; and such would probably be the nature of its operation, if it were suffered to pass into a law. But the late change in administration makes us dubious of this event. All former attempts to improve the condition of the poor, not excepting even the bill of Mr. Pitt, have been directed by false principles, and a superficial knowledge of the subject. They have accordingly tended rather to aggravate than to diminish the

enormity of the evil. But Mr. Whitbread's bill, which is the result not only of great knowledge of the subject, but of the motives and affections of the human heart, will be found not only adequate to combat the distress of the lower orders of the community, but to supply the most effectual remedy. Its tendency is to ameliorate the lot of the poor by gradually superseding the necessity of the poor laws, by a better system of education, and by encouraging habits of frugality, and a general spirit of independence among the people. The poor laws have long appeared to us most mischievous in their tendencies and operations. They encourage idleness, and engender beggary and vice. The poor, trusting to them as a certain refuge against every disaster, become improvident, profligate, and idle; and losing the feeling of shame, and the spirit of independence, their manners settle into a compound of servility and impudence. We are convinced from observation and experience, that it will be impossible to improve the circumstances of the lower orders, without kindling in their hearts a generous spirit of independence, which is the parent of industry, frugality, and almost every virtue, which appears most blooming in the cottage of the poor. Mr. Weyland is a great enemy to the diffusion of this spirit of independence; and he very unjustly confounds it with the idea of freedom from all restraint. See p. 26. But in our dictionary of the moral virtues, independence means that determined energy of soul, which scorns to be indebted to the bounty of others for that subsistence which it can procure by its own exertions. This sort of independence is a truly noble quality. Without it the rich man may be called poor, and with it the poor man may be thought rich. But the baleful tendency of the present system of providing for the poor, is to extinguish this feeling in the bosom of every peasant in the realm, and it can be revived only by a better system of education, which shall forcibly act on the moral habits and sentiments of the people. We have known many peasants, who, without being in more fortunate circumstances than their neighbours, who have been constantly fed by the bounty of the parish, have brought up large families without any parochial aid. But the number of such persons is daily decreasing from the declension of the spirit of independence. We therefore recommend not a sudden, but a gradual abolition of the poor-laws; and we have little doubt but that the measure would be attended with the happiest consequences to the probity, the industry, and happiness of the community. And the particular instances of distress, which must naturally be expected to be found in all countries and all times, whatever plan of national policy may be established, would be better relieved by the judicious and considerate charity of individuals, than by the promiscuous distribution of a legalized fund.



**ART. 22.**—*Short Remarks upon recent political Occurrences, particularly on the new Plan of Finance.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

THE object of this pamphlet seems to be, to defend Mr. Pitt and his measures, by a contrast with those of his successors. It is by no means destitute of ability, but it came too late.

### DRAMA.

**ART. 23.**—*Adrian and Orrila, or a Mother's Vengeance: A Play in five Acts.* By William Dimond, Esq. As now performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with universal Applause. 2s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1806.

FROM the advertisement prefixed to this performance, the author should be on the very best terms with himself; and not only with himself, but, what will appear harder still to those who know how difficult a thing it is to please the ladies, with the female performers of Covent Garden. The Misses Smith, Brunton, and Tyrer; Mrs. C. Kemble and Mrs. Mattocks were all alive and doing well in the parts dealt out to them by the bright and charming and precious Mr. Dimond. To their exertions our modern Shakspeare modestly assigns a moiety of that '*unbounded and unqualified applause*,' with which, he tells us, this piece was received by all orders. Never were we placed in a situation so mortifying to that high and chivalrous gallantry, on which so much of our pride is built. To disapprove this play would be no less than advancing an opinion against that of Miss Tyrer, the present Mrs. Liston, &c. Dreadful was the gulph down which we might have been precipitated, but for the timely warnings in the advertisement. But as the danger of incurring the reprehension of this corps of ladies, was enough to make us shudder, so the rewards of sharing in their opinions are equally flattering, as we find from the prologue, which is written by a gentleman, who, were he not Mr. Skeffington, would be the god of love himself. These rewards are painted to us by him in colours such as he alone knows how to lay on. Indeed it is universally acknowledged, that Mr. Skeffington *paints very naturally*.

' Then wits and heroes, and the critic few,  
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to you;  
You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,  
All critics comment, and all heroes fight!  
Protection from the fair at once conveys  
Ample renown, consolidated praise;  
For truth acknowledges, in nature's name,  
The smiles of beauty are the wreaths of fame!'

It is hence as clear as day, that it were safer for us to select a

catalogue of beauties from this play, than one of its defects, if it have any: by which line of conduct, two material advantages will accrue to the reviewers privately, and to the public at large. For in the first place, we shall bask in the full meridian of beauty's smiles, which is tantamount to being all bewreathed with glory; and in the next place, the world at large, that is the scribbling part of it, will learn by what sort of writing they may come in for a share of smiles, and wreaths and fame, which are all synonymous for the same thing. The following is the shortest, and by far the least troublesome cut to the smiles of beauty, and so on to fame. Fancy a brewer:

'Let Friendship's hand the cup compound,  
Let Love breathe o'er it one sweet sigh,  
And *Fancy* there shall nectar brew.'

Dew described by a figure borrowed from pomatum:

'Together they bloom'd, with the same sunbeam *lowing*,  
And *anointed* at night by the same balmy dew.'

Without staying to inquire the meaning of the word *lowing*, we recommend to the admirers of Cowper's song, 'A rose had been washed,' and Mr. Tobin's 'Smile and a tear,' the following ballad by Mr. Dimond, written upon the same plan, and only requiring the music and trembling nasality of Mr. Braham's singing to confer on it the same immortality.

#### BALLAD.—MINNA. (Kelly.)

'On one parent stalk, two white roses were growing,  
From buds just unfolded, and lovely to view!  
Together they bloom'd, with the same sun-beam *lowing*,  
And anointed at night by the same balmy dew.  
A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and, unsparing,  
Tore one from the stem, like a gay victim drest,  
Then left its companion—his prize proudly bearing,  
To blush for an hour, ere it died on his breast.  
But, ah! for the widow'd one—shrivell'd and yellow,  
Its sleek silver leaves lost their delicate hue;  
It sicken'd in thought—pin'd to death for its fellow,  
Rejected the sun-beam, and shrank from the dew.  
Then where, ruthless spoiler! ah, where is thy glory?  
Two flow'rs strewn in dust, that might sweetly have bloom'd;  
A tomb is the record which tells thy proud story,  
Where Beauty and Love are untimely consum'd.'

Force of the double comparative:—'Aye, and with reason,—for let me tell you, the difference between sixteen and forty-five, requires *more nice* adjustment than many disputes of empire.'

The warmth of Orrilla's friendship for Adrian:

- *Adr.* Nobility might claim your hand—
  - *Orr.* But friendship should receive it.
  - *Adr.* My head would be bewildered by such bliss.
  - *Orr.* Still if your feet were preserved, our dancing might proceed—then, the harp and tabret preluding merrily in the hall—
  - *Adr.* The polished oaken floor just vibrating to our step—
  - *Orr.* Our arms skilfully twisted in each other's—
  - *Adr.* Our breath mingling, and our eyes encountering—
  - *Orr.* Oh ! Adrian !
  - *Adr.* Orrila ! my own Orrila !
- [*They spring involuntarily forward and embrace.*]

After reading the above ludicrous description, we could not help exclaiming with Gitlia, the governess of Orrila, 'Hoity-toity,' and agreeing with her, that friendship 'might be expressed in words, and at a decent distance.'

Of the beauties in general, a few little jewels will convey some idea. There is a great deal of writing like the following, which we hope our readers will understand:

• *Adr.* Do I ?—Ah ! where flows the Lethe to wash away remembrances so sacred and so sweet ?—precious ; inestimable moments ! they are the roses in memory's party-coloured wreath, the grains of gold, that Time shakes from his glass, unmingled, before the vulgar sands begin to filter !

The following passage deserves a whole wreath of fame to itself:

• *Mad.* Ah ! when the vernal meadow tempts our feet, why must the fatal sting be felt, ere we can believe that serpents gender in the perfum'd grass ?—but I am wrong, perhaps, to warn you—the joyous cup is now lifted to your lip, and mine should not be the hand to dash your draught with bitters prematurely mixed. No, my Adrian, long may your spirit hold its generous, ardent course, uncrossed by chances that have palsied mine.—Yours is the age for unpolluted bliss—'tis the sweet May-month of your years—life's blue and sunny dawn, when Fancy sweeps a harp in every wind, and Hope flies laughing through unclouded skies !

The song of Hautfroy is in our opinion inestimable, as it throws an unexpected light on the etymology of the word '*bard*,' and accounts for the application of that term to the poets of one part of the united kingdom in particular. This song is styled by Mr. Dimond a '*bardish dirge*.' If he be correct, the word *bard* passes through the Latin *bardus* from the Greek *Bpados*, Anglicè *stupid*. Or vice versa the word may be a German root, branching into the Greek *Bpados*, through *Bapdos*, and hence gains an importance with which we were before acquainted—for in that case, it would not mean simply *slow*, or *heavy*, or *stupid* ; but would come to mean as *slow*, as *heavy* as *stupid*, as *pudding headed*, &c. as a *bard himself*. From hence the Latins derive their *bardus*, the English their *bard*. And

so things came round. The word is of immense antiquity, and is applied by Mr. Dimond in a manner that sets its real value in its true sense.

ART. 24.—*The Curfew : a Play in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By the late John Tobin, Esq. Author of the Honey Moon, The fourth Edition. Price 2s. 6d. Phillips. 1807.*

IT has seldom fallen to our lot to notice a play abounding with so many highly-wrought scenes as the present. The story itself, the management of the author in conducting it, and his command of passionate and figurative expressions, should all seem to entitle this play to a very high rank among the representations of the stage. We have been told however that 'it goes off heavily.' This same fault is alledged against many pieces that delight and interest us in the closet. The reader of the *Curfew* cannot refuse to become a party in the *dramatis personæ*; and there are few passages in it tending to break the delusion. The language and cadence of the verse, which are in general excellent, are evidently formed upon the models of Shakspeare and Massinger; that is upon the very best and safest models which can be selected by a dramatic writer, who tempers his admiration for those masters by a judgment which leads him to avoid their defects.

Here we are compelled to notice an occasional inflation of style, into which Mr. Tobin deviates from the more natural, simple, and affecting tenor of his dramatic discourse. Matilda endeavours to dissuade her son from associating himself with freebooters, by pointing 'to the miserable remnant of a wretch hang'd for murder.' The mere mention of the circumstance is sufficiently horrible; to dwell on the subject is only disgusting, and to dwell on it in the following strain is ridiculous. She speaks of him as suspended

' ———to yon naked tree,  
Where every blast to memorize his shame  
May whistle shrilly through his hollow bones,  
And in his tongueless jaws a voice renew,  
To preach with more than mortal eloquence!

And all this finery is made to wrap up an idea the most loathsome that can be conceived. Fitzharding's language is more in the impotence than strength of rage.

' No jot appeased!  
Tho' I should kill thee with extremest torture,  
To 'suage the burning thirst of my revenge—  
Drink thy blood life—warm,' &c.

These extracts convey no idea of the general character of the

**Curfew.** The following picture of an outlaw has in it so much of life and truth, that it seems to start from the canvass :

‘ *Mat.* What then ! hast thou a moment  
Weigh’d the full horrors of an outlaw’s life,—  
T’ exchange the noblest attributes of man  
For the worst quality of beasts—to herd  
With the vile dregs and offscum of society,  
And bear about a conscience that will start  
And tremble at the rustling of a leaf ?  
To shroud all day in darkness, and steal forth  
Cursing the moon that with enquiring eye  
Watches your silent and felonious tread,  
And every twinkling star that peeps abroad  
A minister of terror—

‘ *Robt.* Peace, I say.

‘ *Mat.* The blessed sleep you know not, whose sweet influence  
Ere he can stretch his labour-aching limbs,  
Softly seals up the peasant’s weary lids.  
On the cold earth, with over watching spent,  
You stir and fret in fev’rish wakefulness :  
Till nature, wearied out, at length o’er-comes  
The strong conceit of fear, and ’gins to doze :  
But as oblivion steals upon your senses,  
The hollow groaning wind uprears you quick,  
And you sit, catching with suspended breath,  
Well as the beating of your heart will let you,  
The fancied step of justice.’

In an after scene Matilda is accused by the baron, her husband, of witchcraft. Of the accusation and the defence we know not which to prefer. Let our readers decide for themselves :

*Matilda is brought in.*

‘ *Bar.* Now observe her then.

Woman, stand forth and answer to our charge.  
The universal cry is loud against you  
For practis’d witchcraft—the consuming plagues  
Of murrain, blight, and mildew, that make vain  
The peasant’s labour, blasting his full hopes,  
Are laid to your account—they charge moreover  
Your skill in noxious herbs, and ev’ry weed  
Of pois’nous growth, the teeming earth is rank with,  
Fatal to man and beast—that these collecting  
By the full moon with wicked industry,  
You do apply to hellish purposes ;  
To shrink up the sound limb, and with a touch  
Plant wrinkles on the blooming cheek of youth.

This is not all—they urge most vehemently  
 That you usurp the night's solemnity  
 For deeds of darkness, horrible to think of,  
 That when the yawning church-yards vomit forth  
 The griesly troops of fiends, that haunt the night,  
 You have been heard to mutter mischief with them,  
 Dancing around a pile of dead men's bones  
 To your own howling, and with hideous yells  
 Invoking curses for the coming day.

How answer you to this ?

' *Mat.* That it is false.

' *Fitz.* You answer boldly, woman.

' *Mat.* Holy father,

I answer with the voice of innocence,  
 That I enjoy the silent hour of night,  
 And shun the noisy tumult of the day,  
 Prize the pale moon beyond the solar blaze,  
 And choose to meditate while others sleep.  
 If these are crimes I am most culpable.  
 For, from the inmost feeling of my soul,  
 I love the awful majesty sublime  
 Of nature in her stillness—To o'erlook,  
 Fixt on some bleak and barren promontory,  
 The wide interminable waste of waves ;  
 To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament  
 Till mine eyes ache with wonder—these are joys  
 I gather undisturb'd—the day's delights  
 I am proscib'd, and if I venture forth  
 To taste the morning's freshness, I am star'd at  
 As one of nature's strangest prodigies.  
 At my unmeasur'd step, and rude attire,  
 The speechless babe is taught to point the finger,  
 And unbreech'd urchins hoot me as I pass,  
 And drive me to the shelter of my cottage.  
 The very dogs are taught to bark at me !  
 But to your charge : I am accused, most wrongly,  
 Of having both the faculty and will  
 To infest the earth with plagues, and man with sickness—  
 Of holding converse with superior beings :—  
 Why, what a mockery of sense is this ?  
 It is the wildest stuff of folly's dreams,  
 That I, possessing super human pow'r,  
 Should thus submit to human agency,  
 And being brought by your rude vassals here,  
 Stand to be judg'd by man !

These fine and animated speeches are hardly raised above the general tenor of the whole drama.

It is with regret that we take leave for ever of an author who promised and performed so much. In his dialogue we acknowledge

the substitution of happy and natural phrases and appeals to our feelings for that vapid and sickly sentiment, which aims at deducing a moral from every event, and every expression however common and unimportant.

### MISCELLANIES.

**ART. 25.**—*The Book of Monosyllables, or an Introduction to the Child's Monitor, adapted to the Capacities of young Children, in two Parts, calculated to instruct them by familiar Gradations in the first Principles of Education and Morality.* By John Hornsey, Author of a short Grammar of the English Language, &c. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Longman.

**ART. 26.**—*The Child's Monitor, or Parental Instruction, in 5 Parts, containing a great Variety of progressive Lessons, adapted to the Comprehension of Children, and calculated to instruct them in Reading, in the Use of Stops, in Spelling, and in dividing Words into proper Syllables, and at the same Time to give them some Knowledge of Natural History, of the Scriptures, and of several other sublime and important Subjects.* By John Hornsey. 12mo. Longman. 1806.

THE mode of instruction in these books as well as the matter is good; but the smallness of the type affords no temptation to children to learn; this is a very great drawback from their general merits, and we are fearful the author will too late discover his error.

**ART. 27.**—*Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, containing a Series of elegant Views of the most interesting Objects of Curiosity in Great Britain, accompanied with Letter Press Description.* Vol. I. 12mo. Clarke. 1807.

IT more frequently falls to our lot, to censure than to praise. Painful as is the former task, yet it is in some degree compensated by the pleasurable sensations we experience when we have it in our power to bestow a just and merited commendation. The work before us, though the scale upon which it is executed is beyond precedent small, surpasses any thing of the kind that has fallen under our inspection. The subjects engraved, and we have had ocular demonstration of the greatest part of them, are faithfully accurate; the printed description correct; and the type very beautiful. We look forward with pleasure to the publication of a second volume.

**ART. 28.**—*Fables, Anciennes & Moderns, adaptées à l'Usage des Enfants. Traduites de l'Anglois de M. Baldwin.*

*Fables Ancient and Modern, adapted to the Use of Infants. Translated from the English of Mr. Baldwin. 8vo. Hodgkins. 1806.*

IN a former number of our Review, we gave our opinion of Mr. Baldwin's fables; it is sufficient therefore for us to add on the present occasion that the translation is not as good as the original.

**ART. 29.**—*English Grammar adapted to the different Classes of Learners, with an Appendix, containing Rules and Observations for assisting the more advanced Students to write with Perspicuity and Accuracy. By Linley Murrey. The sixteenth Edition, improved. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Longman. 1807.*

THE very general approbation, which this work has received from the public is sufficiently indicative of its merits. Though this is the sixteenth edition, yet the present is the first time it has come under our cognizance, and we have much pleasure in confirming the decision of the public respecting its superiority over all the other English grammars. To commend the author for his acuteness and perspicuity would be only to echo the praises of other journalists, we will therefore congratulate him on the profits which his meritorious labours must have heaped upon him; and request him to continue his exertions for the instruction of the rising generation.

**ART. 30.**—*Arithmetic made easy to the Capacities of Children, containing above 550 Examples in the fundamental Rules, the Rules of Three and Practice; a Variety of promiscuous Questions and Bills of Parcels; designed as an Introduction to other Systems of Arithmetic. To which is subjoined an Appendix, containing arithmetical Fables. By John Thompson. Williams and Smith. 1s. half-bound. 1807.*

AN exceedingly useful elementary book, possessing a beautiful type, and at a very moderate price.

**ART. 31.**—*Scenes for the Young: or pleasing Tales, calculated to promote good Manners and Love of Virtue in Children. By J. Day. Darton and Harvey. 12mo. 1s. 6d. 1807.*

CHILDREN will find much entertainment in these tales, the moral tendency of which is of the purest nature.

**ART. 32.**—*An Abridgment of Dr. Goldsmith's Natural History of Beasts and Birds, interspersed with a Variety of interesting Anecdotes, and illustrated by nearly two hundred Engravings of Wood in the Manner of Bewick. 8vo. 8s. 6d. Scatcherd and Letterman. 1807.*



THE writings of Goldsmith have acquired so merited a celebrity as to render any eulogium or recommendation of them on our part entirely unnecessary. The abridgments of his Histories of Greece, Rome, and England have met with uncommon success: and we predict that this epitome of his Natural History will become an equal favourite with the youth of the rising generation.

**ART. 33.**—*Talents improved, or the Philanthropist. By the Author of Interesting Conversations. 8vo. 5s. Williams and Smith.*

THIS is a religious publication, designed as a vehicle of instruction to young and inconsiderate minds. The authoress has taken pains to dress truth in a pleasing garb, and as the subject is naturally grave, it is no small commendation to affirm that she never degenerates into dullness.

**ART. 34.**—*The first Number of the Etymological Organic Reasoner; or Yldestan Radshenistres Geuitnessa, oldest Reckoner's Witness, with Observations on the Works of Mr. Whiter and Mr. Tooke; and one Sheet of the Gothic Gospel of St. Matthew, and another of the Saxon Durham Book, in Roman Characters, and a literal English Lesson. By Samuel Denshall, M. A. White. 1807.*

WE perused the eccentric preface to this work with many sensations of pleasantry and astonishment. We were not a little struck by the extraordinary vanity of the writer, and with his plain and coarse abuse of certain reviewers, &c. who have incurred his displeasure, both of which appear in a rather ludicrous light; but, at the same time, we met with several observations which are equally acute, ingenious, and profound. We think the work of Mr. Henshall likely to contribute much toward the knowledge of the etymological descent and original structure of the English language; and we strenuously advise him to let one number of his Organic Reasoner appear every month, without being dismayed by the censure of the British Critics, whom he assails with no very courtly invective and abuse.

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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No. III.

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**ART. I.**—*Illustrations of the Theory and Principles of Taste, considered as they are applicable to the fine Arts in general, and to the various Species of literary Composition in particular. Translated from the German of J. G. Sülzer, by Elizabeth Annabella de Brásasque. 12mo. Mawman, 1806.*

SÜLZER'S *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, or general Theory of the fine Arts, was published at Leipzig in 1771 and 1774, in two volumes in 4to. In this work, the author appears to have considered the fine arts as the salutary mean of producing a lively feeling for the beautiful and the good, and a strong aversion to the ugly and the bad. This point of view tends to exalt the importance of the arts, and to raise them in the scale of moral and political consideration.

The fair translator of the present volume has made a selection of such articles from the *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, as she judged most likely to be of general utility. These articles are alphabetically arranged; the present volume proceeds no farther than the letter C; and it will probably require two more volumes to complete the work. The following subjects are discussed in the present volume:

'Accent, Accessories, Act, Action, Affected, Affecting, Affecting Language, Agreeable, Allegory, Amplification, the Ancients, Anguish, Antique, Arrangement, Art, Artful, Artifice, Artist, Astonishment, Beautiful, Beauty, Becoming, Beginning, Bold, Bombast, Break, Brevity, Cæsuri, Character, Charm, Choice, Chorus, Classical, Clearness, Cold, Colours, Comedy, Common, Comparison, Compassion, Concession, Conclusion, Confirmation, Connexion, Contrast, Conviction, Correctness, Critic.'

Some of these subjects are discussed more at length than  
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others ; but, even those, which are treated with most brevity, are not destitute of judicious and useful observations. And in all the articles there is a constant reference to the works of *the fine arts*, in which general denomination, Sülzer includes not only statuary, sculpture, architecture, painting, engraving, and music, &c. but poetry, oratory, history, and all the operations of mind, which can properly be subjected to the criticism of taste.

‘ If taste,’ says the translator in her excellent preface, ‘ be the power of discriminating the beauties of nature and of art, this work will be found to be of singular service in improving the faculty, for it will show what are the constituents of beauty, and in what the perfection of the beautiful consists. If taste be taken in a more restricted sense, as the power by which we determine the beauties of literary composition,—by which we distinguish true from false ornament, the reality from the glare of excellence, this work will contribute, in no small degree, to the formation of such a taste. There is hardly any species of literary composition, on the peculiar nature and constituent excellencies of which it will not be found to contain the most recondite observations, and the most profound and judicious criticism.’

This is high, but it is by no means exaggerated praise: In many of the articles which are here first presented to the public in an English dress, we discover great depth of reflection, variety of erudition and delicacy of taste. Nor have the original articles lost any thing in the English version, in which the language is not only fluent and correct, but infused with that attractive air of perspicuity, animation, and beauty which characterises an original composition of superior excellence.

We will make an extract which will at the same time serve as a specimen of the work, and of the translation. The article, which we will select, is termed ‘ Beautiful.’ p. 194.

‘ The inquiry into the nature and quality of the beautiful, which is very difficult in itself, is rendered much more difficult by the word being applied, in a diversity of ways, to things which please, though we at the same time know nothing of their quality : we should therefore principally endeavour to define the proper and strict sense of the word.’ ‘ As it is certain that every thing, which is beautiful, pleases, so it is also certain that not every thing which pleases can properly be called beautiful. The beautiful constitutes only one of the many species of things which please ; and in order to know how to distinguish it from the rest, we should consider all the species. But we will, without entering into the depths of speculation, adhere to that which is taught by general and daily experience. This

clearly teaches us that some things please or awaken satisfaction, though we have not at the same time the least conception of their quality. There are also things which do not please till we have formed a clear idea of their quality. First, they merely exercise the understanding; and next, when this discovers a certain quality in them, they begin to please; to him who is not able to reflect nor to discriminate that quality, they remain quite indifferent. To this class every thing belongs which pleases by perfection, as machines which are so skillfully contrived that they fully answer their purpose; and in like manner that which pleases through truth; as an argument in which the particular ideas and propositions are so connected as to produce complete conviction. There is still a third class of things which excite pleasure; this is so placed between both the preceding, that it in some measure resembles both. The quality of objects captivates our attention; but ere we clearly know what things are, we feel a pleasure in them. These objects constitute, according to our notion, the class which properly deserves the name of beautiful.

\* The good pleases us on account of its material quality, or its constituent matter, which, without any reference to its form, possesses the power of immediately exciting agreeable sensations. Secondly, the beautiful pleases us without any reference to the value of its constituent matter, on account of its form, which, in an agreeable manner, presents itself to the senses or the imagination; though it, at the same time, has in itself nothing which can make the object useful in other respects. Thirdly, the perfect pleases us, neither through its matter nor its external form, but through its internal contrivance, by which it becomes an instrument or means of accomplishing some particular purpose. We may imagine this triple property united in a diamond; from its practical utility, it belongs to the class of the good; from its splendour, and the blaze of colours with which it is illuminated, to the class of the beautiful; from its hard and imperishable nature, to the class of the perfect. The property of the beautiful may be reduced to three different constituents: First, the form must be determinate and comprehended without painful exertion: Secondly, there must be a sensation of multiplicity, but of order in the multiplicity: Thirdly, the multiplicity must so melt into unity, that none of the individual parts particularly arrest attention. That an object which is to please by its external aspect should be a whole and not a fractional part of a whole, has been sufficiently shewn in another place (See Whole). That it should be seen or imagined, well determined and defined, we may readily conceive; because any uncertainty in its determination makes us dubious whether it be a whole; and this is injurious to the nature of the representation. The uncertainty whether we see any thing rightly or not, is necessarily connected with a sensation of uneasiness, and is consequently disagreeable. That the object should be comprehended without painful exertion is not less clear; since every exertion, as long as we are uncertain whether it will attain its end, has in it something disagreeable. That in the beautiful

there should be a conception of multiplicity is easy to be conceived. What is simple, or without parts, may indeed operate on the sensations, but not on the imagination; but that, which is merely a multitude of parts without diversity, can occasion no fond brooding of the thoughts or the imagination over this multitude of parts of which there is no variety. The mere number of them has no charm which can interest the fancy; for, as soon as it comprehends one, it has, at the same time, comprehended all. But where there is multiplicity, each part operates in some measure as a whole; we are agreeably astonished to find that so many things constitute only one. But in order that the multiplicity of parts may not perplex by their number, there should be harmony and arrangement; this makes number and variety easy of comprehension. Of this multiplicity no part should individually or exclusively interest; since it would impede the comprehension of a whole by fixing the attention on itself alone. Accordingly, in respect to the greatness of the parts, each should have a suitable relation to the rest; and in respect to the form, the colour and other properties which strike the senses or the imagination, there should be a good agreement and harmony. Where there is a great multitude of little parts, they should be combined in large groupes, so that we may not compare the least with the whole, but with the principal part of which it is a member. Where all these properties are united, beauty is; but still not that paradisaical or celestial beauty, which works us into ecstasies of bliss. The beauty, whose properties we have delineated, excites complacency; but it is confined to the fancy, and only gently and superficially affects the heart. But men, who, without heart and without understanding, are all imagination, find it a source of satisfaction. Virtuoso of the lighter species, who live, as it were, on vapour and air, and who are agitated with emotion by a breeze, often speak with rapture of this kind of beauty. The deception is to them a source of happiness. A higher species of the beautiful arises from a close connection of the perfect, the beautiful and the good. This produces not merely satisfaction, but that interior delight, which often acquires the mastery of the whole soul, and produces the purest reality of bliss.

The author proceeds in the next article, entitled 'Beauty,' to give a representation of the higher species of beauty, the model of which he takes from the human form, where the external appearance is in unison with the internal character, where the good, the perfect, and the beautiful are combined. If we examine the opinions of metaphysicians and philosophers from the days of Plato to our own on the nature of beauty and the properties of the beautiful, we shall find the utmost discordancy to prevail. All are agreed that there is such a thing as beauty, whether it be a material form or an ideal existence, but hardly any two writers coincide in the analysis. When they come to resolve beauty into its constitu-

ent parts, some assign to it properties very different from others ; though the sensation which is common to all, seems to differ not in kind but in degree. If beauty be something real and permanent, it cannot, according to the theory of some writers, and as we ourselves once thought, depend on early sympathy or fortuitous combinations. That beauty is something real and permanent, and that it is composed of certain elementary properties which may be differently modified or combined, but cannot be entirely removed, may be proved not only from the universality of the sensation, but from this reflection, that there are certain forms which please independent of all adscititious ideas, and acquired associations. Forms, which have none of the constituents of beauty, may indeed become pleasing by the effect of association ; but, as Sülzer has remarked, though it is of the nature of beauty to please, many things please which are not beautiful. But the forms of beauty please independent of all associations, without any regard to the material quality or the internal contrivance of the object. That beauty will indeed be viewed with a greater degree of pleasure, which, at the same time, pleases by a knowledge of its quality, or where there is a certain infusion of moral approbation, to increase the satisfaction. The sensation of beauty is often heightened by that of utility, of fitness and proportion ; and hence, utility, fitness and proportion, which are only occasional accessaries to the effect, have by many been thought the essential constituents of the thing. Beauty, in its proper acceptation, refers only to the exterior surface without regarding the interior organization of the active properties ;—but the physical beauty of a moral agent will never please so much as where there is a combined feeling of moral approbation. But we must be careful not to mistake the fortuitous associates for the primary constituents of the beautiful. As the subject itself is curious and interesting, and as the improvement of taste depends on our having a correct idea of the beautiful, we will furnish a sort of brief epitome of the different opinions which have been held on the subject from the age of Plato to our own. In his *Hippias Major*, Plato discusses the nature of the beautiful ; but from which all we learn is that neither the useful, nor the good, nor the agreeable constitute the essence of the beautiful. St. Austin wrote a treatise on the beautiful, which is not preserved in the mass of his theological labours : but from some passages in his works we learn that he made unity, including probably in the idea proportion and fitness to an end, the essential constituent of beauty. *Omnis pulchritudinis forma unitus est*, says he in his 18th epistle, with which we may compare the

thirtieth and following chapters of his works *de vera Relig.* and the thirteenth chapter of the sixth book of the treatise *De Musica*. August. Niphus (*libri duo, de pulchro primus, de amore sec.* Rom. 1581. 4. Lugd. B. 1549, 8vo. and in his *Opusc.* Paris 1645, 4.) places beauty in an exact relation of things to the end for which they were designed. The subject has been treated by Nic. Franco (*Dial. ove si ragia della Bellezza*, Cas. 1542. 4. Ven. 1542. 8.); by Nic. Vit. di Gozze (*Dial. della Bellezza*, Ven. 1581. 4); by Torq. Tasso: *Minturino*, *Dial. della Bellezza. opposth.*); by Aug. Vogel (*Καλλιολογία. Pulchritudine contemplatio*, Lips. 1601. 4); by Ernst Valnius (*Tract. de pulchritudine juxta ea, quæ de sponsa in cantico pronuntiantur.* Bruss. 1662, 8.). J. P. de Crousaz, *Traite de Beau*, Amst. 1713, 12. makes multiplicity, unity, order and proportion the constituents of beauty. Lord Shaftesbury considers beauty as inseparably united with virtue and with truth; and according to him that body is beautiful, when the whole and the parts are so disposed as to secure its activity, flexibility, and strength. Hutchinson in his *Enquiry into the original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*, places beauty itself in unity connected with multiplicity; and he makes a distinction between absolute and relative beauty, as far as satisfaction can be produced by the imitation of a model which is not beautiful. P. Andre (*Essai sur le Beau*, Paris 1741. 12. Amst. 1759. 12.) agrees with St. Austin in considering unity as the essence of beauty. Diderot, in the article *Beau*, which was written for the *Encyclopedie* and which is printed in the complete collection of his works, Lond. 1773. 8. after examining the opinions of former writers on the subject, considers every thing as beautiful which excites the idea of proportion or relation; and accordingly there is a moral, physical, musical, literary, &c. as well as essential and relative beauty, as every thing may be either considered in itself or compared with others. And as every particular thing may be compared with many others, it may proportionably or relatively be considered as beautiful, or the contrary. The article *Beau* by Marmontel, in the Iverdun edition of the *Encyclopedie*, as well as in that of Berne and Lausanne, makes the properties of the beautiful to consist in *force, richesse, et intelligence*. To these words we do not ourselves affix any very definite ideas; but the writers of metaphysics in all ages seem to claim the privilege of not being understood. In 1752 was published in London, *Crito, or a Dialogue on Beauty*, by Jos. Spence, and in 1756 a work entitled, *Idea of Beauty*; but these were eclipsed by the far-famed production of Edmund Burke in 1757, on the *Sublime and Beautiful*. This elegant writer makes the sensible qualities of the beautiful to

consist in,—comparative smallness of size—smoothness of surface,—variety in the direction of the parts, without angular points or projections, but gradually meeting into each other,—delicacy of frame,—colours clear and bright, but not offensively or ostentatiously glaring, or where there are any glaring colours, softened by mixture and contrast with others. Kant, in his *Critik der urtheilskraft*, Berlin 1790, explains the beautiful, as that which by its immediate action on the mind produces general delight, which pleases without any effort to please, which appears regular without any idea of design; which excites the feeling of complacency as if by inspiration! Spoletti (*Saggio sopra Bellezza*, Rom. 1765) explains beauty as a modification inherent in the object, and he makes self-love the source of the satisfaction which beauty produces. Marcenay de Ghuy (*Essai sur la Beauté*, Paris, 1770) places beauty in an harmonious assemblage of proportions according to the nature of the object. Donaldson (in his *Elements of Beauty*, Lond. 1787) says that the impression of beauty on the mind arises either from light, sound, motion, or from similitude, resemblance, contrast, personification, character or expression. Malespina (*della legge de Bello*, Pavia 1791. 8.) makes unity, multiplicity, fitness the constituent properties of beauty; he compares spiritual, moral and physical beauty with each other; he considers the fine, delicate, agreeable and sublime the elements of the first, and concludes with an analysis of beauty in the arts. In the second part of his work, he applies his principles to painting, and explains in what consists the beauty of the invention, the arrangement, the expression, the light and shade, and the colouring. Sayers, in his *Disquisitions metaphysic and literary*, London, refers the principle of beauty to the association of ideas, and considers that as the most perfect beauty or as the standard of the beautiful, 'with the whole appearance or with the components parts of which, (when properly understood) all the excellences of its kind are universally associated.' Gerard, in his *Essay on Taste*, resolves the sensation of beauty, or taste for the beautiful, into uniformity, multiplicity and proportion, into the fitness of means to an end and splendor of appearance. Home, in his *Elements of Criticism*, distinguishes the beauty which is perceived by the senses from that beauty of proportion which arises from the knowledge of the fitness or usefulness of a thing; and places the former in the colour, figure, size and motion of the object. He inquires whether beauty be an original or derived property, and he determines in favour of the last. I. Christ, König, in his *Philosophie der Schö-*



nen Künste; treats of the proper idea of beauty, of beauty in a metaphorical sense, and of the different degrees of beauty. He ascribes beauty only to visible and sensible objects; and explains this as that property by which objects please of themselves, and he divides all beauty into natural and artificial. A. S. Schott, in his 'Theorie der Sch. Wissenschaften,' considers sensible perfection as the basis of beauty; but he makes a distinction between the simple and compound. Charl. Henr. Heydenreich, in his *System der Aesthetik*, distributes all beauty into four classes—that by which pleasure is excited by an immediate impression on the senses without any intervention of the judgment; that of which the charm depends on fortuitous associations of certain images and ideas with certain objects; that of which the force depends on the essential relations of certain forms and sounds to certain states of men; and that which excites pleasure by the relation of certain objects, images, ideas, thoughts and actions to the laws of the mind or of the speculative and practical intellect. Herman Sen Rade, *Disc. sur le Beau idéal, des Peintres, &c.* explains the ideal beautiful of the painter to consist in a touching unity, not only of every member with respect to the body to which it belongs, but of every part with respect to the member of which it is a part; as an infinite variety of parts though conformable to every particular subject. Hogarth's line of beauty is well known. Cozens in his *Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head*, Lond. 1778, divides beauty in general into the simple and compound. The simple, according to him, is one and the same at all times and in all places; and may subsist without any predominant capacity of the soul. He compares it with pure elementary water, which has neither taste, smell nor colour. The characteristic arises from the addition of different properties, of which he reckons sixteen. Falconet, (*Quelques Idées sur le Beau dans l'Art*; Laus. 1781,) makes the beautiful to consist in proportion, harmony and perfection. Amid this jarring diversity of opinions we might be almost tempted to believe that there was no such thing as beauty, or that it was a property quite undetermined or unknown. Yet in all objects which are confessedly beautiful, there appear to be some properties which are common to each; in which the form of beauty must essentially reside. Or, if in examining a certain number of objects confessedly beautiful, we would attentively mark the sensations which are excited in common by each, those sensations would constitute the essence of the beautiful considered in the nature of its action on the mind. Sülzer's definition of the beautiful is on the whole more dis-

ferent in the expression than in the reality from that of Burke. Sülzer says that the form must be determinate, and comprehended without painful exertion. Burke says that the form should be comparatively small. Sülzer's sensation of multiplicity, but so disposed and melted into unity, as to exhibit nothing glaring or, offensive in particular parts, corresponds in a great measure with Burke's idea of smoothness and gradual variation of surface. In this place we are considering not moral or intellectual, but merely visible and tangible beauty. But that beauty which is most potent in its effects is a compound of the morally and the physically beautiful. This beauty is to be seen only in the human form. "To form a finished human beauty," said Burke, "and to give it its full influence, the face must be expressive of such gentle and amiable qualities, as correspond with the softness, smoothness and delicacy of the outward form." This is agreeable to the opinion of Sülzer.

'Every thing,' says he, 'which one sex expects in another, as agreeable to nature, should be promised in the appearance of the person; and that form is the most beautiful which promises most. But these claims do not centre entirely in external performances and corporeal wants; the more men are advanced in perfection of character, the higher they carry their expectations; intelligence, penetration, and the marks of mind, which every man believes that a more perfect man should have, are properties of beauty which the eye requires even in the external form. The appearance of deformity leads us to conjecture that in the persons in whose form it exists, there is some interior imperfection, which is indicated in the blemish of the exterior form. The external form may express the internal character of the man; and, if this happen, the pleasure which we have in the interior worth contributes the largest share to the pleasureable operation of the external form. We prize that in the external form which pleases us in the internal disposition. We see the soul in the body; the degree of its activity and strength—

The cheek's warm blush, the eye's strong light, display  
A higher bloom, a more refulgent day.

Before the mouth open or a limb move, we see whether a soft or a lively feeling open the one or move the other. When all the limbs are quite at rest, we remark beforehand whether they move quick or slow, with awkwardness or grace. The external and the internal character, between which, as we suppose, nature has established a perfect harmony, may by accidents or mistakes be so disguised, that a very penetrating eye and more than common sagacity may be requisite to prevent us from being deceived concerning the real nature of the thing. Sickness and other unfortunate occurrences

may either long obscure or for ever destroy the most beautiful form of love. How little are men able, in such cases, still to discriminate the original lineaments of a perfect form in the wrecks of perished beauty ! But how should he, who cannot do this, be able to remark the natural harmony between the form and the internal worth of the individual ? If, of all visible beauty, the human form be the most beautiful ; and if this beauty, besides the agreeableness of the form, which proceeds from the multiplicity, proportion and arrangement of the parts which captivate the eye, awaken the perception of internal perfection and good, which are appared in the robe of the exterior figure, we may hence form a general ideal of the beautiful. It will captivate, through its palpable agreeableness, the external senses or the imagination, while it puts a spell on the attention ; but, on a closer consideration, it will by the internal perfection, which is incorporated in the beautiful material, enchant the understanding and excite a lively perception of truth, wisdom and perfection, in which a thinking being finds the highest satisfaction. It will warm the heart with sensations of the good : it will indicate an excellence and activity which point to happiness and attach us to it by the charm of love. It is accordingly, that which at once ravishes the soul with ecstasy ; since it, at the same time, supplies delight to the senses, to the mind and heart. In whatever work of nature or of art we find that these three powers,—the senses, the understanding, and the heart, are captivated, to that work we may ascribe perfect beauty. And the operations of perfect beauty are the same, however different the kind of the beautiful object may be. If we were to contemplate the statue of some distinguished personage from the pen of Phidias, we should feel much the same as on hearing some of the most illustrious patriotic speeches of Cicero ; only with this difference, that, in the one it is the eye, in the other the ear, which serves to convey the sensation of the beautiful. In the one the eye is captivated by the dignity and symmetry of the form, and a thousand lovely impressions ; in the other the ear perceives the utmost diversity of harmony. But in both cases the mind and the heart are alike affected ; in both we see a man of the most elevated genius, of acute intellect and correct judgment ; of a capacious heart, which displays the most noble propensities and the most beneficent sentiments. In both cases we find, amid the enjoyment of the sweetest pleasure, the heart struggling with a certain grandeur of sensation and conception ; and in both find that the beautiful object fills it with admiration and with love.

We have not room for more extracts ; or there are various articles in these illustrations of taste, which we could with pleasure select for the instruction and amusement of our readers. The artist, the connoisseur and the lovers of polite literature in general, may derive much improvement from the perusal of the present volume. The translation itself is executed with no common portion of ability ; and exhibits

a command of perspicuous and elegant language, which has all the fluency and ease of an original composition.

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ART. II.—*Physical and Metaphysical Inquiries.* 8vo. 7s. boards. Longman, 1806.

WE may divide the antagonists of the Berkleian theory respecting the non-existence of matter, into two classes, founded upon a distinction which has been admitted to exist in the very essence of philosophers since the time of Adam to the present day. To the one we may apply the name of the laughing, to the other that of the crying sect. The partisan of the former is continually enjoying himself at the expence of this theory, and is not only merry in himself, but endeavours to be the cause of mirth in other men. Every weapon of ridicule and wit is successively handled to provoke a smile in his associates; pleasant conceits and humorous illustrations, the paronomasia, antonomasia, the antiphrasis and hypotyposis, together with every other figure and artifice of rhetoric, are occasionally employed, till the concentrated effect reduces all the social company to the necessity of holding their sides for fear of certain dangerous mechanical consequences.

The latter sect assumes a very different tone. Looking at this theory with horror and distrust, they communicate their spleen and melancholy to every neighbouring object. It is a sort of watchword to set them on their guard against the indulgence of any placid or benign disposition. It is a spring which, being touched, unfolds into emotion every rankling passion and malign inclination. The same sun which gilds the rest of nature shines not on their anxious countenances. They express themselves in terms which convey nothing but ideas of gloom and dissatisfaction. They forebode the most serious evils, and effectually torture themselves and others.

That the same causes should produce very opposite effects on different constitutions, however it may surprise the ignorant and uninstructed, excites no wonder in the breast of the attentive observer of human nature, who discovers precisely the same variety in the effect produced on different temperaments by green or black tea, and many other constituents in the daily diet of mankind. It must, however, be confessed that the process by which this difference of effect is produced in the present instance, is itself very different, and may, therefore, in some degree, account for the variety

which we have noticed. The laughers, without any reference to the probable consequences, may, ignorantly and unphilosophically, allowing that no harm could possibly result from the practical application of the theory in question, as it might, according to them, really exist without any imputation on the goodness of the Deity, derive all their amusement from the terms in which it is expressed, without penetrating at all into the secret of its composition. The cryers are in a constant state of alarm, and nervous irritation, from an idea they have taken into their heads (nobody knows how, as they have not any more than the other party, analysed the ingredients) of certain poisonous qualities, which, in the end, must, if not counteracted, destroy themselves, and finally exterminate all mankind. They are fully persuaded that its first tendency is to annihilate all distinctions, to make a candle for instance pass for 'an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the Island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades,' or nothing at all, or any one of these, for any other, or any thing else, with much the same richness of imagination, fecundity of invention and variety of combination, as is generally exhibited in a well known ænigma which asserts that all these things, or as many more things as the patience of the audience will admit, or the particular imagination of the proposer can supply, may all be described by three letters.

The concatenation of cause and effect is so complicated, their ramifications so numerous, that there is hardly one circumstance or event in nature which is not some way or other connected with some other event or circumstance. To explain various consequences and relations of certain things we hear, see or feel, is, therefore, a task which the most hardy philosopher will not pretend to undertake, or undertaking, would not hope to accomplish. The same difficulty attends the explanation of a singular phenomenon which results from a combination of the above-mentioned facts. From the amalgamation of the two opposite qualities of mirth and lamentation in their antagonists, the advocates for the Berkleian theory never contemplate these two sects without a strange propensity to laughter; whether it be that nature is more inclined to laugh than cry, or that the exhilarating effects arise from a combination similar to that which constitutes the celebrated gaseous oxyd of azot. It has been asserted by some philosophers, indeed, that to laugh is to feel conscious of superiority; and as in most instances which have come within our notice some mixture of contempt has evidently accompanied this laughter, we might, perhaps, be right in ascribing it to a

cause of this kind. One thing, however, is certain, that the enemy has been very feeble, and as far as we are able to ascertain, the Berkleians are entrenched within a strong fortress, which, as it has hitherto been impregnable, inspires them with a degree of courage and dignity proportioned to the idea of their power.

Reader, if such thou art, it is unnecessary to be more minute. A new champion appears in the opposition ranks, professing to be armed according to the rules of chivalry and with fair weapons, though with his vizor down, and with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

It will be granted without much difficulty, that in the field of battle it would be unpolite for the soldier of fortune to challenge an adversary whom he has never seen; and we should impute not only rashness but insanity to the adventurer, who should attack his enemy with a bandage drawn over his eyes so as effectually to exclude the light. We critics, whether in the right or wrong, are apt to extend this analogy to argument, and to imagine that, *mutatis mutandis*, the same precautions are necessary in the fluid of controversy. How much soever the sense of mankind may go against this prejudice, there is a strange perverseness in our nature which leads us, in spite of opposition, to assert our opinions upon every fair occasion, and, in fact, to decide the merits of every cause by this rule, in the first instance. It will not be expected that we should deviate from our plan on the present occasion; and to enable our readers to judge by the same standard, we shall make them acquainted with the personal endowments and positions of the Berkleian. They will thus more easily discover the prudence and sagacity of his new opponent.

‘I am,’ says Berkeley, ‘of a vulgar cast, simple enough to believe my senses, and leave things as I find them. It is my opinion, that the real things are those very things I see and feel and perceive by my senses. That a thing should really be perceived by my senses, and at the same time not really exist, is to me a plain contradiction. When I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind, I do not mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now it is plain they have an existence exterior to my mind, since I find them by experience, to be independent of it. There is, therefore, some other mind wherein they exist during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them; as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my annihilation. And as the same is true with regard to all other finite created spirits, it necessarily follows there is an *omnipotent eternal mind*, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a manner, and according to such

rules, as he himself hath ordained, and are by us termed the law of nature.'

And again :

'The question between the materialists and me is not, whether things have a real existence out of the mind of *this* or *that* person? but, whether they have an absolute existence, distinct from being perceived by *God*, and exterior to *all minds*? I assert, as well as they, that since we are affected from without, we must allow powers to be, without, in a being distinct from ourselves. So far we are agreed. But then we differ as to the kind of this powerful being. I will have it to be spirit; they matter, or I know not what third nature. Thus I prove it to be spirit: from the effects I see produced, I conclude there are actions; and because actions, volitions (for I have no notion of any action distinct from volition); and because there are volitions, there must be a will. Again, the things I perceive must have an existence, they or their archetypes out of my mind: but being ideas, neither they nor their archetypes can exist otherwise than in an understanding: there is therefore an understanding. But will and understanding constitute in the strictest sense a mind or spirit. The powerful cause, therefore, of my ideas is, in strict propriety of speech, a spirit.'

'By the principles premised we are not deprived of any one thing in nature. Whatever we see, feel, hear, or any wise conceive or understand, remains as secure as ever, and is as real as ever. There is a *rerum natura*, and the distinction between realities and chimeras retains its full force. I do not argue against the existence of any one thing that we can apprehend, either by sense or reflexion. That the things I see with mine eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question. The only thing whose existence we deny, is that which philosophers call matter or corporeal substance.'

These arguments our author answers by the following conclusive observations, which furnish a sort of physiognomonical character, and authorize us to rank him among the crying philosophers.

'Miserable and hopeless would the state of man be, if he were by the very constitution of his mind consigned to everlasting error and delusion in the first principles of human knowledge. If the foundation be bad, the whole superstructure must be insecure. If you take away matter and its properties, what will be left behind? Nothing that we can discover, but the fleeting shadows of imagination, which will on all occasions elude our grasp; we shall perceive nothing before us but a chasm, a dark wilderness, which if we attempt to penetrate, we shall share the fate of the benighted traveller, who by pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, lands in the marsh, instead of finding a comfortable house and a place of safety.'

Startled by the lively representation of dangers described in this passage, we began to fancy ourselves al-

ready at the brink of the terrible marsh, and it required the utmost effort of courage and resolution to believe that the object of our pursuit was not this same fantastic ignis fatuus. We proceeded, however, from shame of retreating, and, as the event will shew, escaped not till we had been immersed over head and ears in a most confounded quagmire; so ill-timed and dangerous is the quality of courage upon some occasions.

‘If,’ he continues, ‘we reject matter, upon what are we to employ our minds, or how shall we collect our ideas?’ The whole principles of science and all the arts are *founded upon the properties of matter*. The chemist, the mathematician, the physician, the farmer and the mechanic, derive all their knowledge by *investigating the powers and relations of matter*; even the moralist and the divine explain their ideas and illustrate their doctrines *by means of material things*.”

After reading this eloquent appeal to the understanding we made a pause, and, before many minutes had elapsed, affected by a strength of argument we had never before encountered, could not help acknowledging, that ‘these things were so and no slumber.’ And shall it be said of us that, from mere renitency against conviction, we abandon our most important interests? shall we, from mere obstinacy, still pursue this insidious ignis fatuus, and renounce for ever our favourite acids and alkalies, our cube root and our square root, ipecacuanha and rhubarb, gypsum and clay, pulleys and levers? Shall we convert our moral sense into nonsense, and our sermons into soporifics? By the same rule we must relinquish all the luxuries of the table, nay, lose for ever our characters as Englishmen, by resigning all solid pretensions to roast beef and plum pudding. We are not such fools.

‘If,’ pursues our author, ‘we deny the existence of matter, science and art would be annihilated; all our idea of beauty (here we sighed) and proportion, figure and magnitude, number and variety, would be for ever lost; all our natural pleasures would be destroyed. All our concerts and balls, all our assemblies and picnics, our fox-hunting, hare-hunting, coursing, fishing and shooting must fall a sacrifice to this execrable doctrine.’

With such arguments before us and such passions within we will, depend upon it, never give ourselves up to a miserable and hopeless state, nor decay from mere want of nourishment.

Satisfied and convinced we proceeded, and soon discovered that Bishop Berkeley, the author of this strange theory, had deceived himself and his followers by confounding sensation



with the object that produces it, and with the idea arising from it. What, says the bishop, are houses, mountains, rivers, in a word, all sensible objects, but the things we perceive by sense, and what do we perceive besides our own ideas and sensations? and is it not plainly repugnant that any one of these or any combination of them, should exist unperceived? It appears that the worthy bishop has here reckoned without his host:

‘ Every man who bestows the least consideration upon the subject will discover a very capital error in the answer to this query. There can be nothing more absurd than to say that the thing we perceive is the same thing with the perception of it; this is as much as to say, that the cause is the same thing with the effect. In order to produce an idea arising from sensation, there must be a succession of causes; 1st, the external object; 2dly, the sensation; 3dly, the idea arising from the sensation. The distinction betwixt each of these will be obvious, when we consider, that though we were possessed of the quickest senses and the most acute mind we never could obtain one sensation if there existed no external object. Again, though we were surrounded by ten thousand objects we never could obtain one idea concerning them without sensation. Hence it is plain that the external object is the *cause* of the sensation, and sensation the *cause* of the idea; the *external object is without*, but the sensation is within us.’

Can we with any propriety or respect for our readers enter upon a serious confutation of a passage abounding with such indecent misrepresentations and gross assumptions? It is almost an insult to the most ordinary capacity to say that in the passages which we have quoted the author first supposes a matter doubtful which was never disputed, and then begging the question which forms the basis of the enquiry, proceeds through his whole argument upon the supposition that matter exists, and that the separate existence of external objects is necessary to produce an idea from sensation. In this last sentence Berkeley is so far from saying that the thing we perceive is the same thing with the perception of it, that he asserts just the reverse. To perceive by sense, is, according to him, to possess a particular kind of knowledge through the medium of the senses. But sensation (allowing perhaps a false and unphilosophical distinction) only communicates ideas, and these are the objects of the mind's contemplation. The thing perceived, then, is an idea, and the perception of this idea a property of the mind. How then is the thing perceived the same thing with the perception of it? Berkeley analyses the evident process by which knowledge is acquired as far as it may safely be pursued. Our author, like

his masters, instead of confining himself to his vaunted *common sense* (a term indeed used upon all occasions in opposition to *the evidence of the senses*) excludes the means of knowledge, and turns out of his way in search of the origin of ideas, which, in the present stage, has at least nothing to do with the question. Berkeley adheres to a position, which all parties mean to allow, that the mind is distinct from the object which is perceived. This author confounds *idea* with *mind*, or at least, sets aside the necessity for ideas as a medium of communication, and destroys the forged chain of cause and effect, which he had wrought with so much noise and so strong a hand, at the instant of its fabrication. By removing this immediate object of the mind's contemplation, he involves this original theory, however contradicted by his own words, that there is no need of any thing for knowledge besides an external world and mind, which latter comprehends at once every thing which is doing abroad and at once perceives external things in their essence. We cannot, however, still help thinking that the senses are of some use, that the immediate object of the mind's contemplation is an idea, and that, upon these grounds, and others which are admitted (such, for instance, as the nonresemblance between ideas and their archetypes,) beyond this idea the mind has no knowledge derived through sensation, as we cannot know that which it does not perceive, and the very essence of an idea consists in being perceived.

Our author continues in the same strain of ignorance, misrepresentation and contradiction.

'This mode,' he says, 'of confounding one with another, is carried through the whole of Berkeley's reasoning. His great aim seems to be to rob matter of all its properties, and then to laugh at us for pursuing an ignis fatuus. All these, according to him, are merely ideas or sensations; which he always links together, as if they were the same thing. One of his fundamental arguments is drawn from the nonresemblance betwixt the qualities of matter and our sensations; and because there is no resemblance he concludes that material objects can have no existence; "for, says he, though this did exist, it is impossible for us to know it: because by sense we know nothing but our own ideas and sensations," I readily grant that there is no resemblance betwixt our sensations and the material objects by which they are produced, and it is strange that any sect of philosophers should have conceived that there ought to be a resemblance, as there is nothing in nature which could lead to it. No effect is like its cause, nor is it at all necessary that it should be.'

We will inform our author (for we shall no longer insult our reader's common sense) that Berkeley, so far from robbing

being matter of its properties, denied even the very existence of matter, and at the same time allowed, on the testimony of his senses, every property which does or can affect the senses. That he would have laughed at him for pursuing this ignis fatuus we have no doubt, as there is just ground for laughter; and, as we may likewise be laughed at for pursuing *him*, we will at least in justice to our readers endeavour to prevent them from sharing a similar fate.

The position that an idea can be like nothing but another idea, seems to irritate our author considerably, as he talks, with some petulance, of Berkeley, 'who appears to plume himself much upon the definition.' He endeavours also to found a distinction between idea and sensation, which we think unauthorized by any data. If Berkeley, as he says, confounds them, and if, therefore, they do not affect the truth of his hypothesis, we might, perhaps, be inclined to go even beyond Berkeley, and affirm that sensation without idea is a term without meaning. Sensation is the communication of an idea by means of certain organs, without the possibility of a separate existence. They must at all events be synchronous, that the one may exist, and to attempt to divide them is to attempt an impossibility. No arrangement, even for the sake of philosophical accuracy, can in our opinion admit this distinction. When our author asserts that every man who examines his own mind will find his ideas are not at all resemblances or patterns of his sensations, does he mean to say that the sensation of pain exists without an idea of pain, and that the idea of pain is in no respect similar to what he calls in distinction, the sensation? We are rather disposed to think he only confounds here the ideas of different senses, that is, species entirely distinct and heterogeneous, and means only that the house we see is not like the smell of the rose, and that the idea of pain derived through the sense of feeling is dissimilar from the idea of the pain acquired by the sense of sight, and so forth. If, as he and we strenuously maintain, there is no resemblance betwixt the idea and the cause of that idea, and if, as he pretends, an idea is not like an idea, what is an idea like, we would ask? To give up the resemblance, he may recollect, is to give up the only ground upon which, if it could be proved, the existence of matter could be proved; and to give up the resemblance of one idea with another, is to renounce the only supposition which can be made in the dilemma to which we are reduced by the former concession.

But our author reverts to his favourite theory, by which he excludes sensation and ideas altogether. It is, he asserts, *the character of the material object that is impressed upon*

our minds, and *not* the character of our sensations, and, afterwards, confounding idea and sensation, and, forgetting a distinction he has just vindicated with so much warmth, maintains that the characters of our ideas are *the character of matter*. Here the mind without the mediation of sensation springs immediately upon his darling matter, and, in spite of the contradiction, ideas are allowed to exist, and a resemblance is asserted between matter and ideas, which before he would have us believe did not exist. The absolute existence of matter is also here asserted in very clear and distinct terms, without any fear of admitting a mode of argument which some logicians are apt to reject under the title of *petitio principii*. The sum total of his argument is this: 'In seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling, do not the senses communicate the idea of a *material object*? Every man's experience will best decide this point, and to it I appeal.' In answer to this we assert, upon the honour of critics, that we have through the senses no knowledge of any material object, though we agree with Berkeley, that we certainly feel the impression of something acting from without, and certainly know that it is not produced by any thing within, which fact is confirmed by every experiment we can make upon the subject. It is not confirmed by the evidence of one single sense only, but all the senses declare the same thing.

To prove that matter does exist, and that our sensations cannot be the production of the Deity, he, as usual, begs the question, by assuming the existence of matter, and then laying it down as undeniable, that no being can give that which he does not possess, applies to his readers for a confirmation of this truth, that if the Deity be immaterial he cannot possess *material* properties, for this is impossible. He desires any man to try to conceive how a spirit could personify *matter*, or produce those sensations which arise from *material* properties. If, as he assumes, matter does exist, there is no necessity for such an interference of the Deity. We readily allow no being can communicate what he does not possess, but we deny the existence of matter. If he would occasionally supply us with the shadow of an argument in its favour, we should be spared the trouble of exclaiming at the end of every sentence, 'All this may be very true, but first prove to us that matter exists.'

The argument against Berkeley from dreams, &c. is as logical and convincing as the rest. In the first place Berkeley never asserted that all our sensations may be produced in dreams, though he naturally enough asserts that they might be produced without the action of *material bodies*; his argu-

ment going *in part* to disprove the existence of material bodies. To make Berkeley assert that all our sensations might be produced in dreams, that is, when the senses are not acting at all, is to convict him of something like a bull. To make him assert that the senses are the only channels of knowledge or sources of ideas, is to make him disavow his fundamental distinction among the objects of knowledge, namely, that they are either ideas actually imprinted on the senses, or else such as are perceived by attending to the passions and operations of the mind; or lastly, ideas formed by help of memory and imagination, either compounding, dividing, or barely representing those originally perceived in the aforesaid ways. It is to make him contradict himself, and unsay what he a thousand times repeats, namely, that the ideas of sense are more regular, vivid, and constant than those of the imagination; and in fact to make him abandon the senses, whose power he vindicates as warmly as the most orthodox materialist can do without transgressing the boundaries of logic and philosophy. That the ideas occurring in dreams have nothing to do with sensation (the senses being then torpid) we might readily admit, but as steadily maintain that we have in dreams ideas of an external world or external existence, though, as Berkeley shews, less vivid than those derived through sensation; and this is all Berkeley's argument requires. Our author's supposition and illustration involves a contradiction which never entered the head of this distinguishing philosopher. The physical and metaphysical inquirer, as usual, assumes his data, and then draws wrong inferences.

In attempting to disprove the reality of the distinction adopted by metaphysicians concerning the qualities of matter, an arbitrary distinction of which, he says, the bishop has taken advantage, he enters into a verbal dispute which has no reference to the question before us. He objects to the term primary, because the properties so called, 'though the most distinguishing properties of gross and bulky bodies, are the most remote and imperceptible properties of the original particles of matter.' Poor Berkeley's 'vulgar' notions with regard to the evidence of the senses in which he placed so much confidence, are, indeed, most unmercifully handled in this insidious attack. He is sadly abused because he referred only to what we do see and feel, and was unwilling to proceed in the dark. Trusting to his senses as sure guides, he confined himself within the limits of sensation. Our author's transcendental schemes lead him on to intangibles and invisibles, which he assumes as the basis of an hypothesis which common sense at once rejects as absurd and contradictory. Though, however, all this discussion rests only on a quibble

It is also, as before observed, nothing to the purpose. It signifies little what names are given, provided such names describe, as in this case, what is meant. Locke and Berkeley are not in the least affected by the distinction, as they argued only with regard to impressions made on the senses, and the latter having denied the existence of matter, could not be much affected by any disquisitions respecting its nature. The advantage which Berkeley is with much ill-nature said to have taken, of some concessions on the part of his adversaries, was in illustration rather than in confirmation of his doctrines, as the author might have discovered if he had ever taken the pains to read half a dozen pages of the *Principles of Human Knowledge*.

We shall not harass our readers or selves by dwelling upon a variety of instances of a similar nature which our author extends through many pages, and which, leaving the original question precisely where it stood, prove only what no one has ever attempted to deny. Of this original question they steer so clear that there is nothing in the shape of an allusion to it, much less any attempt at argument. This surprises us the more when we revert to the first page of his performance, and observe the violent effects produced on our author's mind by the theory in question, against which he positively denounces vengeance and utter annihilation. That his anger should terminate in this threat we had not the most distant idea, and can only explain it from certain prudential motives which induced him not to attack an adversary whom he had never seen.

Having, then, assumed the separate existence of matter, it may be satisfactory to our readers to know, that it is essentially possessed of various degrees of energy and power, in opposition to the doctrine which teaches that it is dead and inert, or, in other words, incapable of action and motion; that it possesses not motion as an original power (mark the nice difference between power and capacity) its universal tendency being to a state of rest; and that, as it is indestructible, it is, therefore, self-created and eternal. In order to explain the power or capacity (mark the supposed difference) of matter to produce the effects we hear, see and feel, and in order to connect two parts of his subject, our author makes the following distinction; Accident, necessity and intelligence are the three agents or causes of what we hear, see and feel, &c. By *accident* he means the meeting of two things which had no previous connection, as the meeting of two clouds; *necessity*, which he defines by its effects, is an incapability of change; *intelligence* implies contrivance and arrangement. It is the colleague, not the rival of necessity.

All the laws and properties of matter are, according to this author, strictly and truly necessary, but its combinations are not so in the same sense of the word. The laws and properties of matter are as unchangeable as its existence, because they are inherent in the original particles.

Matter then is subject to necessity, and the proof is to be found in the original particles; in other words, the laws and properties of matter, are not the production of intelligence, but, as we shall see, are only arranged and classified by intelligence, and adapted to particular ends. What are these laws and properties existing in the original particles, to which we are referred. We know none which he has allowed to exist, even among his own invisible and intangible atoms, besides adhesion and a tendency to rest; for, of figure, magnitude, solidity, and extension, we know nothing, and, as before said, his adhesion and rest can never be discovered, as we have no more evidence for their existence, than for that of any of the rest. Neither do we precisely comprehend what he means by the laws of matter inherent in the original particles, as distinct from the properties, and he does not himself seem to have very precise notions of a distinction under which he perpetually confounds properties and laws. He has, indeed, named the attractions. Let us say then, according to his phraseology, adhesion and rest and the attractions, namely, the properties and laws of matter, are subject to necessity, whose character is an incapability of change. What, however, is the effect of these properties and laws necessarily belonging to matter? The only inviolable consequence he shews to be the level surface assumed by fluids, and the different kinds of crystallization, which, however, as he himself allows, cannot be *with certainty* considered as *any* consequence of these laws. In the pursuit of his inquiry, he passes on to consider 'how far the capacities of the material powers are adapted to produce the separate parts of animals; 2dly, to unite the different parts together in the order in which they exist; 3dly, to produce the instincts and passions of animals; and 4thly, the varieties of animals.' It appears that matter is incapable of producing any of these effects, a conclusion which was unnecessary for his antagonists, who deny material existence, and unnecessary for his friends, who will allow with him that the whole arrangement rests with intelligence. The inquiry was, moreover, superfluous, as its 1st, 2d and 4th division proceed on the supposition that necessity has the power of production and arrangement, and the 3d, that matter may communicate what it has not, namely, instinct and passions.

Then comes intelligence limited by these laws and properties of matter, consequently subordinate to necessity; for if mind cannot act except according to previously established laws, which, as he has positively asserted, it can never alter, there is surely not much freedom left, the will being, on all occasions, limited by the power. In the works of creation he discovers many instances of arrangement and design, and consequently brings them as proofs of intelligence. Unfortunately, however, for his theory, he sets out with contradicting himself by allowing intelligence a power over matter; and surely if the Deity can counteract a positive property of matter such as rest, and occasion motion, he is no longer subject to the laws of necessity any more than matter. There are several other slight inaccuracies of this kind in his illustration of the distinction which he has adopted. We shall, however, pass them over, as our observations might possibly extend to a volume larger than his own.

Our author with conscious security approaches the presence of Deity. He has none of the doubts or apprehensions, which intimidate his fellow men upon such occasions. To him there is no mystery, no excess of light, all is clear and distinct. He laughs at those weak and deluded men 'who have not only clothed the Deity with a creative power and denied self-existence to every thing else, but have described him as almighty or infinite in power, and as filling all space or possessed of immensity; thus setting aside every limit to his power or his capacity, and making him both omnipotent and omnipresent.' Our readers will wonder how he contrives, to deny all these attributes to the Deity with any decency of language. We can only answer that if the inadequacy be removed, it is only by the conviction which arises in the breast of every reader that the conclusions drawn are as incorrect as the premises, so that whenever indignation is excited, it is immediately quieted by the discovery of some contradiction or some absurdity which either destroys the idea of the author's sincerity, or renders him rather an object of compassion than of resentment.

Having allowed the Deity one attribute of matter, namely, self-existence, as inferred from indestructibility, in order to depreciate him in other respects, he endeavours to establish the absolute existence of evil on the narrow basis of first appearances, without any attempt to qualify the opinion by a reference to those general principles of benevolence and power, which the good man in every age has found sufficient to counterbalance the weight of apparent evil, by extending his views beyond the narrow sphere of immediate circumstances.



‘If,’ says our author, ‘the Deity had been possessed of infinite power; if he had been the creator of matter, and had bestowed upon it all its powers and properties, it would have been easy for him to have guarded against every evil: he could have prevented the destructive flash of lightning, and the terrible explosion of the volcano; the devouring shock of the earthquake, and the existence of every pestilential disorder. Why did he not enrich the earth with never-failing fertility, and regulate the seasons so as to prevent the destruction of its precious productions? Why did he not,’ our author continues, ‘do a thousand things differently from what he has done? A being of ordinary goodness would have prevented every evil and bestowed every good in his power, for his own honour, and for the pleasure of beholding the perfection and happiness of his creatures.’

This is the usual cant of the disbeliever, and though we, perhaps, cannot accuse our author of intentional impiety, as his professed object is the conversion of atheists, we cannot help thinking that he has taken a very wrong mode of attaining this, and that the manner in which he has insisted upon these topics may not only render his sincerity questionable, but be attended with very mischievous consequences. It requires a better reasoner than himself to exalt, while he degrades and depreciates infinite goodness and power.

‘That the system is not absolutely perfect,’ he says, ‘is undeniable, and therefore, the Deity is either not of infinite power or not infinite in goodness. It is only upon the principle of necessity that this imperfection can be accounted for; it is by this only, the existence of evil can be reconciled with the venerable character of the Deity as a just and good being.’

In this sentence he avowedly subjects the Deity to necessity, however he may subvert his former decisions which define intelligence to be the colleague not the rival of necessity, and assert that intelligence and free will are necessarily connected; positions the truth of which we may, perhaps, be inclined to deny, as a logical inference from his own argument. He is, however, remarkably tender with regard to man, over whom he is afraid of admitting the influence of this principle, though his whole argument places the Deity under its laws. If perfect intelligence is so situated surely it would be no great degradation to man as a being of limited intelligence to be subjected to the same laws with his Creator.

We have shewn what the necessity is to which matter is on his supposition devoted; and that, in the utmost extension of his doctrines, it is confined to the very doubtful properties of adhesion and rest, and the law of attraction; all which we might, possibly, by a considerable effort of the understanding, prove to be marks of wise and benevolent

contrivance, and his necessity only to be the effect of such a disposition. We shall, however, omit this proof, and satisfy ourselves by observing, that the whole tendency of our author's argument, however unintentional and unexpected, is, in fact, no other than a serious and unanswerable attack upon intelligence, or the wise arrangement and contrivance of the Deity. For, to adopt his own premises and illustrations, as the ultimate particles of matter are indestructible, and as matter has not the capacity of assuming animal forms, it is owing, as a necessary consequence, to the bad contrivance and unwise arrangements of the Deity, that life (which is confessedly his gift) is exposed to dangers, that the solid and material parts become unfit for action, that convulsions and volcanoes distress the earth. All these effects arise from a particular apposition and arrangement of particles, which is confessed to be neither the province of accident nor necessity, but of intelligence. Each particle (which our author conjures up) is destitute of the power of self-arrangement, and when arranged by intelligence, must, it will probably be conceded, act according to certain new laws, which, we must suppose, are imposed by the Deity, as one end of the particular disposition he has made. In consequence of this collocation the human frame decays, and, in consequence of the same, volcanoes take place. Could not intelligence, with a knowledge of the nature of his materials have taken care to separate from one another such particles as, in consequence of their particular and essential laws and properties, were likely to produce these violent effects. Could not another arrangement have been devised which should have admitted a perpetual renewal of these indestructible and quiescent atoms? With such materials as indestructible matter, and the gift of life, which is at the disposal of the Deity, might not man have been made immortal? Surely this must be granted even under the confined views which have been taken by the author of these Inquiries. As, then, the goodness and justice of the Deity are not questioned by either party, might it not be decent and quite as logical, to assert that those events which we consider as evils, are, nevertheless, the efforts of goodness conjoined with power as extensive?

Again, with regard to the moral defects of the system. It will be allowed that the moral attributes of man were bestowed, as they might be bestowed, on man by the Deity, without doing violence to a doctrine which supposes that no gift can proceed from a being who does not possess it. We shall say nothing here of the difficulty which attends the origin of the instincts and passions from the Deity, as the same applies equally to matter. If the Deity possessed thus much of power, why

should vice exist? as, if an evil, it might have been prevented, and why should not this argument act with as much force against the goodness, as the former was supposed to act against the power of the Deity? No one indeed will pretend that the evils of this class are not greater in appearance than those called physical evils, and the imputation should consequently fall more heavily on the goodness than under the former supposition it could attach to the power of the Deity.

A grand doctrine of this author is the improveableness of the Deity. We shall only say with regard to his argument that it is illogical. He first describes the human constitution, and goes to prove that the constitution of the Deity must be similar; and, then, reasoning in a circle, asserts from the *known* constitution of the Deity, that, if we resemble the Deity in any thing, it is in this. As improvable is the grand and distinguishing feature of man, so must it likewise be of the Deity, and as the Deity is improvable, so must man who resembles him in this respect alone. We might, perhaps, be inclined to dispute the analogy; at all events, it is unnecessary to search it out in order to understand with the approbation of reason the manner in which the Deity finds enjoyment, as the subject remains as difficult of explanation as before. What similarity of powers authorizes us to insist upon this analogy in order to explain how that being finds enjoyment, who can communicate life and animation? or why should we pronounce that the Deity must be unhappy, unless, like man, he is in a constant state of progression?

There is, we might add, nothing very productive of confidence in the picture he has drawn of a Deity, who, like an ordinary workman, (setting aside a somewhat greater degree of power,) is, with the same materials, subjected to the same difficulties; who requires the same process of experience to ascertain every fact, and acquires new ideas only as he proceeds in his daily occupations. We can never be secure against the effects of his ignorance, nor certain, that in some grand experiment with nature, of whose results he is necessarily ignorant, this little spot which we call the world, or the universe itself, may not explode and be blown into its original atoms. The laboratory of the chemist furnishes instances enough, which, by the extension of a fair analogy, may be applied to illustrate the ruin which might be the consequence of such an expedient. Of omniscience, our author says not a syllable during the whole of his inquiry. It was better, indeed, to keep this out of sight, as it might have involved his subject in some serious difficulties.

Contrivance and the numerous varieties in the works of

nature, according to this inquirer, necessarily imply the improveableness of the Deity. In order to infer this attribute of the Deity from the works of nature, we should think it first necessary to ascertain whether these *are* in a progressive state. Have any new laws for the regulation of the natural world been discovered, as operating now which did not exist in antient times? Have we any historical evidence of such facts? Have any new varieties of animals or plants sprung up without an apparent occasion, as emigration, transplantation, &c. in our own memory, that of our grandfathers, or their ancestors? There appears no tradition of the kind. Since the laws of nature have been observed, they seem to have acted uniformly, and, as they produce effects similar to those which have been always produced, we infer that they have acted always in the same manner as at present, according to a grand and fit system which displays the utmost power and wisdom together with the most benevolent design. Does it appear (and this is placing the question in its proper light) that the number or weight of evils, so called, is diminished since the commencement of history? Has the improvement of man actually taken place? We do not ask whether arts and sciences and luxury have increased, but is his happiness materially improved? Is his moral character decidedly better? Does man cease to prey upon man? Are wars and the rumours of wars at an end? Does private rapine cease? Are injustice and oppression more than a name? Without any reference to the fear of the magistrate, is the number of moral offences considerably diminished? Though there are some better men, are there not more vicious in proportion to the advancement of civilization, or, in other words, to the discovery of means which minister to private and public luxury? We propose these merely as questions which must be answered, before we can admit the data from which our author draws such numerous and such important inferences.

To conclude, allow the premises to be true, and at the same time keep in mind the opinions he has endeavoured to enforce respecting matter and its incapacity of change, there is, as must be evident, no ground whatever to hope that in the progress of time the evils which prevail, and which, according to himself, arise from the stubborn and immutable character of matter, will ever be in *any* measure remedied. We maintain that admit his premises, and his last inference can never follow. We can have no 'consoling hope, that intelligent beings are not doomed (though at present they are so) to be eternally the sport of the blind laws of necessity,' nor 'in a word that although mind can never become omnipotent over matter, which can only mean that it must eternally

nally be the sport of blind necessity) yet it shall continually approach to this extent of power.' To place this doctrine in another light, we may say, that, of two parallel lines, though the one can never touch the other, yet, being infinitely extended, they shall at last meet.

We must beg pardon of our readers for having detained them so long upon a production which can merit only their contempt, whether we consider its fundamental ignorance of the Berkleian theory, its gross misconceptions, or its illegitimate inferences. Let the author take every merit he may claim as a naturalist, we venture to pronounce him no metaphysician, and recommend him a little to distract his abilities before he makes a second attack upon received opinions. As we have lately considered the doctrine of free will and necessity, and delivered our sentiments upon it, we shall not pursue the author through the thick labyrinth he has formed for himself round this otherwise plain and intelligible subject. It may suffice to say that in this part of his inquiry, as in the former, ignorance of the nature of the question precedes the misrepresentation of evident propositions, the misconception of evident meanings, and evidently inconclusive results.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville. (Continued from p. 136.)*

THE profound and ingenious antiquary whose dissertations are here presented us, found in the Memoirs of Joinville many references to the manners of the age deserving of elucidation, which led him by degrees into disquisitions far exceeding the space usually allotted to a commentary. He therefore confined himself in his notes to simple explanations of circumstances and language, and subjoined a considerable appendix, containing the result of his more profound and diligent inquiries in the form of separate dissertations. Their contents are of very different degrees of importance. Some will afford little instruction or amusement to an English reader, but the greater part will be found to embrace topics of general interest. We shall only notice a few of the latter in the order in which they occur.

Dissertation 1st. ascribes the origin of the coat of arms to the antient Gallic sagum or soldier's cloak, and derives the diversity of colours in heraldry from the various species of fur of which these cloaks were in the days of barbarous magnificence and luxury generally composed. These furs were the skins of *ermine*s, *sables*, and *martins*. The two former were the most noble, and their original names are still

their appellations in blazonry. When two or more furs were sown together, the mixture was at first called *Vair* (or variegated) which is also a well-known heraldic term. In time they proceeded to the additional luxury of dying their furs, and the word 'Engoulé,' applied to furs when dyed red by the most ancient French poets, gave rise to the *gules* of our heralds. Purple was also a customary die. In an old book of accounts of the master of the robes to King Charles the fifth we find the following article: 'For the two surcoats two fur linings, *de grosses pourpres*'—Hence *purple*. The origin of *vest* or *sinople* is not so easily ascertained. *Azure* is the same as the old herald's term, *gris*, and is a simple fur of itself. The most antient armorial bearings are composed of the simple furs, ermine, vair, gris, sable—but for the sake of distinction, they first resorted to dying, and then to quartering or sowing together different furs; and the different forms in which they were cut out and joined, gave rise to the different terms of indented, engrailed, &c. &c. which form so important a branch of the heraldic science. The ingenuity of this dissertation will probably please even where its proofs may not be deemed altogether satisfactory. Like most other etymological and antiquarian theories, it will generally be admitted with reserve; the principles on which it proceeds will be allowed to have their operation jointly with others, but be denied their pretended universality of application.

Dissertation 2, explains the antient royal custom in France called 'pleadings at the gate,' a venerable patriarchal practice, of which we have noticed an example in the life of Saint Louis, who appears either to have revived, or brought it into more frequent use. From the proceedings which attended it are satisfactorily derived many peculiarities of form in the offices of the masters of requests, whose courts, in later years, superseded these antient pleadings.

Dissertations 4 and 5, are devoted to the great feasts and general assemblies of the kings of France (in which they were imitated by our own sovereigns) The most antient were held on the first of March; (whence, the *Champ de Mars* at Paris derived its name) but they were afterwards adjourned to the first of May; and, long after the original purposes of those popular meetings had ceased, the practice of assembling a large concourse together and displaying the royal magnificence and generosity continued. Frequently, tournaments were proclaimed and the honour of knighthood conferred upon these occasions. Thus Eustache des Champs in his Chivalrous Poems,

Ce jour de Mai, cette grand' feste et belle,  
Qui par le Roi se fait a Saint Denis.

The comte de Boulainvilliers ascribes the honour, not of inventing (for they were coeval with the monarchy) but of renewing and regulating these important assemblies, to Charlemagne. See Hist. des Parlemens, tom. 1.

Two dissertations follow on ancient tournaments, which have been in great measure superseded by the more mature labours of M. de St. Palay.

Diss. 9. On Knights Banneret. It appears that the possession of certain lands and great fiefs alone entitled to this enviable distinction. The bas chevalier (or knight bachelor) could only hold a pennon divided at the end into two tails or tongues. On being created a banneret, he was permitted to cut off these exuberances and clip the pennon into a square form. There was a distinction also between bannerets, who were said 'lever banniere,' to raise their banner, when they inherited the lands which gave a title to it; but only 'entr'en banniere,' when they were created by the king on account of lands in their possession which were accounted sufficient for the purpose of supporting the dignity.

Diss. 11. On War-cries, is of great importance to the readers of old chronicles and memoirs. The most ancient appear to have been only short ejaculations of prayer, "Adjuva Deus!" "Dieu aie!" (the Norman cry); that of the house of Montmorency, "Dieu aide au premier Chrétien," from a tradition that the founder of the family was the first of Clovis's followers who received the rite of baptism. From a similar tradition respecting a Burgundian ancestor of their own, the house of Bauffremont cried "Bauffremont au premier Chrétien:" After a time, they prayed in the hour of danger to the holy Virgin, and "Nôtre Dame, Bourgogne!" "Nôtre Dâme Bourbon," "Bèarn," "Auxerre," "Guesclin," "Sancerre," "Coucy," &c. &c. became the established cry of many noble families. At the battle of Bravines, Philip-Augustus cried, "Nôtre Dâme St. Denis Montjoye!" Clovis was the first who used, at the battle of Tolbiac, the cry which afterwards became general to the kings of France, "Montjoye, St. Denis!" Du Cange derives it, very doubtfully we think, from the hill of Montmartre where Denis suffered martyrdom. Evienne Pasquier says, with much greater appearance of probability, that it was simply a corruption of *Majoie St. Denis*—(or, as an Irishman would have it, *St. Dinmis*, my joy!) Patron saints were very generally invoked in imitation of this example. The dukes of Britanny had "St. Malo, au riche duc!"—The

**Bretons** "St. Yves, Bretagne!" Sometimes the cries were, like the mottoes on their coats of arms, borrowed from some famous exploit in the family. Of this nature seem to be that of the counts of Champagne "Passavant la Thibault!" Of Montoisson, "A la recousse, Montoisson!" Sometimes from the arms themselves, as of the earls of Flanders, "Flandres, au Lion!" Sometimes to preserve the memory of old family possessions and honours merged in superior titles, as of the king of Navarre, "Begorre! Begorre!" to mark their descent from the old counts of Bigorre.

The bannerets only had a right to the war cry; and, besides the particular war cry of each chief, the whole army had a general war-cry, which was usually that of the commander in the field. This was shouted by the whole army at the instant of the charge; or, in besieging towns, of the general assault, and of mounting the scaling-ladders. The particular cry was used by each chief both when encouraging his soldiers, and when in personal danger to call them round to his assistance. The younger brothers of families were obliged to use the family-cry with an addition. Mr. Johnes has subjoined a curious note, which we subjoin for the purpose of enlivening our dry analysis.

'During the time this sheet was printing, I have heard from my friend the reverend W. Shepherd, (whose kindness in overlooking these sheets I am proud here to acknowledge) a strong and happy confirmation of the efficacy of the war-cry. A pupil of his, now a lieutenant in the 20th regiment, that has most gallantly distinguished itself on the fields of Calabria, writes word, that, previous to the battle of Maida, the French advanced to the charge like lions; but, when within five yards, one of the English soldiers shouted 'Huzza!' in which he was followed by the whole line. The French, instantly panicstruck, wheeled out, and, in a few minutes, were all bayoneted except one officer, to the amount of seven hundred.'

**Diss. 17.** On the origin of the word "Salique;" which, after noticing several fanciful derivations, Du Cange ascribes to its only probable source, the superior nobility of a particular tribe of Franks, the Salii, first settled in Gaul by the emperor Julian, who established military fiefs descendible to heirs male, in exclusion of females, for the preservation of military services.

**Diss. 18.** On the Oriflamme, the ancient banner of the abbey of St. Denis, who entrusted it to the care of the counts of Vexin, whose dominions fell to the crown in the time of Philip the first. From him to Charles the sixth, it was always born by the kings of France. After that time we hear nothing of it. The name was derived from the form, colour, and materials.



Diss. 21, 22. On the adoptions of sons and brothers: This curious institution of chivalry is illustrated by the example of Du Guesclin and Clisson, and the original deed of *fraternity* between them, which is given in this volume, p. 175. is a very curious and valuable piece of antiquity.

Diss. 24. On granting armorial bearings, the greatest mark of kingly favour. This paper is accompanied by various instances both in ancient and modern times. The grant was sometimes made to strangers, and even to infidels. Fredrick II. says Joinville, bestowed this privilege on Secoudan the sultan of Egypt, "*le plus vaillant et le plus preux de toute payennie.*"

Diss. 26. On Wissan, the Portus Iccius of the Romans. So late as Froissart this was a very important harbour: but the little hamlet to which the town is reduced, now stands at the distance of half a mile from the shore. The same natural revolution has been produced at Aigues Mortes and other places.

Diss. 27. On private wars and on the right of customary warfare. This is a most important subject to all those who wish for a thorough comprehension of the history of feudal times; but we shall content ourselves with pointing it out to the curious, and not attempt an analysis which must be extremely imperfect. The dangerous right which it describes was often attempted to be suppressed, and by none of the French princes more strenuously than by St. Louis, but all the endeavours made were ineffectual till the time of Louis the eleventh.

These dissertations of Du Cange are followed by lists of the knights who accompanied St. Louis and the terms on which they respectively agreed to follow his standard.

Several extracts are added from Arabic MSS. tending to illustrate the Egyptian expedition. By "*The Road to Knowledge of the Reigns of Kings,*" the Mussulmen are made to have much the *most christian virtue* on their side. The following letters are there stated to have passed between the king of France and the sultan Nedjm Eddin while the fleet was at anchor before Damietta.

"The king of France, before he commenced any hostilities, sent by a herald a letter to the sultan Nejim-Eddin, conceived in the following words:

"You are not ignorant that I am the prince of those who follow the religion of JESUS CHRIST as you are of those who obey the laws of Mahommed. Your power inspires me with no fear. How should it? I who make the Mussulmen in Spain tremble! I lead them as a shepherd does a flock of sheep. I have made the bravest among them perish, and loaded their men and women with chains.

They endeavour by presents to appease me, and turn my arms to another quarter. The soldiers who march under my standards cover the plains, and my cavalry is not less redoubtable. You have but one method to avoid the tempest that threatens you. Receive priests, who will teach you the Christian religion : embrace it, and adore the Cross : otherwise I will pursue you every where, and God shall decide whether you or I be master of Egypt."

'Nedjm-Eddin, on reading this letter, could not restrain his tears. He caused the following answer to be written by the cadi Behaedin, his secretary.

"In the name of the Omnipotent and All-merciful God, salvation to our proper Mahommed and his friends. I have received your letter : it is filled with menaces, and you make a boast of the great number of your soldiers. Are you ignorant that we know the use of arms, and that we inherit the valour of our ancestors ? No one has ever attacked us without feeling our superiority. Recollect the conquests we have made from the Christians : we have driven them from the lands they possessed : their strongest towns have fallen under our blows. Recall to your mind that passage of the Alcoran which says, 'those who make war unjustly shall perish ;' and also another passage, 'how often have the most numerous armies been destroyed by a handful of soldiers.' God protects the just ; and we have no doubt of his protection, nor that he will confound your arrogant designs."

This is a most interesting extract. It describes the proceedings at Cairo and in the Saracen camp with as much simplicity, and, probably, with as much fidelity also, as Joinville details those at Damietta and in the Christian army. The two accounts strengthen one another very remarkably except in the point of numbers, where it is evident that the Arabian grossly exaggerates. The verses made by the poet Essahib-Giemal-Edden-Ben-Matroub, on the departure of St. Louis, would have taught an excellent lesson to that infatuated prince.

The two concluding dissertations are highly interesting, and the most important in the volume. They throw as much light as probably ever will be thrown on the history of the Old Man of the Mountain or chief of the Assassins, a personage of the highest consequence in the memoirs of the crusades, and whom we have been taught to regard with a kind of mysterious awe which his very name seems peculiarly calculated to inspire. We own that our estimation of him is sunk immediately to the common level of mankind by the information that the word absurdly translated by our Latin chroniclers 'senex,' and thence rendered 'vieux,' 'Old man,' is merely an eastern title, and pronounced by the Arabs 'scheick,' which signifies no more than prince or chief, and has not the slightest reference to the age of the person.

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Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

M. de la Ravailliere, not content with removing the shadowy veil, which added so wonderfully to the apparent bulk and importance of this celebrated character, proceeds to call in question many, if not all, of the acts of secret violence commonly ascribed to him, particularly, the murder of Conrade, marquis of Montferrat, the attempt on the life of Philip Augustus, and that on Saint Louis. As to the former, we are sorry to say that if the scheick of the assassins was innocent, we shall be obliged to believe our own Coeur de Lion guilty of it. The action was very generally ascribed to him in the east, and the letter from the scheick, absolving him of it, though preserved by Rymer in his *Fœdera*, is a very palpable forgery.

M. Falconet has completed in a most elaborate and ingenious manner the imperfect sketch of La Ravailliere. The witnesses whom he brings forward to support his assertions and ground his theory respecting them are very numerous and of the most respectable antiquity. Among christian writers, he relies on the authorities of Benjamin of Tudela and William archbishop of Tyre, both of the 12th century; of Haiton prince of Armenia, who wrote historical memoirs which he published in France in the year 1305; of Paul the Venetian, whose two journeys were accomplished in 1250 and 1270; of John Phocas, who travelled in 1183; of James de Vitry bishop of Acre in the beginning of the 13th century. The Assassins are mentioned by Elmacin, Abulpharagius, and Bayadur Khân, among the orientals, who all give them different names, but attribute to them a striking identity of character.

From all these authorities, Mons. F. very satisfactorily deduces this general account of the nation and religion of the Assassins. Giafar-al-Sedec, the sixth imam in descent from Ali, had several sons, of whom Ismael was the eldest. From him the Assassins derived their appellation of *Ismaelites*, under which they are mentioned by several writers to whom their more peculiar name seems to have been unknown. A branch of these Ismaelites seized Egypt, and reigned there for three centuries under the title of *Fatimites*. The Ismaelites of Asia established themselves later; but, reckoning from Giafar their founder, who died in 770, to 1170, the period about which William of Tyre wrote, we obtain a confirmation of his report 'that the nation had existed four centuries.' Their most remarkable doctrines were those of the *metempsychosis*, and of the descent of the holy spirit on the persons of the Imams. Their opinion of the divine authority of their scheicks is strikingly exemplified in the story of Abu Thaber,

p. 312. They dressed also according to a precept of religion which seems to have been borrowed from the Essenians and Nazarenes, from which they acquired another name which has been given them by many contemporary writers, the 'Vestus de Blanc.' The Carmathes were a tribe of the Ismaelites, among whom these doctrines were most prevalent. About the year 408 of Hej. Darari a chief of this tribe, converted the Fatimite caliph, and instituted the sect of 'Darariouns.' A hundred years after, Hassan-Sabeh collected some remains of the Carmathes and Darariouns, and settled with them in the Persian province of Kouhestan, where he established the dynasty of eastern Ismaelites. About the same period, other remnants of the same tribe and sect were collected by Hamzah, and fixed on the back of mount Lebanon. The Persian Ismaelites subsisted under a dynasty of eight princes from Hassan to Aladdin and Roknoddin, who were overthrown by the Tartar Holagore some time after 1250. The Western, or Syrian, Ismaelites were most famous in the 12th century, and were attacked by Saladin in 1176 in consequence of an attempt on his life made by some of them. They preserved their liberty notwithstanding his inroad, and their dynasty subsisted till they were rooted out (as Abulfeda relates it) by the lieutenant of the sultan of Egypt in 1280.

M. Falconet then proceeds to the derivation of the name assassin. He confutes the opinion which refers it to the tribe of *Assacni*, mentioned by Arrian, and that also which would draw it from the *Essenes* whom they somewhat resembled in doctrine, and to another which ascribes it to *assikkin* (or the mountain of the poniard) an appellation given to mount Lebanon where the *scheick* resided. The true etymology, he says, is to be traced in the Arabic verb 'has-sa,' to kill. It is, after all, very probable, that the people themselves were ignorant of the term which, from fear or reproach, was bestowed on them by the surrounding nations. In Egypt they were called *Bathenians* or illuminati, though more frequently Ismaelites both by themselves and others. And it is from this word, *Bathenians*, that Joinville probably managed to confound things by calling them *Bedouins*, a people to whom they in fact had no manner of affinity.

In their religion, independent of some peculiar tenets, they were strict Mahometans of the sect of Ali. But their hostility was directed equally against all denominations of Mussulmen who differed from them and the christians themselves.

M. Falconet disputes the opinion of La Ravalliere respecting the marquis of Montferrat's assassination, though he agrees with him that the letter of the *scheick* is a manifest

fabrication. He exculpates Richard and throws the blame on Humphrey lord of Thoron, who was much exasperated at his marriage with the heiress of Jerusalem having been annulled to make way for the pretensions of Conrade. He hired, it should seem, some ruffians of the nation of Assassins to revenge his quarrel and rid him of his rival.

The celebrated garden of the Assassins appears to have been a kind of earthly Paradise into which the scheick transported (when overcome with sleeping potions) the youths whom he destined to the perpetration of a murder, that they might have a foretaste of the immortal paradise promised by the prophet to his faithful followers.

We have now completed the examination we proposed to make of these interesting papers, in which we have confined ourselves to a general summary of the contents of those most worthy of attention, conceiving that, in so doing, we have performed our duty better than we could have done by hazarding crude conjectures of our own on subjects which have been thoroughly investigated by the most learned and accurate antiquarians in the pages before us.

**ART. IV.**—*An Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever as deducible from the Phenomena, Causes, and Consequences of the Disease, the Effects of Remedies, and the Appearances on Dissection. In two Parts. Part the First, containing the general Doctrine of Fever. By Henry Clutterbuck, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London. 8vo. 9s. Boosey. 1807.*

WE meet with so much disappointment in the perusal of medical works, so many trite remarks announced as important discoveries, so many old theories vamped up to attract a little ephemeral reputation to the name subjoined to the title page, that it affords us satisfaction to announce a work which is at least original, which is obviously the product of much thought and reflection, and which proceeds from a writer, whose information is extensive, and whose powers of reasoning are of no mean order. The disease of which he treats is one which has exercised the sagacity, and employed the pens of medical writers ever since medicine has become a distinct branch of philosophical inquiry. Fevers in some form or other, being diseases of more frequent occurrence than all others put together, have consequently become an object of attention in all ages. They have become therefore a theme of disputation in the medical schools from the era of

Hippocrates to the present time. But so great a disagreement has been found among them that the term itself has been used by different writers in different degrees of latitude, and its definition has been varied according to the notions of those who have employed it. If then we meet with such contrariety of sentiment *in limine*, we cannot be surprized to find still greater diversity in the progress of the inquiry, and that the accounts which have been given of its nature, seat and causes have been suited either to the peculiar hypotheses of the writer, or have fluctuated with the everchanging theories of the day. Whether the doctrines here attempted to be introduced by Dr. Clutterbuck be built upon a more solid foundation than those of his predecessors, or whether he must not be adjudged to have been more successful in overturning former theories than in establishing a new, we intend in this article briefly to inquire:

The position of Dr. Clutterbuck with regard to the seat of fever is two-fold: 1st, that fever is not (as has been held) an universal disease, but strictly at opical disease of the sensorium; 2d, that this affection consists in an inflammation of the brain, so that the *phrenitis* of medical authors and pure fever are in truth varieties of the same disease.

With regard to the first position, we believe there will not be a great diversity of opinion among medical philosophers of the present day, and that it will, in a certain sense at least, be pretty generally conceded to him. The method of proof he has adopted is such as cannot well be objected to. For a legitimate and unbiassed description of the essential symptoms of the disease he has copied *verbatim* the full and accurate detail of them, given in Dr. Fordyce's Elements of the Practice of Physic. Analysing this description, he shews that it includes the primary and essential symptoms of fever in general, and not merely those of any particular species; a position which he confirms by appealing to the descriptions of celebrated writers, of particular examples occurring in different situations, seasons and latitudes. Such are the descriptions of Huxham, Lind, De Meritens and others. Descending to a still more minute examination of these symptoms, he proceeds to shew that all the essential symptoms of fever are derangements of the animal functions, which are in immediate dependance on the brain; namely, the external senses, the voluntary and intellectual powers; whilst the *vital* functions, that is to say the respiration and circulation of the blood, are not necessarily affected. The condition of the *natural* functions causes our author some embarrassment; for it is obvious that, in all fevers the digestion, assimilation, and nutrition nearly cease altogether; and that a great

irregularity is commonly observed in the secretions and excretions. That the functions of the stomach appear, almost invariably, to be deranged at the very first attack of fever, and to continue so throughout its whole course, cannot indeed, for a moment be denied. These symptoms are indeed so common and striking, that many have considered this organ to be the chief and primary seat of fever. This, however, says Dr. Clutterbuck, appears improbable for the following reasons ;

‘ Granting that the functions of the stomach are commonly disturbed in fever, the same is more especially true of the functions of the brain, which, as shewn above, never fail to be perverted in this disease. The disordered state of the brain, therefore, may as well be supposed the primary cause of the disturbance observed in the functions of the stomach in fever, as the reverse ; and this, I have no doubt, is actually the case.

‘ The influence of the brain on the stomach is discoverable in a thousand instances. In most diseases of the brain that are accompanied with a febrile state of the system, the appetite for food is greatly impaired, and the power of digestion in a great measure suspended : the attempt, too often made, to give strength in such cases by nutritious aliment, is as absurd and preposterous, as it is certainly unavailing. On the other hand, in morbid affections of the brain of a chronic kind, and which are unattended by fever, as in many instances of palsy and hydropic effusion within the skull, the appetite often becomes voracious, in proportion as the intellectual powers are obliterated. In both cases, the affection of the stomach is equally preternatural, and dependent on the morbid condition of the brain.

‘ Again, in injuries of the head from external violence, vomiting, as is well known, is amongst the most certain signs of the brain itself being injured. A disordered state of the stomach, therefore, is no certain proof of its being the primary seat of disease in any case, and still less in fever, in which so many other functions are disturbed.

But is not this reasoning founded entirely on a partial view of the subject ? May not an objector retort that alcohol, opium, or other narcotic substances, derange the whole sensorium by simple application to the internal coat of the stomach ? Is it not a confusion of all ideas, and an abuse of all language in such a case to call that the primary affection, which is obviously secondary, both with regard to time and place ; and if it be in our power, as our author contends in the course of this inquiry, to cut short a fever by a powerful application to the stomach and bowels, must not this be effected either by an expulsion of morbid matter, or at least primarily by a great impression on the internal membrane of

the stomach and intestines? In truth, it seems hardly possible to determine, by any reasoning *à priori*, which is to be deemed cause and which effect in the order of such phenomena; nor do we perceive any great practical utility, to which such knowledge would conduce.

If then we can give but a partial and modified assent to that, which is the ground work of Dr. Clutterbuck's doctrine, much greater are the difficulties which we must encounter by agreeing to his second position; namely, that this disorder of the brain is either a state of actual inflammation, or at least, a condition nearly allied to it, as it contains the most essential characters of this affection.

This position is attempted to be maintained by showing the analogy which exists between the symptoms of each of these affections, between the exciting causes, and between the methods of cure. We think that these analogies will not appear so strong in the eyes of an unbiassed reasoner, as they do in those of Dr. Clutterbuck, and that he will be apt to think that the doctor, in his search after resemblances, has overlooked many differences which to another would appear equally striking. We must content ourselves with noticing particularly what he says with regard to *phrenitis*, as it may be considered to be a fair specimen of the reasoning which pervades the whole work.

The definition of *phrenitis*, he observes, is contained in a few words—"Pyrexia vehemens; dolor capitis; rubor faciei et oculorum; lucis et soni intolerantia; delirium, furor." From this definition, he observes, that it would be thought an easy matter to distinguish it, in practice, from fever or any other complaint. But the history of diseases shews, that inflammation of the brain may be present, where these symptoms are wanting; and, in consequence, that they cannot be the essential characteristics of this disease. Examples of this occurrence are quoted from Willis, Fontanus, Cullen, Van Swieten, &c. Further, fever and *phrenitis* have not, it is asserted, been accurately distinguished from each other, even by the best writers; and the similarity of the symptoms is on many occasions so great, that it is scarcely possible to discriminate between them; the signs of danger and approaching dissolution are absolutely the same; it is allowed on all hands, that *phrenitis* frequently occurs in fever, and that it associates itself with all fevers; the occasional causes are in many instances the same; and the mode of cure found most successful in *phrenitis* is applicable in a considerable degree to fever also, due allowance being made for the habit of the patient and the stage of the disease.



'It appears, then, that fever and phrenitis have their most essential symptoms in common, all of which are referable to the brain and its functions; they are produced by similar causes; and the prognosis is the same in both. The feelings referred by the patient to the head in fever, are just the same with those of other inflamed parts; viz. pain, heat, and throbbing, whilst the functions of the brain are in every case more or less deranged: and, lastly, the general state of the system is the same as in other internal inflammations, due allowance being made for the influence which the brain exerts over various parts of the body, and which tends not a little to modify the general affection.'

Notwithstanding all these apparent difficulties we must continue persuaded, that no two diseases can be more distinct than fever and *phrenitis*, in their symptoms, progress, causes, methods of cure, and modes of termination. But as every disease consists of a variety of phænomena, which in individual instances vary in degree, examples may certainly be found in which the discrimination may not be very easy. But here the difficulty is not so much in the thing as in the mode of expression. Language is so scanty as to oblige us to comprehend a vast number of phænomena under a single word. The word *delirium*, for example, comprehends many degrees and varieties of mental alienation, which can readily be distinguished by observation, though it is hardly possible to do so by words. Take as another example the case of cancer. If we attend only to words, it is impossible to frame such a definition as will wholly exclude all other ulcerations. But let the experienced surgeon see the thing, and he will not be mistaken in his determination once, perhaps, in a hundred times. So we think it is in the case before us. To frame such a definition of *phrenitis*, as may never be applicable in any of its parts to other fevers, may perhaps from the imperfect nature of language, and particularly from the ambiguity of abstract terms, be quite impossible. But to distinguish the things requires little skill indeed, and we are confident that Dr. Clutterbuck himself can seldom or never have fallen into such errors in practice.

The phænomena of intermittent fevers seem wholly to overthrow the system of our ingenious author. Inflammations preserve a uniform course, for some time, oftentimes in spite of the most powerful means used to subdue them. But in intermittents all the symptoms, from which Dr. Clutterbuck infers an inflamed state of the brain, wholly subside, and recur at stated intervals, and this repeatedly. In intermittents then there can be no inflammation of the brain; and the symptoms being essentially the same in the intermittent and in continued fevers, the same must hold good of these likewise.

It must require, we apprehend, no small force of imagination to perceive an analogy between the method of cure, which is found useful in *phrenitis* and that which is proper in *typhus*. It would seem that Dr. Clutterbuck thinks bleeding advisable in the latter disease; but he has reserved his account of the practical treatment, which he has been induced to adopt, to the second part of his work. But though perhaps modern practitioners may have an unreasonable dread of the use of the lancet, in the treatment of fevers, we cannot believe, with our author, that the objections, which have been made to it, have their foundation in theory, rather than in observation. Formerly it seems to have been customary to premise the loss of blood, as a matter of course; and the authorities which Dr. Clutterbuck has adduced in behalf of its utility, most of them prove little more than the prevalence of this custom; or, it may be, that the old practitioners did not always distinguish fevers from inflammations. If then this practice has fallen into disuse, it can only be accounted for by the great difference which has been observed in its effects on these different affections. As experience shows its utility in true inflammatory disorders, the same experience has gradually likewise convinced medical practitioners, that in pure fever, to say the least, it is often useless; and that very frequently it makes the disease more obstinate, exhausts the strength and retards convalescence; whilst, according to the strong, and, we believe, the true assertion of Dr. Fordyce, it has not the smallest effect on the proper symptoms of fever, neither increasing nor diminishing it, nor in any respect altering its course.

In his account of the effects of the cold affusion, we think that the author has furnished another irrefragable argument against his own theory. As this account is very instructive, we shall give it in his own words:

"I have seen the cold affusion in typhus, and even sponging the surface of the body with vinegar and water, excite, in different instances, pulmonic inflammation and rheumatism: but I have not observed that the situation of the patient was rendered materially worse by the combination. It is even probable, that such a combination may, by counter-irritation, tend in some cases to relieve the primary affection. "One circumstance not a little remarkable was," says Dr. Sims, "that some of those who were exposed to cold (in fever) were seized by an immediate cough from it: this I always found a certain sign of a speedy recovery. The same thing I often noticed towards the end of other fevers, when I did not with certainty know the cause, and cannot recollect a single instance of the disorder afterwards terminating fatally."

I 1173. not in any case observed the secondary disease thus indu-

ced, occasion an entire cessation of the fever. The two affections have gone on together, evidently modifying each other. Thus there have been the usual pulmonic symptoms of cough, pain and difficult respiration, with the symptoms peculiar to idiopathic fever, as head-ach, prostration of strength, and a brown furred tongue. When rheumatism supervened on fever, the disturbance in the functions of the brain peculiar to the latter, continued ; but the general vascular system was at the same time excited into a degree of action unlike what is ordinarily observed in low fever, and approaching to that which accompanies acute rheumatism.

These combinations of disease I had an opportunity of witnessing in the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow in the winter of 1803, where they occurred so frequently as to have brought the practice of cold affusion into some degree of disrepute. It is not improbable indeed, from analogy, that other combinations of disease, more formidable than those now mentioned, as inflammation of the abdominal viscera, may be occasionally produced by this practice.

We see then the cold affusion immediately producing inflammations in various parts of the system ; and are therefore warranted in concluding, that it may have the same effect on the brain itself. Still more would it aggravate such a condition, if it already existed. But as it is found to have no such effect ; as it seems more to counteract than increase the morbid state of the sensorium in pure fever (whatever it be) it is an obvious consequence, that this state cannot be the state of common inflammation.

One concession or supposition, which the author seems inclined to make, throws a strong suspicion in our minds, that he is himself aware, that little practical good is likely to result from the view he has taken of this difficult and intricate subject. For, he asks, is not, after all, the inflammation which takes place in the brain in fever often *specific*, or of a peculiar nature, differing in its laws, both with regard to the progress and the cure, from ordinary inflammation ? This he seems to think far from improbable, as the fevers, which are produced by the morbid poisons, are each of them characterized by peculiar symptoms, although there are in all of them unequivocal marks of the disease being seated primarily in the brain. It is allowed then that a specific treatment is necessary in each form of fever, which can only be learned from experience. To consider them therefore as mere modifications of common inflammation cannot throw any light on the methods necessary to bring them to a happy termination.

We think that Dr. Clutterbuck might have condensed his materials very considerably without any disadvantage to his work. We have perused it with much satisfaction, and are

obliged to him for having brought together a body of solid information and useful facts. If we cannot agree with him in the inferences he has drawn from them, and in the manner he has adopted of explaining very complicated phenomena, we have been influenced only by the love of truth and science. We look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the second part of this work, to which we shall not fail to pay due attention.

ART. V.—*The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, Canto XVIII—XXXIV. with a Translation in English blank Verse, Notes, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A.M. With an engraved Portrait from a Painting by S. Tofanelli. 8vo. 8s. Carpenter. 1806.*

OUR ample review of the former part of Mr. Cary's arduous labour,\* precludes the necessity of a lengthened disquisition on the merits of the volume now before us. They form together a *par nobile fratrum* bearing the strongest resemblance to each other, and equally stamped with the authentic features of their venerable original. The farther we have advanced in the perusal the more we have been struck with indications of a literary courage and perseverance, which no difficulties or horrors could overcome, and with a rare union of diligence and judgment under the direction of genius. Yet notwithstanding this just commendation we are of opinion that still more of the 'labor limæ' might be applied with advantage upon several parts, which retain a roughness more than enough to represent the characteristic austerity of the Tuscan. Thus in the celebrated description of Ugolin's death, though upon the whole it is successfully rendered with truth, simplicity, pathos and strength, yet we meet with some dissonant verses, as in particular this, if verse it can be called.

\* For one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth.'

*Canto xxxiii. p. 289.*

We are advocates for a more literal rendering of the text than the loose and luxurious taste of the present age approves; we do not object to the timely intermixture of discords and redundant syllables; much less do we require that the general finish of the style should extend to every necessary expletive or quotidian phrase; we must however advise

this author to be cautious, lest his devotion to high authorities should betray him into an unsparing exercise of liberties in the language, construction, and versification, which only in a certain degree are sanctioned by the name of poetic licence; for that, which, when seldom repeated, is deemed a happy freedom, by intemperate use degenerates into a symptom of feebleness, affectation, or negligence; we mention this rather to check a tendency, than to correct a fault.

We proceed now to discharge the more pleasing office of selection, regretting that we cannot indulge ourselves in exhibiting still more numerous specimens of the skill displayed in this translation.

There is much life and spirit in the simile of the arsenal, and the subsequent description of a fiend.

• Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.  
 In the Venetian's arsenal as toils  
 Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear  
 Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time  
 Sea faring men restrains, and in that while  
 His bark one builds anew, another stops  
 The ribs of his, that hath made many a voyage;  
 One hammers at the prow, one at the poop;  
 This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls;  
 The mizen one repairs and main sail rent,  
 So not by force of fire but art divine,  
 Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round  
 Lim'd all the shore beneath. 'I that beheld,  
 But therein nought distinguish'd; save the surge,  
 Rais'd by the boiling, in one mighty swell  
 Heave, and by turns subsiding fall. While there  
 I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my guide  
 Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place.  
 Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself as one  
 Impatient to behold that which beheld  
 He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,  
 That he his flight delays not for the view.  
 Behind me I discern'd a devil black,  
 That running up advanc'd along the rock.  
 Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake!  
 In act how bitter did he seem with wings  
 Buoyant, outstretch'd, and feet of nimblest tread?  
 His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp  
 Was with a sinner charg'd; by either haunch  
 He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.'

*Canto x. p. 61.*

In the following passage the terrible sublime is relieved by the beautiful comparison of the phoenix.

‘ The chasm

Opening to view, I saw a crowd within  
 Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape  
 And hideous, that remembrance in my veins  
 Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands  
 Let Libya vaunt no more ; if Jaculus,  
 Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,  
 Cenehris and Amphistæna, plagues so dire  
 Or in such numbers swarming ne’er she shew’d  
 Not with all Ethiopia, and whate’er  
 Above the Erythræan sea is spawn’d.  
 Amid this dread exuberance of woe  
 Ran naked spirits wing’d with horrid fear,  
 Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,  
 Or\* heliotrope to charm them out of view.  
 With serpents were their hands behind them bound,  
 Which through their reins infix’d the tail and head,  
 Twisted in folds before. And lo! on one  
 Near to our side, darted an adder up,  
 And, where, the neck is on the shoulders tied,  
 Transpierc’d him. Far more quickly than e’er pen  
 Wrote O or I, he kindled, burn’d, and chang’d  
 To ashes all, pour’d out upon the earth.  
 When there dissolv’d he lay, the dust again  
 Uproll’d spontaneous and the self same form  
 Instant resum’d. So mighty sages tell  
 The Arabian phoenix when five hundred years  
 Have well nigh circl’d, dies, and springs forthwith  
 Renascent. Blade nor herb throughout his life  
 He tastes, but tears of frankiucense alone  
 And odorous armomum : swaths of nard  
 And myrrh his funeral shroud. Canto xxiv. p. 125.

We cannot forbear inserting at full length the conclusion assigned by Dante to the life and labours of Ulysses, as worthy of the man.

ὅς μάλα πολλὰ  
 Πλάγχθη . . . . .  
 Πολλὰ δὲ οὐκ ἐπὶ νότῳ πάθον ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν,  
 Ἀρήμενος ἦν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόσον ἑταίρον.

Virgil addresses Diomedes and Ulysses, who are ‘ swathed  
 confining fire,’ the latter of whom assumes his accustomed  
 part of spokesman.

‘ O ye, who dwelt two spirits in one fire ;  
 If living I of you did merit aught,

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\* A. one of such extraordinary virtue, that the bearer of it is effectually concealed from the sight of all present. *Boccaccio Decam. G. viii. N. 3.* See also *Solinus, C. xl.*

Whate'er the measure were of that desert,  
 When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd  
 Move ye not on, till one of you unfold  
 In what clime death o'ertook himself destroy'd.\*  
 Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn  
 Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire  
 That labours with the wind, then, to and fro  
 Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,  
 Threw out its voice and spake: when I escap'd  
 From Circe, who beyond a circling year  
 Had held me near Gaieta, by her charms,  
 Ere thus Eneas yet had nam'd the shores.  
 Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence  
 Of my old father, nor return of love,  
 That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,  
 Could overcome in me the zeal I had  
 To explore the world, and search the ways of life,  
 Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd  
 Into the deep illimitable main,  
 With but one bark, and the small faithful band  
 That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,  
 Far as Marocco either shore I saw,  
 And the Sardinian and each isle beside  
 Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age  
 Were I and my companions when we came  
 To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd  
 The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.  
 The walls of Seville to my right I left,  
 On the other hand already Ceuta past.  
 "O Brothers!" I began, "who to the west  
 Through perils without number now have reach'd  
 To this the short remaining watch, that yet  
 Our senses, have to wake, refuse not proof  
 Of the unpeopled world, following the track  
 Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:  
 Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,  
 But virtue to pursue, and knowledge high."  
 With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage  
 The mind of my associates, that I then  
 Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn  
 Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight  
 Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.  
 Each star on the other pole night now beheld  
 And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor  
 It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft  
 Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon  
 Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far  
 Appear'd a \*mountain dim, loftiest methought  
 Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,

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\* The mountain of purgatory-

But soon to mourning chang'd. - From the new land  
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round  
With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up  
The poop, and sank the prow : so fate decreed :  
And over us the booming billow clos'd.

*Canto xxvi. p. 161.*

The last canto contains a picture of Lucifer, which yields  
to no effort of art, in the delineation of the horrible:

" Lo!" he exclaim'd, " lo Dis ! and lo the place,  
Where thou hadst need to arm thy heart with strength !  
How frozen and how faint I then became,  
Ask me not, reader ! for I write it not,  
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state,  
I was not dead, nor living. Think thyself,  
If quick conception work in thee at all,  
How I did feel, That emperor, who sways  
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice  
Stood forth ; and I in stature am more like  
A giant, than the giants are his arms.  
Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits  
With such a part. If he were beautiful  
As he is hideous now, and lifted up his brow  
Against his Maker, well from him  
May all our misery flow. Oh, what a sight !  
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy  
Upon his head three faces ; one in front  
Of hue vermilion, th' other two with this  
Midway each shoulder join'd, and at the crest  
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd ; the left  
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile  
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth  
Two mighty wings, enormous as became  
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw  
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,  
But were in texture like a bat, and these  
He flapp'd i 'th' air, that from him issued still -  
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth  
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept : the tears  
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.  
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd  
Bruis'd as with pondrous engine, so that three  
Were in this guise tormented. But far more  
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd  
By the fierce rending, whence oft times the back  
Was stript of all its skin. " That upper spirit  
Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,  
" Is Judas, he that hath his head within  
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,



Whose heads are under, he from the black jaw  
That hangs, is Brutus; lo, how he doth writhe  
And speaks not! The other, Cassius, that appears  
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends,  
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

*Quanto xxxiv. p. 305.*

Dante's opinion with regard to the centre of gravity deserves notice.

Tu passasti il punto  
Al qual si traggon d'ogni parte i pesi.

*Ib. p. 312.*

Thou didst overpass  
That point, to which from every part is dragg'd  
All heavy substance.

Perhaps it will not be the least recommendation of these volumes, that they contain a cheap and correct edition of the original text, and as far as we know the first that has been printed in this country: Italian masters and their pupils will find them of singular use in facilitating the acquisition of either language.

While we advise the strenuous but deliberate prosecution of this work, we think ourselves authorized to offer Mr. Cary that encouraging motive, which stimulated the spirit of his great master, and of the influence of which, the progress he himself has already made in his difficult undertaking, bespeaks him fully sensible.

"Omai conven, che tu così ti spoltre:"  
Disse 'l maestro: "che seggendo in piuma,  
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre:  
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,  
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia,  
Qual fumo in aere, od in acqua la schiuma:  
E però' leva su, vinci l'ambascia  
Con l'animo, che vince ogni battaglia,  
Se col suo grave corpo non s'accascia."

"Now needs thy best of man;" so spake my guide  
"For not on downy plumes, nor under shade  
Of canopy reposing, fame is won;  
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days

We take this opportunity of correcting some typographical errors, in our review of the former volume. Read, p. 117, notturno for, notterno; p. 118. epic stole for epic stile; p. 120, verisimilitude for very similitude; p. 122, tre gole for tra gole; p. 122, quando for quand; p. 124, Togeua for togliève: altra via for altravia: & after 'felicity in uniting the languages,' insert a comma.

Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,  
A smoke in air, or foam upon the wave.  
Thou therefore rise : vanquish thy weariness  
By the mind's effort, in each struggle form'd  
To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight  
Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.'

Canto xxiv. p. 121.

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**ART. VI** — *Feudal Tyrants, or the Counts of Carlsheim and Sargans, a Romance, taken from the German. In four Volumes. By M. G. Lewis, Author of the Bravo of Venice, Adelgitha, Rugantino, &c. Hughes. 1806.*

THE author of the Bravo of Venice, Adelgitha, Rugantino, &c. ! It is not altogether easy to conjecture what motive should have induced Mr. Lewis to designate himself in this manner. Is he afraid to be remembered, or is he certain of not being forgotten as the parent of the lascivious Monk ? The chaster tone of his more recent compositions would induce us to prefer the former supposition were we not sure that his vanity is greatly too active a principle to suffer him to abandon his first and most popular effort. The booksellers are aware of the disadvantage of concealing the identity of the author of the Monk, and the editor of the present work, and we see advertised this fresh-wrought tissue of blood and murder as a new novel by Monk Lewis ! Mr. Lewis may just as well himself put his real designation to his name. We can venture to assure him that when the appellation of Monk Lewis is forgotten, the person to whom it belonged will not be long remembered. The Monk is in some respects considerably the best of the works of this author. It has more merit and less morality than any of his other productions ; though it has faults enough even in a literary point of view. Mr. Lewis seems to have improved himself in his knowledge of shew and stage trick, but we cannot congratulate him or his admirers upon any other species of improvement. Sober reason is disgusted at the endless display of ghosts, murders, conflagrations, and crimes. They are the instruments with which children may be governed or frightened, and by which grown people are liable to be affected exactly in proportion as they resemble children. A poet has said that men are but children of a larger growth, an assertion which Mr. Lewis has adopted as an axiom. But as the learned, the able, the ingenious, and the distinguished among the human race for mental accomplishments are less like children than the ignorant, the foolish, and the pert, so that gentleman must expect the applause bestowed upon

his terrific tales of devils and bad men to arise more from the latter than the former description of persons. But the praise of the mob is not without its attractions, and if the qualities which obtain it do not always shine in the eyes of posterity with the most distinguished lustre, they afford some compensation in the extraordinary though temporary baze with which they dazzle the sight of the present beholders.

As we are not in possession of the German original of this romance, we are unable to inform our readers of the amendments or alterations effected by Mr. Lewis. We well know what we are to expect in a German work of imagination: ghosts, bones, chains, dungeons, castles, forests, murders, and rapine pass before us in long order, till sated with horrors and habituated to their view we regard them with as much composure as an undertaker contemplates the last melancholy rites of his mortal brethren. But it were cruel to raise too high the expectations of our fair readers. Of blood, vengeance, and misfortunes Mr. Lewis has indeed woven a formidable web, but not a ghost flits along the corner of a ruined hall or draws the curtain at the dead of night to delight the old or to terrify the timid fair. We cannot account for this moderation: we even humbly venture to doubt of the prudence of the proceeding. To take ghosts and devils from Mr. Lewis's tales is to endanger their very existence. By such a subtraction we expose ourselves to the risk of bearing what the mathematicians call a negative quantity, something less than nothing, which may only remind us of the former existence of a substance to support the baseless fabric.

These four volumes are of a more miscellaneous nature than Mr. Lewis's former productions. We have a series of tales connected by nothing very obvious, introduced in a very improbable and unnatural manner, and agreeing only in repetitions of stories of the tyranny of German or Helvetic barons during times of feudal violence. Mr. Lewis's imagination has certainly been in a languishing way when it has been unable to invent a story more interesting and terrible than any of these. We confess our patience to have been frequently on the point of exhaustion during the perusal of these doleful ditties, and we are greatly at a loss to assign any plausible reason for the author ransacking the repositories of German literature to produce nothing better than this. It is the labour of the mountain, and *Monk Lewis* has produced his mouse neither larger nor finer than has issued from the pen of many a teeming maiden in the sanctuaries of the Minerva press.

There are eight parts into which this work is divided. In the first of these we have the correspondence of a certain

proud widow of quality, named Elizabeth of Sonnerburg, with some old abbot, which is carried on on both sides with a great deal of German sentiment and no small portion of worldly flattery. In fact, the first effect of any of these letters, if really sent to a human being in possession of his senses, would be to excite a most violent fit of laughter. There is an air so unnatural in every line and a stately march upon stilts that to sober-minded persons is inexpressibly ridiculous. These two great characters however speedily quarrel in consequence of a few gentle remonstrances on the part of the priest, and the lady consoles her lonesome hours by visiting an abbess from whom she purloins some manuscripts. These, like all old papers in novels, turn out delightfully interesting, and elucidate the very doubts and difficulties which at that moment distract the heroine of the piece. Elizabeth accordingly sets to with heart and hand to write long-winded letters to her brother Oswald, who is supposed to be so good-natured as to read them all, and fortunately is found to be so learned as to be able to answer them, since in those days it appears that writing was far from being an universal accomplishment even of the great ones of the earth.

In part the second Elizabeth lays before her 'kind Oswald,' the melancholy history of a personage called Urania Venesta, who was the daughter of a rich baron. This nobleman had a neighbour, it appears, not quite so prosperous as himself, but withal very full of sour looks and grand airs, and all sorts of German and baronial folly. The Count of Carlsheim, for such was his name, concealed under all this rough exterior great cunning and ambition. He shut up in an old castle a wife, whom he had married in Italy, reporting her to be dead, and left her son to inherit his mother's fortunes: he then captivated the affections of the aforesaid Urania, married her, prevailed on her father to give up his lands to him; and after having got all in his power, treated every body very ill, and finally obliged his wife to retire into a convent for the remainder of her life, where she continued to chant matins and patronize distressed damsels.

The son of the Count of Carlsheim by his Italian lady at last hears of his mother's misfortunes and invades his father's dominions, overpowering his forces and seizing his territories. The young count, whose name is Donat, is a chip of the old block, and a very bloody history of his exploits is given in the third part under the title of *Memoirs of Adelaide of the Beacon Tower*, which story is contained in a letter written by some abbess to Thanis, the heroine of the former tale. We should only waste paper and patience to attempt to offer any abridgment of these wonderful adventures. Our readers

may easily gratify their curiosity by aid of those useful literati the keepers of circulating libraries. The two next parts of the work are occupied with detailing the history of count Donat's daughter, who undergoes a world of hair breadth accidents, and are witnesses of many a bloody scene, which perhaps might afford some interest to the reader were he not encumbered and perplexed by long, crabbed and harsh sounding names, which he has not had time to render familiar to his mind or his eye till the piece is concluded and the curtain dropped, and another tale with a fresh batch of hard words is presented to his inspection.

In the sixth and seventh parts we find the history of the sisters without a name. This romantic appellation is used to describe two damsels who passed the earlier years of their existence in Switzerland, ignorant of their real family, and believing themselves to be descendants of the hero of Helvetic liberty, William Tell. In the sequestered vallies of that country they meet a young man who becomes enamoured of one of them. This youth is also a nobleman in disguise, and the match is opposed by the elders on both sides, from similar and alike ill-founded ideas of inequality of rank. The young lover goes to the wars, and is reported to be killed: he on his part believes his mistress to be dead. The damsels return to their uncle's the count of Torrenburg, and become acquainted with Elizabeth. She is about to be espoused after due difficulties by Henry of Montford. At the marriage the damsels without a name are bride-maids, and all goes on well till the unfortunate lifting of a veil, which discovers that the niece of count Torrenburg and the nymph of Helvetia are the same person, and that Henry of Montford is the object of her former affection. Upon this awful denouement some scream, others roar, a few faint, and a general splutter ensues, the marriage is broke off, and a great deal of delicate distress arises from the ignorance of the nameless damsels in the art and mystery of writing. Elizabeth consoles herself for the vigorous Henry in the arms of the aged count Torrenburg. His nieces are inveigled out of the castle and delivered to robbers, from whom they escape immaculate in person, but are nevertheless universally detested as no better than they should be, and banished from their uncle's house and protection, and worst of all from his will. At length the old gentleman dies: Elizabeth, after remaining long obdurate, is convinced of the innocence of her former friends. She restores to them their patrimonial estates, and they are consoled for all their distresses and rewarded for all their virtues in the most approved way, by being provided with husbands. On the numerous improbabilities and extravagances which are contained in almost every part of all

These stories we need make no comment. It has long been the privilege of the German novelists and of Mr. Lewis to be as extravagant as they pleased, and to physic us with murders and wonders in as great doses as they chuse to prescribe. It is therefore in vain any longer to protest against the departure from the chaste habits of former times, or to recommend a recurrence to rules which experience has proved to procure few readers and no admirers. Yet happily for the world this taste does not now exist in all its pristine vigour, and another age may view its final decline.

If we examine the general merits of this production with a critical eye, we shall find that they cannot be classed very high. It was formerly the aim of novelists to catch the manners living as they rise, and to present us with a portraiture of human nature where we do not readily discern the resemblance to the original. The excellence of such performances was estimated by the degree of likeness, and the merit of the successful artist was justly regarded as high. But Mr. Lewis's efforts are not of this description. His overcharged and horrid pictures have no resemblance to the life, and for whatever we praise them, it cannot be for a correct imitation of nature.

Other authors have contented themselves with qualifications of less difficult attainment, though still of unquestionable merit. Pursuing in prose the tract of the ancient satirists, their aim has been to shoot folly as it flies, and to hold up vice and absurdity to ridicule when they could, but at all events to excite the merriment of their readers. Such writers have seldom been very happy or exceedingly careful in the delineation of character; but they have great merit in their way, and afford us the means of a most agreeable and innocent relaxation. With this class Mr. Lewis cannot be arranged: his stern gravity, engaged in the contemplation of murderous deeds, seldom condescends to relax itself into a smile.

Some novelists who have found their abilities inadequate to cope with either of these classes, who have neither possessed the rare art to delineate characters with exquisite justness, or to ridicule the weaknesses of men with happy humour, have had recourse to other means of attracting our attention; abandoning the pursuits of art, they have cultivated the simplicity of nature. They have considered the effect of the whole rather than that of part. By exciting our interest, our compassion, our sorrow, or our indignation by the recital of unmerited misfortunes, of cruel oppression, of tales of love and of friendship, they have justly merited our applause. Perhaps no department of novel writing is more pleasing than this, and hardly any has been cultivated with more suc-

cess of late years. These simple pictures of unadorned events, when decorated with the charms of pathetic eloquence, possess irresistible attraction, and are preferred by many to all the correct painting of men and the most biting ridicule in the world. But Mr. Lewis has no claim to a place in this class. Simplicity is a term of which he knows not the value, and hardly understands the meaning. The crowing of a cock is not more dangerous to a ghost than is a ruined hall, a midnight journey through vaulted passages, or a spectre in chains to that amiable quality.

The German school of blood and murder has, we presume, arisen from the following circumstances. Many excellent writers in various languages had painted the most remarkable characters which appear on the stage of human life with a degree of force and brightness which might terrify ordinary imitators. These latter were aware that the public would turn with disgust from more feeble efforts, and judge of their merits by a scale with which they feared to be measured. Exquisite ridicule is no less difficult of acquirement, and the success of a few had no less engendered a fastidious taste fatal to subordinate attempts. Simplicity, on the other hand, is perhaps more hard of attainment than either of the others, and there attends the attempts to reach it this inconvenience, that when unsuccessful they become utterly vapid and ludicrous. The author having divested himself of every cover, is exposed naked to the pelting of the storm. Instead of all these plans so beset with obstructions, it was natural enough to propose one, the source of which could never fail. When a writer began to get dull, he had only to set a house on fire, and scorch a few damsels out of bed and into the arms of knights heaven-sent to relieve them: a death's head is an infallible antidote to the sleep of a reader; and when these expedients threaten to grow stale, we have store left of daggers, bows, murders and ghosts sufficient to terrify the weak imaginations of many of the students of novels. But the strongest stimuli at last lose their effect, and the stomach loaths the repeated dose. Mr. Lewis's general plan has our decided disapprobation. For his particular execution of it in the instances before us we have only to observe, that without being more rational than most performances of a similar description, it is considerably more tiresome than many of them, and displays a most melancholy inferiority to his former compositions.

ART. VII.—*The Life of General Washington* By John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, &c. &c. &c. Vol. 4. 1805,—Vol. 5. 1807. Phillips.

AT length the two remaining tomes of this vast compilation are before the public, comprizing together upwards of 1500 pages! Of the three first volumes we gave our readers an account in a former number\*, which may possibly enable them to form some estimate of the chief justice's talents for historical composition. Copious as the remainder of his performance is, it furnishes but few additional materials for criticism.

The fourth volume we shall dismiss very briefly; the greatest part of it is devoted to the remaining history of the contest with America, and presents little else than a narrative of military operations, on so small a scale as to be scarcely more than a series of skirmishes, which though of immeasurable importance in their consequences, are in themselves too minute to excite attention or to interest curiosity. Never perhaps was a question of such magnitude decided by a course of such insignificant and petty warfare;—besides the annals of the world abounds so much in scenes of 'broil and battle,' and, to all except those who are critically and professionally informed in the art of destruction, one engagement so much resembles another, that the imagination is soon tired and the attention palled by the eternal repetition of van and rear, of marchings and countermarchings, of bold advances and masterly retreats. To this it must be added that, compared with the terrific dimensions, the sanguinary character, and the tremendous consequences which of late years have distinguished the armaments of Europe, all former armaments lose their interest and shrink into insignificance. The fourth volume is on these and on other accounts which may fairly be imputed to the style of the composition, so languid, so tedious, and obscure, that we who have been so much fatigued by the perusal, will not by making numerous extracts lay the same tax on the patience of our readers.

Unable as we are to appreciate the merits of Washington as a soldier and a general, we must be content to measure his greatness by his success;—a criterion which will scarcely be considered as unjust when the scantiness of his means is compared with the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the glorious ends which he accomplished. From the beginning of the conflict to the termination we behold him at the head of an army constantly on the point of dissolution; and with a crude and discordant soldiery baffling the discipline, the courage and the strength of the most powerful nation in the world. The



peace of 1783, and the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, at length relieved the father of America from the laborious and anxious post of commander in chief, and restored him to that retirement which was so singularly congenial to his disposition. Even those in whose recollection every prominent event in his biography may yet be fresh, may not be displeased with the following account of the simple and affecting ceremony of his farewell to his brethren in peril and in glory.

'At length on the 25th November the British troops evacuated New York and a detachment from the American army took possession of the town. The guards being posted for the security of the citizens, general Washington, accompanied by governor Clinton, and attended by many civil and military officers, and a large number of respectable inhabitants on horseback, made his public entry into the city, where he was received with every mark of respect and attention. His military course was now on the point of terminating; and previous to divesting himself of the supreme command, he was about to bid adieu to his comrades in arms.

'This affecting interview took place the 4th of December. At noon the principal officers of the army assembled at France's tavern, soon after which their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you: I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.' Having drank, he added 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox being nearest turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility, and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence, and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles-hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge he turned to the company and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu.

'They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled.' Vol. iv. p. 676, &c.

In retirement Washington devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and to projects for the improvement of his emancipated country; and to his zealous recommendation may be ascribed, the opening of the inland navigation of the great rivers of Virginia, from the accomplishment of which, Ame-

rica must, at no very distant period, derive incalculable advantage. The importance and value of this great improvement were attested by an order of the legislature, to subscribe for the benefit of General Washington the same number of shares, in each company, as were to be taken for the state. The disinterestedness of W. however did not allow him to take advantage of the generosity of his country; and he consented to hold these shares only as trustee for some public institution. These funds he afterwards appropriated to the establishment of two seminaries of learning, in the vicinity of the James and Potomac rivers. Chap. i. Vol. v

The second chapter of the 5th volume deserves to be attentively studied: and indeed the whole of the volume presents a very valuable collection of materials for some future historian of the United States. It is by far the most interesting portion of the whole work, and the events which it records afford to legislators and to statesmen many useful suggestions for correcting the errors of speculation. Scarcely were the perils dissipated, which had united the energies of thirteen independent states, than the imperfect system of union which had been hastily adopted during the war, appeared to contain the seeds of its own dissolution. The materials, cemented by no principle of cohesion, fell to pieces the moment the pressure was removed which had forcibly kept them together. The existing system was utterly irreconcilable with a wise and effective government; and the freedom which the Americans had so dearly purchased appeared for some years to be little better than the liberty of perishing by their own folly and madness, without the interference of any foreign power. The obstinate jealousy with which the legislature of each state refused to delegate any part of its authority to the congress, necessarily produced misery and discontent at home, and provoked contempt and insult abroad. No measures could be concerted or executed for the satisfaction of the creditors of the state, for the establishment of commercial and political relations with other governments, or even for performance of the treaty with Great Britain.

‘America’—says Washington in a letter to one of his friends,—‘must appear in a very contemptible point of view to those with whom she is endeavouring to form commercial treaties without possessing the means of carrying them into effect;—they must see and feel that the union, or the states individually, are sovereign, as best suits their purposes: in a word, that we are one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow!—who will treat with us on such terms?’—Vol. v. p. 80.

The evils which resulted from this system of discord, be-

came at last so intense that they could be endured no longer, and gradually wrought their own cure. The process, by which this important reform was accomplished, is traced with considerable perspicuity and force by Mr. Marshall; and the progress of the public conviction towards the necessity of a more vigorous and consolidated government is illustrated by judicious extracts from the correspondence of Washington. His letters throughout the whole of this critical period shew the affectionate vigilance with which he still watched over the happiness of his country, and the wisdom with which he discerned the only means by which she could be rescued from anarchy and destruction.

It is worthy of remark that the rigorous system of commercial restriction pursued by this country was the most efficacious instrument in effecting that change in the public sentiments which every enlightened friend of America anxiously desired. The venomous hatred with which Great Britain was regarded after the termination of the conflict readily conducted the understanding of every one to a firm belief that all their complicated embarrassments and miseries might ultimately be referred to the disadvantages with which their trade was loaded by the selfish and unaccommodating spirit of British policy: and from that inference there were not many steps to the conviction that there was no safety without the establishment of some sovereign organ of the public will, by which the haughty spirit of their rivals might be reduced to a tone of compromise and accommodation.

‘With respect to the commercial system which Great Britain is pursuing with this country,’ says Washington, ‘the ministers in this as in other matters are defeating their own end, by facilitating the grant of those powers to congress, which will produce a counteraction of their plans, and with which but for those plans half a century would not have invested that body.’

‘The restrictions on our trade, and the additional duties which are imposed on many of our staple commodities, have put all the commercial people of this country in motion. They now see the indispensable necessity of a general controlling power, and are addressing their respective assemblies to grant it to congress. Before this, every state thought itself competent to regulate its own trade; and we were verifying the observations of Lord Sheffield, who supposed we never could agree on any general plan. But those who will go a little deeper into matters than his lordship seems to have done, will perceive that in any measure when the general interest is touched, however wide apart the politics of individual states may be, yet as soon as it is discovered, they will unite to effect a common good.’ Vol. v. p. 94.

This union, however, so ardently desired, was not so near as the father of his country had suffered himself to hope. A

feverish interval of commotion and discord ensued, and it was not till the year 1789 that the federal constitution was adopted. This event forms an important era in the life of Washington. The unanimous voice of his country called him from his retirement, and with unfeigned reluctance he quitted Mount Vernon to guard the infant destinies of the American empire.

It might possibly have been expected that one who was almost literally called to the first post in the state by the unanimous voice of a grateful nation, would for some time at least have been able to suppress the clamours of discontent and the murmurs of calumny. Scarcely had he commenced the exercise of his public functions when it was made a subject of grave and serious charge against him that, in imitation of the levee days established by crowned heads, he had allotted particular hours for receiving visits not upon business! These frivolous complaints and despicable surmises were treated by Washington with the disregard which they deserved; though he condescended to explain and justify his conduct in his private correspondence with his friends. Vol. v. p. 190, &c.

It is by no means our purpose to follow the biographer through the detail of Washington's administration. The whole of this period is fresh in the recollection of all Europe. Never were moderation, wisdom and firmness more necessary, and never were they more eminently displayed. Every one knows the devout attachment of America to France at that time, and how deeply every good American was enamoured of the French revolution. That republicans should have been charmed by its opening prospects can scarcely be surprising. But with a very powerful party in the state, this strange passion continued with unalterable fidelity and constancy through every vicissitude of its folly and its wickedness; and all its horrors and extravagances were beheld with no common partiality. This pernicious infatuation convulsed the states with two opposite factions, and which at this moment divide the people of America. The first symptoms of this revolutionary fever were attended with a delirium highly alarming to all whose judgment had escaped the disorder; discord unhappily found its way into the deliberations of the executive power, and nothing but the wisdom and resolution of the president could have withdrawn the country from the fraternal embrace of the Great Nation, and saved it from the ruinous consequences of a war with Great Britain. To their resentment against this country, and to their attachment for its mortal enemy, were the jacobin and anti-federalist impatient to sacrifice the dignity, and the prosperity of their nation. The insults and outrages

which were not only patiently borne, but almost thankfully received, at the hands of the French government, are scarcely credible; and it is truly curious to contemplate a people who had ventured their existence to secure their independence, welcoming with marks of extravagant devotion a minister of the convention who had no sooner set his foot on American ground than he manifested, by an unequivocal assumption of the functions of sovereignty, how little the United States were respected by the arrogance and phrenzy of their allies.

\* On the 8th April he (Mr. Genet) arrived not at Philadelphia, but at Charlestown in Carolina, a port the contiguity of which to the West Indies would give it a peculiar convenience as a resort for privateers. By the government of that state he was received with an enthusiasm well calculated to dissipate every doubt he might previously have entertained concerning the dispositions on which he was to operate. At this place he continued for several days, receiving extravagant marks of public attachment: during which time he undertook to authorize the fitting and arming of vessels in that port, enlisting men, and giving commissions to cruise and commit hostilities on nations with whom the United States were at peace. The captures made by these cruizers were brought into port, and the consuls of France were assuming, under the authority of Mr. Genet, who was not then recognized as a public minister by the American government, to hold courts of admiralty on them, to try, condemn and authorise their sale.

\* From Charlestown Mr. Genet proceeded by land to Philadelphia, receiving on his journey, at the different towns through which he passed, such marks of enthusiastic attachment, as had, perhaps, never before been exhibited to a foreign minister. On the 15th of May he arrived at the seat of government, where he had been preceded by the intelligence of his transactions in South Carolina. This information did not diminish the extravagant transports of joy with which he was welcomed by the great body of the inhabitants. Vol. v. p. 482.

The same spirit unhappily still continues to ferment, though perhaps with diminished intensity. France is no longer a republic; her hopes of liberty have ended in a stern and bloody despotism; yet she still remains an object of the fondest attachment with the sons of freedom; and while the haughtiness, and the encroachment of Britain are the favourite themes of frantic declamation, the cruizers of France are committing daily insults and outrages on the American flag, without opposition, and almost without remonstrance.

In 1797 the second presidentship of Washington expired. He had been twice called to the chief magistracy by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow citizens, and he now pro-

posed to enjoy for the rest of his life the blessings of tranquillity, and announced his intention to decline being again a candidate. The gratitude of his country followed him into his retirement. Under his government, public credit had been immovably established, the foreign relations of the country had been conducted with dignity and with judgment, and that wise system of neutrality inflexibly pursued, which is so necessary to the prosperity of an infant empire. Having once saved America from her enemies, he performed a service perhaps no less illustrious in preserving her from the effects of her own infatuation. The rising energies of the nation were thus left at leisure to develop themselves, without distraction or interruption; and were employed in laying the basis of immense wealth and power, instead of being exhausted by fruitless interference in the quarrels of Europe.

‘Without reviewing,’ says Mr. Marshall, ‘the measures of the president, which were reprobated by one party and advocated by the other, the reader may be requested to glance his eye at the situation of the United States in 1797, and contrast it with their condition in 1788.

‘At home a sound credit had been created, an immense floating debt had been funded, in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the creditors; an ample revenue had been provided: those difficulties which a system of internal taxation on its first introduction was doomed to encounter were completely removed, and the authority of the government was firmly established. Funds for the gradual payment of the debt had been provided; a considerable part of it had been actually discharged; and that system which is now operating its entire extinction had been matured and adopted. The agricultural and commercial wealth of the nation had been increased beyond all former example. The numerous tribes of warlike Indians inhabiting the immense tracts which lie between the then cultivated country and the Mississippi, had been taught by arms and by justice to respect the United States and to continue in peace. This desirable object having been accomplished, that humane system was established for civilizing and furnishing them with the conveniences of life, which improves the condition while it secures the attachment.

‘Abroad, the differences with Spain had been accommodated; and the free navigation of the Mississippi had been acquired with the use of New Orleans as a depôt for three years, and afterwards until some other equivalent place should be designated. Those causes of mutual exasperation which had threatened to involve the United States in a war with the greatest maritime and commercial power in the world, had been removed, and the military posts which had been occupied within their territory from their existence as a nation had been evacuated. Treaties had been formed with Algiers and Tripoli; and no captures appear to have been made at Tunis; so that the Mediterranean was open to American vessels.

' This bright prospect was indeed, in part, shadowed by the growing discontents of France. Those who have attended to the particular points in difference between the two nations, will assign the causes to which these discontents are to be ascribed, and will judge whether it was in the power of the executive to have avoided them, without surrendering the real independence of the nation, and the most invaluable of all rights, the right of self-government.

' Such was the situation of the United States at the close of Washington's administration. Their circumstances at its commencement will be recollected: and the contrast is too striking not to be observed.

' That this beneficial change in the affairs of America is to be ascribed exclusively to the wisdom which guided the national councils, will not be pretended. That many of the causes which produced it originated with the government, and that their successful operation was facilitated, if not secured by the system which was adopted, cannot be denied. To appreciate the system correctly, their real influence must be allowed to those strong prejudices and turbulent passions with which it was assailed.' Vol. v. p. 799, &c.

The 'discontents of France,' alluded to in this passage, at last broke out into acts of the most galling indignity, and 'history,' says the author, 'will scarcely furnish an example of a nation, not absolutely degraded, which has experienced from a foreign power such open contumely, and undisguised insult, as were suffered by the United States in the persons of their ministers' in France. But the forbearance and long-suffering of the American people towards their magnanimous ally, was not easily exhausted; and it was not till their ambassadors were driven with humiliation from the territories of the republic, that the government found itself supported by a vigorous and becoming spirit of resistance. Congress immediately adopted measures for retaliating injuries that had been sustained, and for repelling those which were threatened. For this purpose a regular army was to be organized, and immediately the eyes of the whole continent were turned towards Washington as the only person to whom it should be entrusted. He accepted the command provisionally; but before he could be called upon to exercise its functions, he was seized with the disorder which put an end to his existence; and he was not suffered to live long enough to witness the restoration of peace to his country.

' On Friday, the 13th of December, while attending to some improvements upon his estate, he was exposed to a light rain, by which his neck and hair became wet. Unapprehensive of danger from this circumstance he passed the afternoon in his usual manner; but in the night, he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the wind-pipe. The disease increased with a violent ague, accompanied

with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat ; a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than painful deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration.

Believing blood-letting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder, who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood ; but he would not permit a messenger to be dispatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning Doctor Craik arrived, and perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. The utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder : speaking which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable : respiration became more and more contracted and imperfect, till half past eleven on Saturday night, when retaining the full possession of his intellect he expired without a struggle. Believing at the commencement of the complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery, rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself and went to bed, there to die. To his friend and physician, Doctor Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said with difficulty, ' Doctor I am dying, and have been dying for a long time, but I am not afraid to die.'

' During the short period of his illness, he economised his time in arranging, with the utmost serenity, those few concerns which required his attention ; and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his life was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.' Vol. v. p. 825, &c.

Thus died the most illustrious of American citizens, and one of the most virtuous of mankind. It is not perhaps too much to assert that no individual, by his own personal exertions, ever conferred so much benefit on his fellow creatures. It is scarcely possible to imagine a spectacle more affecting and more sublime than that of a whole nation, by an unanimous impulse, looking towards an individual for protection and deliverance in every moment of turbulence and peril, and reposing the most unlimited confidence not only on his wisdom, but on his unsullied patriotism and virtue. Of Washington it may truly be said that ' he and greatness were compelled to kiss : '—the assumption of high office and large responsibility was with him rather the performance of a severe duty, than the gratification of a favourite passion ; the distinctions of splendid station appear to have had no other charm for him, than the opportunity of becoming use-



ful to society; and if men have existed with powers more happily adapted for sudden and brilliant achievement, no one perhaps was ever more fully accomplished with all the qualities which are required in perilous times, for producing the greatest effects with the most scanty and irregular resources. It is a feature of his character particularly pleasing, because it is uncommon, that his heroism was without vanity; he never undertook or executed any thing with a view to its theatrical effect; and the dignified simplicity of his character rejected every thing artificial and affected. To commend his disinterestedness were idle and superfluous: that virtue, which on this side of the Atlantic has been long forgotten, was habitually practised by the father of America: throughout the whole of his public life, he inflexibly refused to derive any emolument for the situations which he was called to fill, and his receipts were always confined to the expences inevitably incident to the office with which he was invested.

Our readers will probably be gratified in contemplating a picture drawn by one to whom he was known:

'In the sober language of reality,' says Mr. Marshall, 'without attempting to deck a figure with ornaments, or with qualities borrowed from the imagination, a person who has had some opportunities to observe him while living, and who since his decease has most assiduously inspected his private and public papers, will endeavour faithfully to give the impressions which he has himself received.

'General Washington was rather above the common size; his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous; capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united to manly gracefulness.

'His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to the extreme: and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to shew how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy was ardent, but always respectful.

'His temper was humane, benevolent and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

'In the management of his private affairs he exhibited an exact yet liberal œconomy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him, and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

‘He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles, and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the predominant feature of his character.’ \* \* \* \* \*

‘In his civil administration as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense and judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might possibly be placed; and to digest before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be necessary to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information that was attainable, and to hear without prejudice all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions thus maturely made were seldom, if ever, to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

‘Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and though far from being regardless of popular favour, he could never stoop to retain, by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, the course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.’ \* \* \*

‘Neither the extraordinary partiality of the Americans, the extravagant praises which were bestowed on him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence on his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind. In him that innate modesty which adulation would have offended, and which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and passions could produce; of the constant favour of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and of the confidence which to the last moment

of his life they reposed in him; the answer, so far as these **causes** may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.'—Vol. v. p. 334, &c. &c.

We believe this portrait to be correctly drawn, and it is one of those parts of the present work which appear to be the best executed. As Mr. Marshall has embraced in his plan a History of the United States during the period of Washington's public life, we were somewhat disappointed in not finding a more perfect sketch of the federal constitution adopted in 1789; this is so important a feature in the history of the times that it ought to have been distinctly delineated. In our notice of the preceding volumes we protested against the profuse insertion of public addresses and private correspondence, &c. We were indeed scarcely extravagant enough to hope that this fault would be reformed in the remaining volumes; but certainly we did not expect to see the publication distended to its present size by the introduction of so much unnecessary matter as is to be found in many parts of the last volume; especially in pages 132, 135, 137, 139, 158, &c. &c. The author, however, may not, after all, be much to blame: Richard Phillips, in all probability, is the keeper of his conscience; and as this work, dedicated to the memory of the saviour of America, is, for the honour of American literature, to be carried on by British capital, the compiler must necessarily conform to all the approved arts of book-making, which he finds established in these kingdoms, and which no man understands better than the aforesaid Richard Phillips, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Of the style of these volumes we must remark, that it is deficient in spirit and in elegance; that it abounds with many instances of false taste, and with many of those idioms which prevail on the other side of the Atlantic.

**ART. IX.**—*A Winter in Bath; by the Author of two popular Novels.* 4 Vols. Crosby. 1807.

IT is the province of the novelist to mould into an agreeable fiction such events and circumstances as may illustrate the prevailing weaknesses and the peculiar virtues of human nature, and uniformly to excite the sympathy of the reader in favour of moral excellence. In order to accomplish these ends, it is evident that to sensibility and taste must be superadded an extensive acquaintance with the properties of human nature and with the living world, that he may be able to make such a selection of materials as is most like

interest and instruct by the facility of their application to the general circumstances of mankind.

An attention to those minute variations of character which arise from accidental and unapparent causes, as they are not founded in general nature, and are, consequently, not applicable to general circumstances, can awaken only a temporary and local interest. A momentary sympathy may be excited, or a fugitive curiosity gratified by a supposed acquaintance with the individuals who are thus represented; but to attract even this limited notice it is requisite that these peculiarities should be capable of exciting our risible propensities by their absurdity, or our more serious censure by their enormity; and that they should be delineated by a strong and masterly hand. To select them is, however, at best to renounce a permanent reputation for a fleeting and unsubstantial applause.

Such, indeed, seems to have been the aim of some of our modern novelists, who, as might be expected, enjoyed an abundant harvest while the autumnal sun shone, but whose winter is now for ever closed in darkness. Their temporary success has given birth to a numerous tribe of imitators; who, as is usual, have fallen short of their originals, and whose want of originality is recompensed by no devices of arrangement, elegance of expression, or profundity of observation.

Before we opened this production of "the Author of two popular Novels," we had pleased ourselves with the expectation of many interesting views of society, many accurate and forcible illustrations of reigning follies, and many delineations of characters selected from the numerous groupes which have frequently presented themselves to our notice during a winter at Bath. Without any pretence to competition, we flattered ourselves that this work might be instructive and entertaining from the abundance of materials which offer themselves to an author who adopts this subject, and we may be permitted to say that we are acquainted with no place which in so narrow a compass, and at so easy a rate, affords opportunities for observing mankind as that to which we are referred by the title of this book. In this resort of the inhabitants of all climates and of people of every age and description, each man acts his part on an open stage, and in the face of the public. The spectator may range over a wide field of observation, may mingle every day with every variety of human nature, and watch the effect of every cause which operates in the formation of character, and the production of human happiness or infelicity. He may see multitudes pass before his eyes who are undistinguished from the common herd, and dwell on many striking instances of those virtues and those vices which nature is proud or ashamed to

acknowledge. He may contemplate at ease a picture which represents every contrast of light and shade, the predominant passions and affections of man, the intolerance or sufferance of age, the proud but ingenuous temperament of youth, the career and consequences of adversity and prosperity, of life usefully or unprofitably spent. He may witness the perversion as well as the wise application of every natural talent, the thirst and pursuit after solid fame, and the ambition which is satisfied with the perishable monument of popular applause.

The present author has disappointed every hope we had entertained, and can merit only a place among the lowest of those ephemeral writers who daily endeavour to catch the passing rainbow of popular favour. His insipid tale might have been safely consigned to the flames without offence to any individual among the numerous customers of the *Minnerva* press.

Adriana Hartley deserted by her father, a professed gambler, and by her mother who has eloped with Harcourt, is, after some uninteresting adventures, at the age of seventeen introduced at Bath under the auspices of Lady Maybury, a vain, but goodhumoured heiress, whose fortune had attracted the attention of an Irish lord. The occurrences at Bath are few, and those not characteristic of the place. They consist in some walks from the Crescent to Pulteney Street and back again, a visit to the Pump Room, of which nothing is said, a play which might have been seen in London, a ball which might have taken place at York, a masquerade, a species of entertainment unknown at Bath, and a concert. At the concert Sir Lionel Herbert, who is in a consumption, and does not excite much interest in the heart of the female reader, attaches himself to Adriana, and relates some anecdotes of a few people who pass in review, and in his descriptions is to be found the grand attempt at the delineation of characters from the life. The most important personage is a lady of elegantly graceful form and decided majesty of deportment, who, it seems, is well known in the Bath circles, where she has reigned with supreme command for thirty years. The peculiarities which attract our author's severity, are her fondness for certain seats at every concert, a desire of rank to which she believed herself entitled by her personal accomplishments, but which she never attained, her present occupation of patronising performers and performances and benefit subscriptions, and of lavishing all the tenderness of her nature on lap dogs, parrots and other outlandish and nondescript pets, while her heart is callous to all the world besides. This description may in part be true or not true. That which

*may be* correct is not sufficiently ludicrous to give occasion to wit, even had the author possessed it, nor sufficiently entertaining to excite interest in any class of readers. The most important charge, and that from which the character of the lady might suffer most, as it might be productive of some degree of contempt and indignation, we can, fortunately, pronounce on very good authority, to be false, and can, therefore, ascribe only to a wanton and unjustifiable malice, the attempt of an author, who had not the command of wit or ridicule, to defame a lady, who in the domestic relations of daughter, sister, and friend, has uniformly evinced the most refined feelings and the most sincere and active attachments: As it was unnecessary and unjust to censure, so was it *unnecessary* and impolitic to extol the virtues of a man who is brought forward as it were in contrast, and recommended for every perfection of which human nature is capable. We mean not to detract from any praises which virtue may merit, but are sorry to see these praises bestowed in this place, where, from the contiguity of illiberality and indiscrimination, they wear a questionable shape. We shall take no notice of one or two other feeble attempts of a similar nature.

Sir Lionel, apparently attached to Adriana, begs a private audience, and having obtained leave to visit her on the following day, on the morning of his assignation suddenly disappears, without giving any reason for his strange and ungallant conduct. Our heroine is astonished but not disappointed, and harassed by the addresses of Lord Maybury, who had long entertained a passion for her, makes her escape early in the morning to the house of her washerwoman, where, by a strange accident, she finds her mother, whom she had not seen for a great length of time, in the extreme of misery and disease. At this instant the door opens and discovers Falkland, a man of between 40 and 50 years of age, and of some fortune, with whom our heroine had formerly danced at a ball in the country, and who twenty years before had been rejected by her mother. After some trifling incidents, which among other things explain Sir Lionel's conduct, the curtain drops on the marriage of Falkland with Adriana; the female readers are sent away displeased and dissatisfied with this unsuitable connection, and every reader, we will venture to say, regretting the waste of the half hour which has been spent in perusing this wretched production.

**ART. IX.**—*Letters of Scævola, on the Dismissal of his Majesty's late Ministers. Part I. 1s. Ridgway. 1807.*

**ART. X.**—*Letters of Scævola, on the Dismissal of his Majesty's late Ministers. Part II. Second Edit. 1s. Ridgway.*

**ART. XI.**—*A true Statement of the Circumstances which led to the late Change of Administration. 8vo. 6d. or 18s. per 100. Ridgway. 1807.*

**ART. XII.**—*A Letter stating the Connection which Presbyterians, Dissenters and Catholics had with the recent Event which has agitated and still agitates the British Empire. To which is added a Letter from Lord Grenville to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Sixth Edit. 6d. Ogle.*

**ART. XIII.**—*Thoughts on the present Crisis of domestic Affairs. By another Lawyer. Hatchard. 1807.*

**ART. XIV.**—*The fallen Angels. A brief Review of the Measures of the late Administration, particularly as connected with the Catholic Question. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THE third of these pamphlets is a republication of two of the last letters of the second, and contains no unfair defence of the late ministers, and no bad exposition of the causes which led to their dismissal. The author, however, of the letters which have the subscription of Scævola, appears to us to lay too much stress on the refusal of the late ministers to give a written pledge of their future compliance with the wishes of their sovereign as the cause of their dismissal. Before that pledge was required, and even before the Catholic question was agitated, there was probably a latent design in the secret advisers of the crown to get rid of those good and able men, who were then in power, and to construct an administration of opposite principles, and with different views of domestic and foreign policy. On the death of Mr. Pitt, the miserable junto, who had acted with him in his last most inglorious and unfortunate administration, seemed conscious of their own inability to guide the helm of the state in this perilous period; and they accordingly declined, in the person of Lord Hawkesbury, the posts of honour and of power, which were offered them by the sovereign. But, it must be remembered that, at this moment, Mr. Fox was living; and the present ministry, who were then depressed and crest-fallen, did not feel themselves competent to maintain their ground against the superiority of his talents and his eloquence. But the tongue of Fox was no sponger silent in the grave,

than the Hawkesbury's, the Perceval's, the Canning's, and the Castlereagh's, rushing forth from their entrenched camp of sophistry, venality and corruption, determined, with the concurring favour of the sovereign, to seize the post which, during the life of Mr. Fox, they had abandoned in despair.

The Catholic question was made the plea for the dismissal of the late ministers, but there appear to have been other causes in ambush, which would infallibly have led to the same result, if that question had never been discussed. The measure which they proposed of making fresh concessions to the Catholics, afforded their adversaries a favourable and, as they evidently anticipated, a popular pretext for advising his majesty to banish Lord Grenville, Lord Howick, &c. from his councils. The rays of royal favour which shine behind the throne, have, during the present reign, been often said to be more luminous in their appearance and more potent in their effects, than those, which have been cast from the visible anterior, on the ostensible servants of the sovereign. In the present instance, the smiles of the court were shed with no ordinary influence, on the opposers of the late patriotic administration. The Catholic question came very opportunely to their aid; and they seem to have employed it with considerable dexterity and skill in the subversion of their political foes. The late administration, instead of having attempted to entrap any other person, as they are falsely criminated, appear to have been themselves entrapped by the wily policy of their enemies behind the throne. The openness of their conduct, the fairness of their views, and the patriotic ardour of their sentiments, rendered them less wary and suspicious than men of inferior talents, but with worse hearts, would probably have been. A plan was secretly devised for their ruin, and they fell into the snare. For a time, the measure which they proposed in favour of the Catholics, seemed likely to be accomplished without any very strenuous opposition. With expanded sails, and a propitious wind, they seemed approaching the wished-for shore of emancipation; when certain machinations, more sinister and nefarious than those which hags are said to practise on the coast of Lapland, obliged them to forego their swelling hopes, and caused the haven of peace, of freedom, and of joy, to vanish from their sight. To drop the metaphor, as talent is often supplanted by cunning, the late ministers were completely outwitted by their insidious opponents. According to their suggestions, Lord Grenville and his patriotic associates were suffered to proceed to a certain length towards the execution of their favourite measure; but when they had gone so far that it was known to be impossible for them to recede without the loss of reputation, impediments,



which they had neither expected nor foreseen, were thrown in their way, which they found it impossible to pass. The gracious assent, which they supposed themselves to have received, was converted by treacherous advisers into a formal and authoritative prohibition. Counsels unfavourable to the welfare of the state were instilled into the ears of the best of kings. His majesty was advised to exact a pledge from his servants, which, if it testified their complaisance to the crown, would have rendered them incapable of promoting the security of the empire and the interests of the people. But let it not be supposed that this pledge, even if it had been subscribed, would have much prolonged the power of the late administration. Their dismissal might have been delayed; but as the measure itself had been previously determined, one pretext would not have been wanting if another failed. Those who are resolved on any enterprize of violence or fraud will readily provide themselves with opportunities for the execution. If the ministers had signed the pledge, they would soon have sunk in their own estimation and in that of the public; and when their ability had been rendered impotent by the dereliction of their principles and the loss of popular regard, they would have been dismissed with little ceremony, to enjoy the fruits of their folly and the pangs of their regret. The pledge was designed by perfidious advisers, less for the security of the crown than for the degradation of the ministers. In resisting the demand, those ministers evinced as much foresight as integrity.

With respect to the measure of Catholic emancipation itself, all its bearings and tendencies appear to us to be for the strength and security of the empire. It would not only add three millions of bodies to the physical strength of the country, but of bodies animated with hearts, warm with a sense of favours received, and beating high for an opportunity of evincing their courage and their zeal in the defence of a paternal government and an united empire. The Irish are naturally a people full of generous affections. On such a people the boon of kindness is never ill bestowed. It will be repaid with ample service, with triple remuneration. Is it morally just, is it politically wise to withhold from such a people those privileges and immunities, those incitements to a fair and honourable exertion in the civil and in the military departments of the state, which are enjoyed by the rest of the community?—We will allow that, though most of the catholic gentry in Ireland are as well educated as other persons in similar circumstances in other parts of the empire, many of the priests still retain a portion of their primitive bigotry and intolerance. But we have still to learn that the genius of bigotry is to be improved by any species of persecution. Re-

ligious bigotry is always accompanied with proselyting propensities; and it is well known that those propensities are more active when they are stimulated by want; when the subsistence of the individual is at all dependant on the propagation of his tenets among new converts, or on their retention by the old. But we may apply no very uncertain nor inefficacious remedy for this evil by granting a salary both to the bishops and the priests of the Romish church in Ireland, which would, in a great measure, diminish their proselyting zéâl, encrease their good will, and enlarge their charity beyond the narrow pale of their own communion. Buonaparte, in whom we see much to abhor which is evil, and something to imitate which is good, has taught us that an ecclesiastical establishment may be constituted both of papists and of protestants without any collision of religious animosity, or any disturbance in the internal tranquillity of an empire. The boon, which a state affords to its religious teachers, certainly operates in some measure, as a premium on their indolence; and whatever may be the case among other sects, it seems more than probable in the Romish communion, that in proportion as the priest is quiescent, the people are enlightened. The Irish catholics, by being exempted from those invidious distinctions with which they are now both stigmatised and oppressed, by being liberated from the obscuring artifices of their priests, would participate more rapidly in that rational illumination, which is gradually spreading over the British isles. And let it be remembered that popery, when it has once been subverted, will not readily recover from its fall. It may be a giant while ignorance remains; but when reason appears in her armour of light, the towering strength of the giant sinks into the impotency of the dwarf. Let the government of this country open the way to every civil and military distinction, to the virtuous ambition of the Irish Catholics; let us soften the remaining bigotry of their priests by kind indulgence, and diminish their mischievous activity by a prudent and well-timed liberality; let us excite among the half barbarous peasantry a spirit of industry; let us gradually diffuse the blessings of civilization and the elements of knowledge by wise, humane and philanthropic institutions: and we shall behold a favourable change in the genius, the habits and the manners of the people. That species of popery which is most pernicious, cannot long survive the culture of the intellect; and popery, divested of its bigotry and superstition, of its irrational mummary and its pestilent opinions, becomes as innocuous as any other species of Christianity.

As popery, from the ignorance which it encourages and the

blind submission which it enjoins, is not unfavourable to the growth of arbitrary power, we believe that it is a species of religion, which sovereigns in general regard with complacency rather than abhorrence. Particular circumstances may render it an object of their dread; but that dread is more excited by some associated contingencies, than by the mischievous qualities of the thing. Even in this country and during the present reign no small degree of complaisance has been shewn to papists, and to papists too not of native extraction but of foreign growth. By an act, which passed in the 44th year of his majesty's reign, he is empowered to admit an unlimited number of foreign papists into his army: to give them commissions without any limitations, and to billet them on his people in the same manner and subject only to the same regulations as the native troops. When this act passed, did the cry of 'no popery' resound in the purlieus of the court? Was any dread felt, any alarm excited in the bosom of the anti-papistical Mr. Perceval and his pensioned coadjutors? No, their lips were closed and their tongues were mute. The constitution was thought free from danger and the church from profanation, though the sword was put into the hand of these exotic papists; and though the act permitted 10,000 to be quartered in any part of the kingdom, and even in the capital of the empire. But are the religion and the liberties of Englishmen safer in the hands of foreign than of Irish catholics? Is a papist who has breathed, from his birth the free air of these genial isles, more an object of terror and dismay, than a papist, who has imbibed the noxious vapour of despotism under the slavish governments of the continent? Can these questions be answered, or these contradictions be reconciled by the flippant oratory of Perceval, of Canning, or even of Eldon, the conscientious, the open and the upright?

But it appears from some little circumstances which have transpired, and indeed from the conduct and sentiments of the present ministers, that the dread of the secret cabal behind the throne was not excited more by the indulgences which were designed for the Irish catholics, than by those which were intended for the English Presbyterians and other descriptions of protestant dissenters. A repeal of the religious tests was proposed in the clause which was introduced into the mutiny act by Lord Howick, and which was inserted in the bill which he afterwards brought into the House of Commons.—"*Hinc illa lachrymæ.*" This is what principally excited the dread that was felt, and the dissatisfaction that was expressed. In the proceedings of courts as well as in the transactions of private life, the ostensible reason is often different from the true. The true must be sought not

in the open declarations, but in the tacit reservations, the half-formed sentences and the shuffling duplicity of the parties.

It was neither consistent with wisdom nor with policy that any favours should be shewn to the catholics, which were not dispensed with equal liberality to every other species of dissenters. The claims to civil and to religious immunities which the catholics could prefer, might with at least equal justice be pleaded by every denomination of dissenters. The presbyterian interest, which was most strenuously active, and most forcibly operative in placing the present family on the throne, has not for many years experienced much favour from the court. The principles of the whigs, indeed, which are so generally professed by the presbyterians, have never basked much in the sunshine of court favour during the present reign. That favour has been principally vouchsafed to those who have shewn themselves most active in depressing the people and elevating the prerogative. When the cry of "no popery" was raised upon a late occasion, more bitterness was lurking in the heart against the protestant dissenters, the firm friends of knowledge and of liberty, than against the papists, who have always shewn themselves more favourable to ignorance, and more prone to servitude. But by refusing to concede any thing to the catholics, the secret cabal of unconstitutional advisers thought to screen themselves from the necessity of making any concessions to the conscientious dissidents, from the establishment, among the protestants. The indulgences which were proposed for the catholics did not excite their abhorrence and their fears, so much as the repeal of the tests, which must have followed in favour of the dissenters. For a protestant government could not have granted any boon to its popish, which it refused to its protestant subjects, without subjecting itself to the most odious accusations. We have thus developed some of the latent motives which operated in the bosoms of those advisers, who, during the continuance of the late patriotic administration, lay in ambush behind the throne.

In discussing the merits of the late administration, when we consider the good which they did, compared with the short time which they had for doing it, and with the numerous impediments which were accumulated in their way by the friends of the old tyranny and corruption, we think them entitled to high and ample praise. Purity of intention, the love of their country, a proper regard for knowledge and for liberty, and a virtuous hostility to the perpetuation of imposition and abuse, were evident in the views which they disclosed, in the principles which they professed, and in the general course of conduct which they pursued. Their scheme of government was comprehensive, liberal, and enlightened.

not fettered by narrow prejudices, or sectarian partialities, not obscured by sordid interests, nor debased by one mercenary act. In these perilous and turbulent times, when it is necessary to guard against the outrage of democratic violence on the one side, and the more dangerous, because more latent and insidious machinations of an usurping tyranny on the other, they formed a barrier between both. They evinced a respectful attention to the constitutional head of the government, and equal devotion to the rights of the people. The constitution, liberated from the unnatural excrescence of multiplied abuse, was the object of their veneration; and the principles which had been so warmly cherished, and so invariably maintained by Mr. Fox were their guide. In times like these, and indeed in any times, we consider the dismissal of such a ministry to be a national calamity.

In our review of Lord Howick's speech and on other late occasions we have expressed our attachment to that administration of which he was such a shining ornament; and that attachment is increased by every comparison which we can institute between their conduct and that of their successors in office. We are neither the interested nor the venal advocates of any party, but we will never shrink from the duty of defending the good and the wise whether in or out of place.

We will mention one little circumstance which evinces the different temper of the two administrations. In our review for May we mentioned a sermon which had been preached by Mr. Stone at an archiepiscopal visitation, which had given considerable offence to those who are enemies to free inquiry in matters of religion, and who do not, like true Protestants, consider the scriptures to be the only rule of faith.

This sermon was by certain persons, whose discretion is inferior to their zeal, made the object of an ecclesiastical prosecution; but the proceedings were discouraged by the late administration; the present ministers however were no sooner in their seats than the sword of intolerance was lifted against the inquisitive religionist; and the prosecution was ordered to proceed.

In discussing the merits of the late administration in our review of Lord Howick's speech, we did not dwell on one particular which deserves no ordinary commendation; the introduction of limited service into the constitution of the British army. This measure, regarded in a constitutional view, will be found equal in utility to any public act, which has been passed during the present reign. The profession of a soldier on the former footing of the army must be considered as an imprisonment for life. An almost insuperable barrier was placed between the soldier and the citizen; and

hardly any common ties of sympathy were left to connect the feelings of the army with the liberties of the people. But according to the improvement of the late administration the soldier is intimately blended with the citizen. After a few years of service the soldier may return to renew his peaceful labours in his native fields. In his native fields he may enjoy the sweet charities of wife and child. More citizens will become soldiers; and fewer soldiers will cease to be citizens. The great danger to a free government is to be apprehended from an army rendered alien by its constitution to the common interests and sympathies of the people. This danger the late administration took the most effectual measure to prevent. The indulgences which they proposed to concede to the Catholics and to the Dissenters were only an act of common justice to both; and though the liberality of their views and the disinterestedness of their measures may have occasioned the loss of their places and their power, yet the good sense of the country is alive to the feeling of their services; and its gratitude will not readily cancel the obligation.

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ART. XV.—*Sur la Cause, &c.*

*On the Cause of the Miseries of Europe from 1789 to 1807.*  
*By M. De Lisle, a French Emigrant.* 8vo. Booker.  
1807.

TO the French revolution, as to the box of Pandora, have been ascribed all the numerous ills, which, at present, infest the continent of Europe. But the author thinks that the revolution, which is one of the miseries of Europe, cannot be the cause: for the same thing cannot, at once, be both effect and cause. The present sufferings of Europe, instead of being imputed to the revolution, ought more properly to be attributed to those, by whose machinations and intrigues, whose open aggression and insidious hostility, the stream of the revolution, composed of the sentiments and affections, the interests and the passions of men, was diverted into a different channel from that in which it would have otherwise flowed. The original tendencies of the revolution were certainly pacific; and its principles can, with no more justice be charged with the massacres of September, the distresses of nations, or the desolating fury of the present war, than the precepts and genius of christianity can be made accountable for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, or the ravage of the crusades. The pernicious effects, and wide-wasting ruin of the revolution can justly be ascribed only to those, who conspired to hinder its beneficial conse-

quences, to alter its nature, to vitiate its purity, to turn its milk into gall and its waters into blood. The unprincipled, perfidious and cowardly nobles who abandoned their country and their sovereign, when both were in the utmost need of their assistance, and who spread themselves over Europe, collecting, from every quarter, hordes of assassins against the liberties of France may, in conjunction with the courts of Vienna, of Berlin, &c. who were weak enough to listen to the perfidious counsels of these despicable fugitives, most justly be charged with the horrors, the anarchy and bloodshed of the revolution. These have been the instruments of converting the pacific genius and virtuous principles of the revolution into a monster and a fury; perpetrating unparalleled barbarities and unprecedented abominations. On their heads be the guilt of enormities, too atrocious to have a place in the records of humanity. By them the current of the revolution was swelled into a torrent that has inundated Europe, and seemed to threaten the destruction of the civilized world. But moral causes, though too subtle to be seen, or too intricate to be unravelled, are as determinate in their tendencies and as certain in their operations, as physical. But moral causes, though subject to general laws, seem to be under the more immediate agency of God; and what we call moral causes are, in fact, parts of his providential government; which is at once relative to the past, the present and the future. Evil always ultimately rebounds with a dreadful reaction on those by whom it has been occasioned. The evils of the revolution have proved most destructive to their authors. The courts of Vienna and of Berlin have been recompensed to the full for the part which they took in the antirevolutionary war. If their thrones have not been thrown down, yet they are left standing only on a base of ruins. Of the antirevolutionary emigrants, many have perished, and the rest are verging to the brink of annihilation. The principles of the revolution were good; but good, vitiated, becomes the worst of evils. The flagitious use which has been made of the purest religion and the best code of ethics, is a proof of this. The enemies of the revolution by the calumnies which were so lavishly disseminated against the authors, the spirit and the principles, armed all Europe against it, till it became the most terrible engine of destruction to themselves, and the most formidable weapon, which Providence ever put into the hands of man for the punishment of those who have endeavoured to frustrate the effects of a combination of causes which, at first, seemed to afford the fairest promise of freedom and of happiness. But blind zealots, intriguing and half-sighted politicians, lawless and

rapacious despots, the fiends of ambition, of avarice, of tyranny and priestcraft, conspired to cast a cloud over the opening dawn of the revolution, and to engender storms and tempests in a sky, that would, otherwise, have been serene. What a dread account will they have to give at the impending day of moral retribution, who, to gratify the basest passions, the most sordid and unhallowed ends, obscured the brightest prospects and disappointed the most cheering hopes of the human race!

A few days after the glorious capture of the Bastille in July 1789, which caused a sensation, that vibrated from Paris almost to the ends of the earth, a few factious and pusillanimous nobles, who had neither minds nor hearts to embrace the generous views of the revolution, left their country, breathing vengeance without having suffered injury, and resolved by their calumnies and intrigues, their supplications and their tears at other courts, to ruin the cause which was auspicious to humanity, and adverse only to the selfishness, the pride and tyranny of a few. In the month of October following, the new government issued a general amnesty in order to induce those fugitives to return to France. They refused; and busied themselves every where in collecting enemies against the new order of things. The courts of Vienna and of Berlin too readily listened to their perfidious representations; in Germany they were authorized to levy troops against France; and they unfurl the banners of an antirevolutionary war. Miserable men! infatuated politicians! little did they calculate the extent or the consequences of that war! By a decree of the 29th of October 1791 the legislative assembly petitioned Louis XVII. to require the princes of the empire to prohibit the armaments of the emigrants. A decree of accusation was passed against them on the 1st of January 1792, and on the 20th of the following April, war was declared against the emperor. These plain facts prove that the new government of France, instead of being the aggressor, either against the emigrants or the princes of the empire, was herself first menaced by their treachery and attack. France was most anxious for peace, that she might consolidate her government and perfect the domestic arrangements which she meditated; but the enemies of the revolution were impatient for war, that they might prevent its beneficent effects; and, by throwing the kingdom into anarchy and inundating it with blood, make the people desire the restoration of former abuses, and seek for rest in the old system of oppression. In the year 1792 the cabinets of Vienna, of Berlin, and Stockholm engaged in a war with France against every principle of justice, of humanity, and policy. They were neither attacked nor menaced by the revolution;



the revolutionists, occupied with their own concerns, wished for peace with foreign powers, but those powers deluded by the representations of the emigrants, nor less by their own selfishness and ambition, thought that the revolution was a mere fabric of sand, which they had only to enter France with an army in order to dissipate in air. Impressed with this infatuation, and dazzled, like school-boys, with the hope of mighty achievements, the king of Prussia and the duke of Brunswick, marched into the heart of France at the head of an army almost destitute of ammunition and provisions. The result is well known. They were indebted for their return only to the forbearance of their enemies. At this period the revolution had grown into a giant, whom it was idle in the coalesced powers to attack, and impossible to subdue. But they knew nothing, as they ought, either of the state of France or of the nature of the revolution. One stratagem succeeded to another; and as the stratagems of selfishness, of ignorance, and folly usually do, all finally failed. If the revolution was to be suppressed, the efforts of the coalition were too late; the military force of France, in which numbers were aided by enthusiasm, was more than a match for the ill-concerted aggression of confederated Europe. If the coalesced powers wished to stop the diffusion of revolutionary principles, the war only contributed to sublime the virus and to disseminate the bane; while it converted the revolution itself into a volcano of death. The revolutionary governments were successively furnished with means of conquest and opportunities of aggrandizement, which they would otherwise never have experienced. Incentives to universal domination were supplied, which were too strong to be resisted; and these enemies to the revolution, whose malignant attempts soured its pacific spirit, and counteracted its beneficent tendencies, were, by the wise retributions of the Deity, immersed in suffering and woe.

While the coalesced cabinets made war on the principles of the revolution, they were ignorant of the causes; they cherished, they patronized, they supported the only criminal authors of the event, which inflamed their hostility, and alarmed their fears. The real authors of the revolution, that is, the profligate cabal, whose peculation, extravagance, and crimes, involved the old government in those inextricable difficulties, which necessitated a recourse to the measures which brought on the revolution, had no sooner set fire to the mine than they all fled, at the moment of explosion. These recreant fugitives, wherever they went, spread the report that virtue and loyalty were banished from France; and, in order to avert suspicion from themselves, they ascribed the revolution to any cause, rather than the right. They were heard with attention; and instead of the detes-

tation which is due to guilt, they excited the sympathy which belongs only to innocent misfortune. Even Burke made his eloquence subservient to the propagation of their invectives and their calumnies; and the real cause of the revolution seemed buried under an impenetrable cloud. That cause was indeed designedly kept out of sight; and speculation dwelt on causes which were remote, partial, accessory, and indirect. But M. De Lisle has attempted, with considerable ability, a perspicuous exposition of that which 1st, prepared the way for the revolution; which 2dly, determined the attempt; and which 3dly, caused it to succeed. In considering the causes which prepared the way for the revolution, the first thing which merits our attention, is the imbecile, timid, and irresolute character of the king. This monarch has been much commended for his good intentions; but without sufficient consideration. To mean well and to do ill, appears to us to constitute but a poor claim to kingly praise. The volitions of beneficence may often be judged praise-worthy, when separated from the corresponding performance; because the power of execution may be wanting; but no king of France was prevented by inability from executing any good intentions towards his people, which his heart might indulge, or his reason might contrive. A king possesses more power either of doing good or of doing evil than any other man; and his praise or his blame ought to be proportioned to the good or the evil which he does. To say that the good intentions of Louis were rendered abortive by the domination of his queen, is to degrade him to a despicable inferiority below the dignity of man. When we panegyrisé a sovereign we look for qualities which are of more sturdy growth than to be rendered steril and unproductive by the malign ascendancy of a woman. Louis was little better than the menial of his queen; and the queen herself appears to have been played off like a puppet by one of the ladies of her court. Those, who administer the affairs of a despotic government, do well to hide the machinery under a veil of mystery; for, if the curtain were so far withdrawn as to expose the puppets which move the wires, an ineffable contempt would supersede the feeling of respect, and invalidate the duty of obedience. The queen had many natural attractions, and could charm when she pleased; but she had neither an enlightened, nor a cultivated mind. She never read any thing but a few romances; her knowledge was small; nor did she seem at all anxious to enlarge the stock. When any subject assumed a serious turn, an ennui was visible on her countenance, which chilled the conversation. She amused herself with the tattle of the day, with little sallies of gallantry, which were managed with address

and, above all, with scandal, as it is served up at court. Any talents for pleasing at all superior to her own, affected her with evident inquietude. Such was Marie Antoinette, on whom Burke lavished the richest colours of his eloquence. The orator called her the morning star; but the course of this star was governed by a very inferior light in the person of Julia de Polignac, and both together combined with the corrupt, venal, and licentious coterie, which followed in their train, formed the most malignant constellation that ever ruled over the horizon of France.

The king was an obsequious tool to the wishes of the queen; and the queen was rendered subservient to the views of Madame Polignac and her coterie; who made a shameless traffic of the power and favour of the queen. Every sister of this coterie laboured with criminal avidity in making her own fortune, that of her family and friends; she had her regular office, her levee, her courtiers, &c. The emoluments and honours of the church, all places in the civil and military department, pensions, annuities, letters of nobility, decrees of cassation, revision, privileges, pardons, exemptions, even injustice itself, all was offered for sale in the recesses of the coterie, which was nominally subject to the queen; but, in reality obeyed the ascendant of Madame de Polignac. This coterie for fifteen years ruled the country without controul; and, like a host of harpies, pillaged it without moderation. The honest Surgot, who wished to apply some remedy to the increasing abuses of the state, was soon baffled in all his projects, ridiculed, and dismissed, by the faction of Madame de Polignac. His successor M. de Clugni lavished the public money with so little restraint on his prostitutes and the members of the coterie, that, in a ministry of four months, he added twelve millions to the deficit of the state. Other ministers were successively dismissed by the coterie till the destinies of France were committed to M. de Calonne, whose profusion exceeded that of all his successors; but whose complaisance to the cabal of Madame de Polignac was so unlimited, that he continued in office for about three years and a half, till he had expended three milliards of livres, above the ordinary revenue. This enormity of extravagance, which was perpetrated under the auspices of Madame de Polignac and her friends, sufficiently shews how this mischievous coterie prepared the way for the revolution.

In order to soften the indignation against this unparalleled prodigality, the coterie proposed that some popular expedient should be devised to maintain their own influence, and to support the credit of M. de Calonne. The notables were convened, but this assembly, instead of exhibiting any complaisance to the minister or his friends, demand an account

of the debt, and of the reasons for which it was incurred. The feeble king was inveigled or intimidated into a compliance with their demands; Calonne was dismissed, and the states general were ordered to be assembled.

At that crisis of peril when the Bastille was taken, it is certain that the chiefs of the coterie secretly overruled the counsels of the king. At this moment the only alternative left them was defence or flight; they had not courage or energy sufficient for the first; they advised the unfortunate monarch to yield to his subjects; and they fled with precipitation, hoping soon to return and take vengeance on their enemies. But, in order to cover their flight from the reproach of cowardice, they had the art to prevail on the king to issue an order for them to leave the kingdom. Thus these perfidious fugitives, among whom were three princes of the blood, abandoned the king in his utmost need, to the machinations of his enemies, and the outrage of the populace. By their perfidy and their cowardice the coterie of Madame de Polignac contributed to the ruin of the king, who had loaded them with favours; and to the success of the revolution.

Many writers have concurred in ascribing the revolution to the exertions of the philosophers. But, on this subject, M. De Lisle well remarks, that, if by the word philosophers we understand only men of lax principles and bad morals, such philosophers have abounded in all ages from Cain, of fratricidal memory, to the present times. In this sense philosophy may be loaded with all the crimes which have ever been committed in the world. But this is only to profane a venerable name: and philosophy had no more share in producing the multiplied atrocities of the revolution, than christianity itself. The ruinous and impolitic war which the French government waged in favour of America, the dilapidation of the finances, the lethargy of the police, the silence of the laws, the multiplied violations of religion and morality, the general debauchery and libertinism, which were the forerunners of the revolution, were rather the effect of the voluptuous and profligate coterie of Madame de Polignac than the fruit of philosophy or the operation of philosophers. Burke, Barruel, and other writers, have ascribed to the literati and sages of France a greater degree of concert and of influence than they ever possessed; they were divided among themselves, but if their whole authority had been combined for one purpose and directed to one end, it would have been insufficient to subvert the massy fabric of the ancient government. That government was not destroyed by the philosophy of its adversaries, but by the vices and the crimes of those who professed to be its friends, Neither the declamation of the philosophers nor the violence of

the people, would have overturned the throne, if the band of courtiers and of courtezans who surrounded it, had not, by their accumulated enormities, their extravagance, debauchery, and crimes, brought the government into disgrace, lowered it in the estimation of the people, and sapped the foundations on which alone it could rest with security till it was forced into the vortex of revolution.

**ART. XVI.—***Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Percival, M.D.F.R.S. and A.S. F.R.S. and R.M.S. Edin. late Pres. of the Lit. and Phil. Soc. at Manchester; Member of the Royal Societies of Paris and of Lyons, of the Medical Societies of London, and of Aix en Provence, of the Americ. Acad. of Arts, &c. and of the Americ. Phil. Soc. at Philadelphia, To which is added, a Selection from his Literary Correspondence. 8vo. Johnson. 1807.*

FROM the struggles of ambition and the vicissitudes of nations, from the asperity of party politics, or the less becoming, though not less virulent rancour of party theologians, the mind willingly turns to the contemplation of useful virtue, and reposes with satisfaction on the quiet scenes of domestic life.

If the biography of a man of letters be from its very nature destitute of that variety of event, which principally operates in attracting our attention to the history of individuals, the life of a physician, it may be objected, whose residence in a provincial town precluded him from that intercourse with the great or the learned, which the metropolis alone affords, can have but feeble hopes of arresting the attention of the world. But the memory of Dr. Percival has many claims on the public gratitude; the profession of which he was an ornament, who lose no opportunity of testifying the utility they derived from his labours, and there are few families who have not been benefited by his efforts to instruct the rising generation. If the observer of his life and writings be not dazzled by the splendour of commanding talents, he is charmed by the milder influence of moral beauty; and the talents of Dr. P., if not of the most distinguished order, claimed for their possessor a highly respectable rank among the literary characters of our age and country, while the active utility which ever animated his exertions and directed his views, throws around him a steady lustre, which outshines the glare of more powerful, but useless or mis-directed genius.

The subject of these memoirs was descended from a Cheshire family of considerable respectability, and, being then

17 years of age, was the first pupil whose name was enrolled at the celebrated Warrington academy, which was opened in 1757. It is probably to this circumstance that his early doubts on the subject of our national religion are to be attributed, as it appears that before his removal from that seminary, he had entertained an idea of becoming a member of the university of Oxford, but hesitated concerning the subscription to the thirty-nine articles, which at Oxford is required, by statute, on matriculation. These doubts, on more profound investigation of each article of belief, and a scrutinizing study of the best doctrinal interpreters, were matured into an entire separation from the communion of the established church. A due respect for the sacredness of private opinion, on a subject so important to the interests of humanity, induces us to forego all comments on this part of Dr. P.'s conduct and character. In matters of faith our opinions may differ from his, but he, like us, entertained the highest respect for the national establishment. The wanton contempt alone of the doctrines and rites of religion deserves reprobation, and it is our pride and boast, unlike some of the journals of the present day, who even glory in their intolerance, that no man can complain of persecution from us for his sentiments on the speculative doctrines of religion. It is with considerable satisfaction that we find our opinions on this point coinciding so exactly with those of so able and unprejudiced a judge as Dr. Percival, who has the praise of never having participated in the rancour of religious controversy.

'A strenuous advocate for the expediency of embracing definite sentiments of *belief*, he maintained at the same time the supremacy of individual opinion, and the regard due to that system of national faith, which has been preserved to us through so long a period by the eminent learning and integrity of its divines. 'The speculative doctrines of religion, he declares, as they have no influence on the moral conduct of mankind, are comparatively of little importance. They cannot be understood by the generality even of Christians; and the wise, the learned, and the good, have in all ages differed, and will ever continue to differ, about them. An intemperate zeal therefore for such points of faith betrays a weak understanding and a contracted heart; and that zeal may justly be deemed intemperate which exceeds the value of its object, and which abates our benevolence towards those who do not adopt the same opinions with ourselves.'

Johnson, in his nineteenth number of the *Rambler*, expatiates with his usual discrimination and strength, on the expediency of an early choice of a profession. Agreeably to the sentiments of that great man, Dr. Percival seems to have determined when yet very young, to follow the medical

profession. This predilection may be traced to the particular constitution of his mental and corporeal faculties. With a mind thirsting for intellectual improvement, he naturally contemplated with pleasure the pursuits connected with physic, a science, or an art, as his biographer well observes, allied to an almost infinite range of natural and moral enquiry. The delicacy of his temperament pointed out those occupations as particularly desirable, which were to be attended with comparative ease and tranquillity, while it rendered him alike disinclined and unfit for the tumultuous pursuits of a more ambitious life. To these reasons may be fairly added that active spirit of benevolence and philanthropy which so eminently distinguished Dr. Percival, and which could not but take delight in the prospect of a species of happiness which the profession of medicine affords beyond any other, that of ministering, immediately and perceptibly, to the miseries of our fellow creatures in distress.

After a regular course of study at the two universities, the most celebrated in Europe for medical science, Edinburgh and Leyden, Dr. P. on his return from the latter place, entered into the marriage state, and after a residence of two years at Warrington, his native place, determined upon settling at Manchester, where an opening then offered, and where he commenced his career with a degree of success which is rarely equalled.

Before his removal from Warrington, Dr. P. had enjoyed a considerable share of leisure, which was devoted to various philosophical and experimental enquiries, chiefly connected with the science of physic. The result of these lucubrations was the *Essays*, afterwards published under the title of *Medical and Experimental*. The observations which we find on this subject in the work before us, shall be given in the original, and they will, we think, afford a favourable example of the powers of reasoning and of composition possessed by the author, the son of the distinguished character whose life is recorded.

‘The “*Essays*” which he formed on the result of his investigations, were sometimes presented to the Royal Society, and were afterwards inserted in the volumes of its *Transactions*: at other times, they were communicated to the public through the medium of the most current periodical journals. These miscellaneous pieces were, in the course of the present year collected and published in one volume, under the title of *Essays Medical and Experimental*.

‘The favourable reception which this volume gained with the public, encouraged its author to pursue the scheme of experimental enquiry which he had commenced. His choice of this method, it may be observed, was directed by a mature consideration of the proper object and means of scientific research; and as he laboured

with perseverance in a walk at that time little frequented by men of talents or learning, it may not be superfluous to explain briefly the nature of his design.

'The progress of medical science, when compared with the number and diligence of its professors, might justly appear inconsiderable, and excite the attention of the more liberal part to the *causes* which retarded its advancement. So recently, however, have the rules of legitimate investigation been generally comprehended, that these causes were imperfectly understood, and often erroneously explained, by writers of physic in the middle of the last century. Medical philosophers had not hitherto acknowledged, that the same circumstances which at first promoted, tended afterwards unequivocally to obstruct the enlargement of their science; or that the vast designs of the fathers of physic dazzled, whilst they enlightened, the judgments of their successors. The early structure of medicine, like that of other sciences, having arisen from the energies of *individual* genius; men were accustomed to look for its extension and improvement to the like efforts of extraordinary intellects; and thus, whilst the multitude neglected the proper use, or abandoned the record of their experience, a few capacious minds laboured to extend their views on every side to the boundary of physical research. On the credit of their own experiments and observation they erected comprehensive systems; and, possessed of the common faculties which nature has assigned to limit individual experience, they trusted to other powers for the artificial arrangement of her laws. Hence the great and important discoveries which these masters successively made, were so blended with the fanciful errors of speculation, that each in his turn contributed to mislead the opinions of mankind. By mistaking the proper object of philosophy, the inestimable powers of genius and industry were often lavished on the pursuit of a shadow; and the *FIRST PRINCIPLES* of medical science seemed destined to be the sport of perpetual uncertainty.

'It may not, indeed, appear unaccountable, that a science extending over the animal and intellectual, as well as the material kingdom, should continue longer involved in conjectural hypothesis, than the more abstract or limited subjects of investigation. The success, however, with which philosophers had begun to elucidate other departments of experimental knowledge, at length served to communicate its proper light to medical enquiry. The error was gradually acknowledged, of attempting to gain the mastery over so comprehensive a science by the solitary powers of the most vigorous capacity; and a more adequate method was silently adopted, which, by exercising the reason and experience of an indefinite multitude, and by distributing its labours in due arrangement, has brought them to bear with united advantage on the same common object. The most enlightened and powerful minds have been diverted from the formation of systems, to the accurate scrutiny and faithful record of the facts which are cognizable by their senses; whilst men of humbler talents, who formerly received with acquiescence the opinions of their superiors, have since laboured with them in the same field of experiment and research. The benefit of this wide co-



operation has greatly exceeded the simple measure of the truths which have been accumulated. Nor would it be an exaggeration to assert, that the splendid discoveries in experimental science which recent times have witnessed, are to be ascribed solely to the more extended influence of those rules of legitimate philosophy, which Lord Bacon attempted, two centuries ago, to establish.

‘In estimating the merit therefore of scientific writers, some preference will be due to those, who were among the first to give a right direction to the industry of their contemporaries. Although Dr. Percival was by no means the earliest writer of essays on distinct subjects of experimental physic; yet no medical philosopher, as far as I am able to discover, had hitherto so clearly unfolded, or pursued through so considerable a series, the objects, of this practical design. The merits of the scheme are unquestionable; and the merits of the writer may be esteemed of superior excellence, because he has risen above the common prejudices of the times, and anticipated, in some degree, that enlightened order of enquiry, which has since more generally prevailed.’

During his whole life Dr. Percival united literary with professional employment. As his works have, we believe without exception, been given separately to the world, it would be alike an insult to the taste of the public and to the reputation of Dr. P. to enumerate them. Suffice it to say that they are now for the first time edited in a complete form, under the care of his son, who has prefixed the biographical sketch now under review, as an introduction to them.

As a part of that steady system of philanthropy, by which from maturity to old age, Dr. P. was uniformly actuated, must be enumerated his assiduous efforts in the formation of several public establishments.

‘He was one of the small number of literary patrons,’ says our author, ‘who contributed their active services to the support of the Warrington academy, an institution which engaged in a peculiar manner the attention of the leading dissenters of this kingdom. From neighbourhood of situation, as well as from early attachment to the plan of instruction, and the general objects of the foundation, he had for some years promoted its success by his exertions in various departments. As trustee, he took a share in the business and responsibility of its government; whilst he frequently employed his pen, in calling the attention of the public to the existing state of the institution, and in soliciting the pecuniary aid of those individuals who were friendly to its welfare.’

When the above seminary was dissolved, an institution of a similar nature and for similar purposes, viz. the education of protestant dissenting ministers, was projected at Manchester, under the title of the Manchester Academy. Here also the subject of these memoirs took an active and leading interest. This new academy flourished some years

with considerable reputation. It is not to our purpose to enquire into the causes of the decline of either of these establishments. It is well known that the academy at Manchester eventually shared the same fate with its prototype and predecessor.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, which has attained a just distinction from the talents of its members, and the volumes of memoirs which it has at different times laid before the public, owes its foundation to the zeal, and its continuance to the fostering care of Dr. Percival. This institution originated in the meetings which were held weekly at his house for the purpose of conversation, and which were frequented by all the literary characters of the town and neighbourhood, together with the principal inhabitants, and occasional strangers. A regular society being afterwards formed under the immediate auspices of Dr. P., he was appointed president, in which respectable situation he continued till his death, cherishing and supporting the institution by his exertions, and adding credit to its 'Transactions,' by his frequent and valuable literary contributions.

Through life he was in the habit of correspondence with most of the distinguished literary characters, as well his own countrymen as foreigners. In that style which is particularly adapted to epistolary writing, he in consequence attained a considerable degree of perfection. His biographer has judiciously inserted in the present work, a selection from his correspondence, remarkable, perhaps, rather for purity of style than for vigour of conception. But the letters tend to exhibit a faithful image of the mind whence they proceeded; they breathe throughout the most liberal and enlightened principles, benevolence towards individuals, and an ardent zeal for the public good.

We now proceed to the most painful part of the biographer's duty. Dr. P. had never enjoyed vigorous health, but great caution and temperance had in a moderate degree secured to him its invaluable comforts. He had nevertheless been accustomed for many years to be tormented at intervals with violent head-achs, which, as his death drew near, gave him a longer respite than usual. In the summer of 1804, his last illness came upon him. On the 23d of August, he was seized with a shivering fit, and was conveyed to his bed, from which he was to rise no more. For some days he suffered excruciating pain in the region of the diaphragm and liver, which, as might be expected, he bore with fortitude and resignation, the result of an approving conscience. On the abatement of the pain, he was left in a state of irreparable debility, and on the 30th day of the same month, finished his state of quiet dissolution, leaving to his afflicted

survivors, the consolation that, as he lived universally beloved, so the lamentations of all who knew him, bore honourable testimony to his departed virtues.

It will be seen from the brief sketch which we have given of Dr. Percival's life, that as a man of learning and talents, his title to admiration is far from insignificant, but, as his biographer modestly observes, 'his claims to the regard of posterity will be deemed more considerable, when the nobler parts of his character are contemplated in the sanctuary of his virtues.' It was in a sick room that Dr. P.'s amiable disposition shewed itself to the greatest advantage. In this department of his duty, he had no equal; in his domestic relations of father, friend, husband, it would not be easy to point out his superior; and it has rarely happened to us to be acquainted with a character, to which the Homeric epithet of '*blameless*,' might with less impropriety be applied. The son who ventures to lay before the world a life of his father, undertakes a delicate task, but it is one which the present author has executed in a manner that must give pleasure to every reader. He has never suffered the prejudices of affection, and the high reverence which he justly entertains for his distinguished parent, to interfere with the sacred obligation imposed upon him by truth, while the filial affection which marks every page of the work, gives to the reader of sensibility, a secret charm, which would induce him to make ready allowance for greater exaggerations than those in which Mr. Percival has indulged. The few extracts with which we shall conclude this article, will bear evidence of the truth of our observation, and at the same time supersede the necessity of that encomium, which the purity and elegance of the writer's style would otherwise demand at our hands.

'It might justly be observed of the subject of this memoir, that the attributes of the philosopher belonged not more properly to the writer than to the man; and that he ceased not to aim at the highest dignity of human virtue, by conforming his habitual sentiments to the dictates of enlightened reason; "*το σπουδαίον μόνον αγαθόν, το δ' αφερομένον κακόν.*" So habitually temperate and measured was his conduct, that, in truth, the course of a long career furnished scarcely any of those personal incidents in which vulgar curiosity is apt to delight. The embarrassments occasioned by the over-ruling influence of particular propensities, by the obstinacy of pride, or the frolics of vanity, found no place in the even tenor of a life devoted to the service of learning and philanthropy; a life, which exemplified at once the energy and the value of those speculative principles which philosophers have often vainly endeavoured to realize. The reader therefore, who is acquainted with these attributes of Dr. Percival's character, may recognize both in his correspondence and more finish-

ed writings the essential features of his disposition. The same upright and benevolent spirit, the same candour of sentiment and urbanity of manner, the same ardour for improvement and zeal for the cause of truth, were discernible alike in the productions of his pen and the conduct of his life. The exterior appendages to which the writer just quoted refers, hardly served to embellish, much less to exalt, the real dignity of his nature. So that the removal of the veil which sometimes conceals, even in great minds, a contrariety of sentiment and conduct, could in this instance disclose nothing which was not already manifest. *Ne famam quidem, cui etiam sæpe boni indulgent, ostentanda virtute, aut per artem quæsit;—procul æmulatione adversus collegas.*

‘The preceding account of Dr. Percival’s literary life has anticipated any formal delineation of his moral and intellectual character. Had not the circumstances, indeed, which are there imperfectly recorded, served to exhibit the features of his mind and conduct in their real form, the writer would have declined a task, too arduous and too delicate for the attempt of an avowedly partial biographer. Supported, however, by the testimonies of public and private virtue, which that narrative contains, he may venture, diffidently, to add a few general observations, requisite to complete the purpose he has undertaken.

‘It may be remarked, that the most valuable gift of nature, a clear and vigorous understanding, with all its faculties alike fitted for exertion, was eminently possessed by the subject of this memoir. Fortunately for his intellectual improvement, and perhaps still more so for his happiness, the powers of his mind seemed to be endued with that exact proportion of relative strength, which experience has evinced to be at the same time most favourable to the enlargement of the whole, and best adapted to the cultivation of science and virtue. His education, conducted in great measure by his own discretion, corresponded with the speculative opinions which he afterwards taught; and by suffering no one of his talents to remain unimproved, nor any important branch of knowledge to pass unnoticed, formed his mind for liberal and comprehensive thought. The fortune of his birth too, while it furnished sufficiently the means and the ambition of intellectual culture, kept his views steadily directed to the attainment of useful science. So that nature and education conspired to furnish him with that habitual energy of thought and conduct, which, when controuled, as in him by the influence of a temperate judgment, invariably conduces to the benefit of mankind.—Simplicity of thought, and consistency of opinion, also strongly characterised his mind; while the variety of his acquisitions combined with the due vigour of his faculties to preserve him from the bias of any particular habits of mental application. Dr. Percival’s moral qualities, it may be added, displayed the like character of suitable and consistent energy; “so happily were all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds.”

‘ In the judgment of those who were well acquainted with his conduct, it would appear, I am persuaded, no easy matter, to describe in terms too lively or unqualified, the singular purity and inflexible rectitude of his nature. A constant command over the powers of his judgment, and a most perfect controul over all his passions, acquired by unremitting pains, seemed to qualify him for the habitual exercise of virtue, throughout the multiplied relations of his life. “Possessing within himself,” to use the language of a great writer ; “a salient living principle of generous and manly action,” his conduct was directed implicitly by the rule of his moral judgment, and conformed more perfectly with the standard of intrinsic excellence than is commonly observed even among the most virtuous of mankind. This independence of principle too appeared manifest in that dignity of exterior deportment, which, without effort or affectation, he invariably preserved. Yet so eminent, at the same time, was the gentleness and the suavity of his temper, that those who were unacquainted with the nobler and rarer virtues which he possessed, readily paid the tribute of respect to these engaging qualities. “*Nihil metus in vultu ; gratia oris supererat ; bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*” Perhaps it has hardly ever happened, that nature and self-government have so happily conspired, as to form a character more consistent in its parts, more amiable in its energies, or more just and rational in its conduct.’

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ART. XVII.—*All the Blocks! or, an Antidote to All the Talents, a Satirical Poem, in Three Dialogues. By Flagellum. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Leigh. 1807.*

THIS is a very spirited production. Mr. Flagellum appears to have borrowed the scourge of Juvenal, with which he penetrates into the interior of the present cabinet, and lays about him with no common severity and force. From the premier to the subaltern not one escapes his blows ; and we believe that the corporal chastisement which he inflicts, is such as they will long feel, and such as the poetic cataplasms which are contained in *All the Talents* will not cure. The passionate vengeance of Mr. Flagellum is in vain attempted to be mitigated by the exculpatory interposition of Mr. Malagma, who performs the second part in the dialogue. The Duke of Portland is treated with little ceremony ; and indeed rather roughly handled ; as if the poet imagined that his grace’s brains were formed of a material as dense as the stone which bears his name. The pangs of correction which he has received on the right and on the left, in the van and in the rear, from the unsparing attacks of Mr. Flagellum will not, we hope, render his grace unfit to take his seat at the coun-

eil board, or to set the aged men of the country a shining example of continence in the eve of life. We who feel of how much importance the state of his grace's sensations is to the welfare of the country are truly anxious lest the infuriated tones with which his antiquated ears have been assailed by the present satyrist should not render them imperious to the melting or inspiring harmonies of a Billington and a Catalini.

Mr. Malagma requests the poet to give the batch of new ministers a fair trial before he proceeds to their condemnation ; but Flagellum replies in this vigorous and animated strain :

‘ Trial ! By heaven ! we’ve tried ’em o’er and o’er,  
And found them every thing but sterling lore.  
Ah ! can my country stand the dreadful shock,  
Of this old weather-beaten porous block ;  
This crazy stone, new daub’d with M—lv—lle paste,  
Propped up for th’ exigence of state in haste ;  
With pillars rotten, and at core so craz’d,  
They soon must drop the fabric they have rais’d  
And by one universal crash display  
The downfall of this structure of a day !  
Ah, vet’ran Portl—nd ! I must tell the truth—  
Thy jaws, bereft of ev’ry useful tooth,  
Should now have left the public weal alone,  
Instead of nibbling at so tough a bone.  
We ask, in vigour, what thy sense hath done ?—  
No radiance gleam’d like Gr—nv—lle’s dazzling sun ;  
With thee, bright Genius never was awake ;  
But left thy mind one gloomy scene opaque.  
And yet we now are told, on thee to look,  
For mind acute, Napoleon’s schemes to check,  
And break of Talleyrand the crooked neck ;  
’Gainst subtle art, deep policy oppose,  
And lead this brace of monsters by the nose.  
Thy hand—of pow’r the balance now must raise—  
Restore to groaning Europe halcyon days :  
That nerveless grasp the razor keen must wield,  
Shave France, in spite of Machi’villian shield ;  
Bleed her proboscis ; lop each monstrous fungus,  
And clear away republican mundungus.’

Flagellum’s opinion of a certain lord, whose patriotic admonitions, notwithstanding his late erasure from the privy council, are still supposed to find their way to the ear of the sovereign, seem to be in consonance with the resolutions of the House of Commons, and the general creed of the country.

‘ Him, the state alchymist, who can surpass  
All tribes—to gold transmuting native brass :

Or *vice versa*, when of law afraid,  
 As easily in brass can be array'd,  
 This Northern juggler, give old Nick his due,  
 Hath, as the *fiddle*, been to Scotia true ;  
 Rais'd from its dirty state, the booing tribe,  
 Whose, *Wha wants me ?* was a sufficient bribe.  
 For, as to conscience, if it chance to cry,  
 The brat is strangled in its infancy ;  
 Or charm'd with lullaby of nasal tone—  
 Soul-soothing pathos of the bagpipe's drone."

Flagellum tells us that THE BLOCKS have evinced singular felicity in selecting the materials for the construction of the cabinet. And this we can hardly doubt when we consider that, in the person of the first-lord of the treasury, we have a veteran in chastity ; in the chancellor of the exchequer an adept in the sinuosities of law ; in the minister for foreign affairs, a sage who can speak no language but his own ; in the first lord of the admiralty a man who can say *to the left, wheel, or, to the right, face* ; and a lord high chancellor, whose scruples of conscience suffer no procrastinations of equity in his court. In the hands of such a *junto*, can the country be otherwise than safe ? While then this fortunate island continues to be administered by THE BLOCKS, the veterans of Buonaparte, though drawn up in martial array on the opposite coast, and ready for embarkation, can be regarded only as men of straw, or like the stuffed pageants that are sometimes seated in a mourning coach. All the Blocks, having, under cover of the throne, completely divested the cabinet of all the Talents, which were lately the possessors, the people cannot but rest securely under the counterscarps and bastions of their impenetrable skulls.

Mr. Flagellum seems to have a great and well-merited predilection for a certain judge in equity ; and whom he thus tenderly greets with the effusion of his honeyed praise.

— ' So come forth, pensive *woolsack*, legal clay,  
*Giant refresh'd !* the ling'ring law's delay !  
 The Chanc'rys' dray-cart ! Drone of Lincoln's Inn—  
 The tight-cork bottle of its endless bin !  
 Since vain's the keenest search we may pursue :  
 An E—d—n's sapience blunts the keenest screw.  
 Once more the raven croaks—fell bird of fate !—  
 No cause decided—masters arbitrate : —  
 Sly ruse, by which the judge his conscience eases,  
 Referring judgment wheresoe'er he pleases.  
 None listen, prithee, to his studied rant,  
 His vows, his eye-drops, hyperbolic cant :

So fearful of infringing justice' laws—  
So rooted to uphold the suppliant's cause—  
That, wav'ring o'er the burthen of his song,  
In striving to do right, he oft does wrong.—

The mental and moral excellencies of Lord H—k—y, are characterized with no less vivacity and truth. We could wish that the author had in some instances exhibited less negligence of versification; but he is evidently a satirist of no vulgar cast, and we believe that the Blocks, with all their induration of effrontery and vacuity of sense, will not be insensible to the smart of his poetic castigations.

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ART. XVII.—*Dialogues on various Subjects. By the late William Gilpin, A. M. Published by the Trustees for the Benefit of his School at Boldre. 8vo. Cadell. 1806.*

THE late Mr. Gilpin was, on the whole, an easy, perspicuous, and pleasing writer. His mind was not much enlarged by science or philosophy, but he possessed a certain delicacy of taste in discriminating the beauties of nature and of art, which seems to have been transferred to his sensations of moral virtue, and to have refined and improved his perceptions of good and evil. The culture of the arts, where it does not unfortunately degenerate into a voluptuous sensuality, is favourable to the culture of the heart. A taste for the beauties of nature or of art may be accompanied with criminal propensities or vitiated habits; but that connection must be rather fortuitous or temporary than permanent or real; for the natural tendencies of such a taste are to heighten all the moral sensibilities of man. The moral notions of Mr. Gilpin were evidently purified and corrected by the sensitive quickness with which he could discern and appreciate the beauties of nature and of art; the purity of his life was in unison with the elegance of his pursuits; and his devotion to the arts only served to exalt his feelings of reverence for the great Artist of the universe.

These dialogues consist of fourteen; principally on moral and religious subjects. The religious dialogues might perhaps without any detriment have been omitted, or the subjects themselves might have been better treated in so many essays or dissertations. Indeed we are not in general friends to discussions conducted in the form of dialogue, which are seldom animated or instructive. They frequently serve only to confound the ideas of truth; and instead of impressing conviction, often leave us doubtful on which side the preponderance of proof lies, or what opinion the author himself



intended to establish. The great use of dialogue is to heighten the interest by giving a sort of dramatic air to the performance; but this end cannot be obtained without felicity in the invention, associated incidents, a sort of piquant vivacity and a well supported character in the speakers, and quick and easy transitions in the conversation. These are excellences however which we seldom find except in the compositions of Lucian; and it is indeed of a style of writing which seems better suited to the exposure of folly or of vice, than to the analysis of virtue or the establishment of truth. But a dialogue, even if it had a dramatic air, a tragic seriousness, or a comic levity would form no very proper vehicle for religious instruction; for the genuine truths of religion rejecting the aid of fiction are best recommended by their own native lustre and importance.

Mr. Gilpin appears to have been what is commonly styled an orthodox divine, but without any of that bitterness or intolerance, which so often disgraces the reputed orthodoxy of the present day. And, as with us, the most pernicious species of heresy is a want of charity, we are willing to bestow every praise on that orthodoxy of Mr. Gilpin, which consisted in benevolence and moderation. We hold no man to be the better for believing what he does not understand. That belief which is confined to ideal nothings, to airy phantasms and speculative imaginations, though it may be reputed orthodox, is, in fact, both pernicious and absurd. As far as religious belief is connected with practical morality, it never deviates from sober reason, and from common sense.

In the dialogue on education, which passes between archbishop Tenison and Lord Somers, Mr. Gilpin discusses the peculiar excellences and defects of public and of private education; and, as often happens on such occasions, the parties conclude, with a sort of compromise, on the superiority of a system, which should include the advantages of both. We pass without any particular notice, the theological dialogues of Mr. Gilpin, in which some tenets are supported which we cannot approve; but as they are not mingled with intolerance we shall not impugn them with any severity of criticism. The dialogue on the advantages of a town and country life may be read with pleasure and improvement. The result is that London furnishes more aliment for the intellect, and the country for the affections; that in the former there are more temptations to impiety and vice; and that one inflames the passions, while the other operates more favourably on all the better sympathies of the heart.

In the dialogue on duelling, the immorality and folly of the practice are properly exposed. The following anecdote

may perhaps serve to show the absurdity of the practice better than the most serious argumentation.

'The brave Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, was a large heavy man, and was challenged by a thin, active French officer. 'We are not upon equal terms with rapiers,' said Van Tromp; 'but call on me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better.' When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder; 'There is room enough for you,' said Van Tromp, 'at the other end of the barrel; sit down, there is a match; and as you were the challenger, give fire.' The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting; but as the Dutch admiral told him he would fight in no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.'

In the dialogue on 'the Instructions to a young Man intended for holy Orders,' Mr. Gilpin, we think very properly, puts the following remarks into the mouth of Bishop Wilson.

'The doctrines of the church of England will always be found best in the doctrines of scripture.' 'I should not wish him (the student for orders) to read either Burnet on the Thirty-nine Articles, or Pearson on the Creed; or any other book, as if he were going there for his religion. I should never wish him to have the idea of going any where for his religion, but to the scriptures themselves; and indeed I think that some of my brethren lay too much stress on these books in their ordinations. I fear it may have sometimes a tendency to impress their young candidates with an idea that the doctrines of the church of England and the doctrines of the scripture are two things.'

In the dialogue on the Polite Arts, which is carried on between Lord Burleigh and Sir Philip Sydney, we had expected to meet with more depth of discussion, solidity of reasoning, and sagacity of remark; but we found little more than a variety of trite and common-place observations, which can neither interest nor instruct. Indeed the mind of Mr. Gilpin was not fitted either by its inherent strength, or its comprehensive views, for philosophical disquisition; and there are few artists who can analyse the nature of the arts, who can generalize their results, and exhibit their moral and political effects. Mr. Gilpin was a writer whose conceptions were not wont to soar above the horizon of mediocrity, and that mediocrity is very visible in every page of the present performance; which will, we hope, add to the funds of the charity, for the benefit of which it is published, but it will certainly make no addition to the lustre of his fame.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 19 — *Moral Maxims, from the Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus. Selected by a Lady.* 12mo. Harris. 1807.

THE book of Wisdom is inferior to none in the Old Testament in depth and solidity of moral observation. It serves indeed as a proper point of connection between the morality of the Old Testament and the New. It generally surpasses the first, and it approaches very near to the second in purity and perfection. The writer, whoever he was, seems attentively to have read the nature of man and the moral government of God. His reflections and precepts are derived not from a casual glance, but a comprehensive survey of the natural and the moral world, of the present bearings and tendencies of human actions, and of the providential arrangements of God. Instead of a partial extract from such a book, we wish that the fair editor had re-published the whole in a volume, of the same size as the present, but in a smaller type. A new translation of the Wisdom from the most approved text of the original, and with notes to shew the resemblance and connection between the morality which it teaches and that of the New Testament, would be a valuable acquisition.

ART. 20.—*Essays on moral and religious Subjects; calculated to increase the Love of God, and the Growth of Virtue in the youthful Mind.* By M. Pelham. 12mo. 3s. Harris. 1807.

THESE essays seem the production of a pious mind, and are not defective in instruction; but the diction and the sentiments are occasionally imbued with those theological peculiarities, which are so much in use among the methodists, and the influence of which, as far as we have been capable of judging, is never benign and salutary, either with respect to the conduct or the heart. In some of her observations on the Christian sabbath, this lady seems to mistake the nature and design of the institution. It was the first day of rejoicing which the church ever experienced, and it ought to be observed by us with thanksgiving and with joy. To cover it with the crape of pharisaic austerities and restrictions, is to sin against the end of the ordinance, and to malign the true spirit of the christian doctrine. M. Pelham, we are convinced, means well; and we should be sorry to see an understanding like hers, vitiated and perverted by the sophistry of a sect, the increase of which is a satire on good sense, and a melancholy proof of the still-prevail

ing credulity and ignorance. The fair authoress has in her title-page quoted a sentence from the writings of Mr. Fellowes, and we cannot but recommend it to her, to read with attention that gentleman's Guide to Immortality, from which she will be able clearly to discern the true scope and genius of the christian doctrine.

ART. 21.—*Considerations on the Danger of the Church.* Ostell. 1807.

THE sentiments of this writer are mild and tolerant, and his views of the state of religion, and of the different sects of christians in this country, far from injudicious or illiberal. He evinces no small degree of charity towards every denomination of believers; and he thinks that no danger either to the church or to the state is to be apprehended from any sect but that of the methodists. The methodists are certainly the most mischievous and the most formidable of all sects; they have even less tolerance and charity than the catholics; and the voice of reason seems in vain to combat the bristly rank and file of their numerous delusions.

ART. 22.—*The Substance of a Sermon on serving God acceptably; preached at the Chapel in Keppel Street, Bedford Square, on the Day appointed for a Public Fast.* By John Martin. 8vo. Gardiner. 1807.

WE poor reviewers are generally thought to be men of strong and hungry stomachs; and lucky would it be for us to have the assertion true, when we are doomed to peruse not only the page of dullness, but the cant of methodism, and the jargon of hypocrisy. Our nausea is then so forcibly excited, that we are obliged to take no small quantity of *vomifuge*, a preparation which renders us almost unfit for criticism during the remainder of the day.

This author's contemptible notions of acceptance, and his fulsome panegyric on that conceited sperm of spiritual pride, called the 'Temple of Truth,' so disordered the organic motions of our stomach, that we had recourse to a double dose of the *vomifuge*, in order to repel the emetic tendencies of the book.

## POLITICS.

ART. 23.—*A Letter to the Right Honorable Charles Abbott, Speaker of the House of Commons in the late Parliament.* By a Member of that Parliament. 1s. Wilson.

THE present pamphlet is written with an affected moderation; but we discover in the composition much futility of argument, and more bitterness of heart. In one or two of their measures the author has the modesty to allow some degree of merit to the late ministers, but he is evidently the partizan of Mr. Perceval and his associates. The writer directly charges the late ministers and the opposers of the present, with an unprincipled malignity, a sordid selfish-

ness, and all the base and corrosive passions of little minds. 'Conviction,' says he, 'of its own imbecility,' speaking of the present opposition, 'may, perhaps in time moderate the inveteracy of malice; mortified ambition may be content to conceal in silence that anguish with which no good or generous mind can sympathize; the excruciating corrosions of envy may soften into sentiments, if not more virtuous, yet still less painful of a settled and determined hatred; and the foetid effervescence of this sour, foul and filthy fermentation of mean, illiberal; dark and despicable passions, the flux and impurities of a festering and cankered heart, the source of all that contaminates or corrupts the human mind, may at length subside into a tasteless, vapid, and innoxious insipidity, retaining still all its natural propensities to ill, but restrained from evil by want of power and energy." P. 29, 30. We shall not stay to analyse the above sentence in order to shew the bad taste, falsehood, ignorance and malice which it contains. The character of the late ministry, their intellectual ability, their patriotic exertions and their moral worth may forever defy such impotent slanders and such contemptible hostility.

**ART. 24.—*Thoughts on the Catholic Question.* Hatchard. 1807.**

'IT has been a popular assertion of late years,' says the writer of this pamphlet, 'that the religion of every man concerns only himself; that it is a matter between God and his own conscience only, &c.'—'A more false assertion,' continues he, 'has scarcely been attempted to be imposed on mankind.' Now we who have been educated in the school of Locke, must recommend this writer to peruse his Tracts on Toleration, and if the folds of his brain be not as impenetrable to conviction as the pages of his book, he will see as clearly as ever eye beheld the meridian sun, that truth, and nothing but truth, is contained in the proposition, which he calumniates and denies. A man's religious opinions and his civil conduct are very different things; the former are only his own concern; the latter is subject to the cognizance of other men. The author thinks that, if the Catholics were invested in the rights and privileges which they claim, they would in Ireland soon subvert the Protestant establishment, or elevate their own tenets into the established religion of the state. We are, we confess, under no such apprehensions; nor do we think that an improbable, a distant and contingent evil ought to deter us from making those concessions which policy, which justice and humanity require.

**ART. 25.—*Plain Facts; or the new Ministry convicted by their own Deeds. To which is subjoined a Letter by Lord Grenville.* 6d. Ridgway. 1807.**

MR. Pitt's act of 1804, in favour of foreign papists, which was passed while all the members of the present administration were in power, gave to such papists the right of entering into the English army without any restriction in their number, or the exac-

tion from them of any oath, except such as might be directed by his majesty. But these very men, who manifested so much regard for, and so much confidence in foreign papists, seem to imagine that the liberties of Britain are unsafe in the hands of Catholics and Dissenters of English, of Scotch and of Irish growth. Such is the virtue and consistency of those who are at this moment entrusted with the destiny of the British empire.

ART. 26.—*A short Account of a late Administration.* 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

THIS writer briefly but truly enumerates the merits of the late administration. It is well remarked that in the prosecution of their wise and salutary measures, the late ministers had to contend with an opposition of a peculiar character. Parliament exhibited the novel and extraordinary spectacle of ministers, required and refusing to arm the executive with powers beyond the law; and of an opposition, invariably resisting every thing like concession and indulgence to the subject, and maintaining on all occasions, the prerogative of the crown against the rights of the people. Most of them were already placemen, pensioners, or reversionaries.

## NOVELS.

ART. 27.—*But Which ? or domestic Grievances of the Wolmore Family.* By the Author of *Leopold.* 2 Vols. Bentley 1807.

SIR Roland Wolmore is the protector of a boy and girl, from their infancy to years of discretion. He is convinced from circumstances here too tedious to relate that one of them derives a being from himself. The natural question, *But Which ?* i. e. which is his own child, is impressed into the service of the title page for the purpose of communicating to readers the same degree of curiosity which was felt by Sir Roland. It is at best a foolish title page, and savours so much of affectation, that we were by no means prepared for the scenes of humour and distress which succeed each other in such agreeable interchange. These scenes are so truly domestic, and in some parts culinary, that we have no hesitation in believing ourselves indebted to a lady for the pleasure afforded us by this novel. The guarded delicacy prevalent in every part sanctions this belief: and the species of wit, which no more resembles that of our gross countrymen than sparkling champagne resembles ale, from its sprightliness and volatility, converts our belief into certainty.

Uncle Isaac we think to have derived his origin from uncle Toby. The same simplicity, natural politeness and benignity, uncultivated by much education, are the traits of both. But either the author mistook the character of the perfect original, or from a necessity of introducing something by way of variation, intentionally did violence to it. Several attempts to introduce clownish and imperfect language into novels have been made. Sometimes a sentimental black servant talks of "*Massa me no hurt you,*" or a clown uses

a double negative: the attempt however even for a page is disgusting; but if it be so for a single page, the author has erred grievously in making a principal and most worthy character talk bad English through two volumes. We have no hesitation in recommending the writer to abstain from this and all other liberties, from a perfect conviction that the mind which planned and executed this little work, has resources sufficient in itself without offering violence to the strictest propriety of language.

One trifling oversight occurred to us at the end. Young Charles is made to return from transportation in 1802. At the conclusion of the year 1806, or beginning of the present year, we are told that, '*He lived to reach old age, but lived to little purpose.*'

ART. 28.—*The Mysterious Wanderer. In three Volumes. By Sophia Reeve. Richardson and Son. 1807.*

'I AM aware,' says our fair writer in her advertisement, 'that my story has many imperfections; but it being a first essay, and having been written solely for my own amusement, during a winter season, will plead with a liberal public, to soften the severity of criticism. The publication is attributed to the 'partial wishes of a few friends,' To the wishes of those friends who have the happiness of advising the author of the *Mysterious Wanderer*, we take the liberty of joining our own, that many winters may be passed in writing many tales of equal value with the present. The most prominent error that occurred to us, appeared to arise rather from an exuberance, than want of fancy, which enabled the writer to introduce so many episodes, that the main light becomes in some instances overpowered by the glare of detached parts.

ART. 29.—*Tales of Instruction and Amusement. Written for the Use of young Persons. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Harris. 1807.*

MOST of these tales are both amusing and edifying; they inculcate a pure and rational morality, which tends to tranquillize the turbulent interior of the heart, and is accommodated to the familiar and diurnal occurrences of life. Morality is not only a matter of sabbatical reflection, but an every day concern. Its duties, which are very various and are parts of one and the same consistent whole, deserve our regard, even on the score of prudential considerations, and much more on that of religious expectation from the beginning of youth to the extremity of age. The amiable writer of these tales seems deeply impressed with the importance of that morality which attaches itself not only to great things but to small, which comprehends the most apparently trivial minutiae of duty, and enforces a continual watchfulness over the fleeting sensations of the breast, as well as the important actions of the life. Even not only the more heinous but the more venial offences are rightly considered as matters of importance in the moral estimate of Miss Mitchell; and she illustrates their effects in an appropriate tale.

**ART. 30.**—*The Calendar ; or Monthly Recreations : chiefly consisting of Dialogues, between an Aunt and her Nieces ; designed to inspire the juvenile Mind with a Love of Virtue, and the Study of Nature.* By Mrs. Pilkington. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Harris. 1807.

WE do not think that children can be too soon taught to admire the beauties of nature, or to discriminate the variety of her animal and vegetable productions. Such knowledge must tend to make devout impressions on the heart, and lay the foundation for a rational and enlightened piety. The diversified appearances of nature, the revolutions of the seasons, the rise, growth, maturation, and decay of the several plants, fruits, and flowers, with the changes that happen at different periods of the year in the animal creation, constitute a mass of information, a reasonable portion of which may be agreeably communicated in a calendar of the months. This task was first achieved by Dr. Aikin, to whom the cause of literature is under numerous obligations. In the present performance, Mrs. Pilkington has refined on the plan of Dr. Aikin, by moulding it into the form of a dialogue, and connecting it with a sort of novel story, which had better have been omitted. We do not say that fiction ought never to be employed as the vehicle of truth ; but we must assert that in the instance before us, the story tends rather to impede than to assist the communication of that knowledge, which it is the proper object of such a calendar to impart.

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 31.**—*A comparative Sketch of the Effects of Variolous and Vaccine Inoculation, being an Enumeration of Facts not generally known or considered, but which will enable the Public to form its own Judgment on the probable Importance of the Jennerian Discovery.* By Thomas Pruen. 8vo. Phillips. 1807.

THOUGH the facts on the subject of vaccination are not very numerous, and might certainly be so compressed as to be readily presented to the mind under a single point of view, yet the writings on the subject have been so many, that those who wish for information must feel no small difficulty in selecting from the mass, what is most to their purpose. Mr. Pruen therefore has arranged the subject under several heads, comprehending the points of the greatest importance, and in enumerating the facts and opinions on each head has cited his authority at the end of the paragraph. Those therefore, who are desirous of being furnished with a very complete set of references to the works, which have been published on a most interesting subject, will do well to purchase Mr. Pruen's book ; and as this method likewise causes all the principal facts to pass in review, it is very well adapted to that class of readers, who wish to be masters of the argument, without wanting to acquire the critical skill necessary to the practice of the art. We wish however that Mr. Pruen had acted less of the partizan, and had not ap-



peared desirous to throw entirely into the back ground the facts adverse to the cause he espouses. That cause had no need to fear the discovery of the truth, and the *whole truth*. That vaccination is the greatest blessing that has been bestowed upon mankind, is our firm opinion: that it is not a perfect blessing, we believe its warmest advocates must allow. Such indeed is the nature of human arts; and it would be indeed miraculous if this were exempted from the common lot.

**ART. 32—***Observations on the Application of Lunar Caustic to Strictures in the Urethra and Œsophagus.* By M. W. Andrews, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; late Army Surgeon, and now Physician at Madeira. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Callow. 1807.

WHEN poor Mr. Whately wrote a book against the method of treating strictures of the urethra recommended by many of the old surgeons, afterwards taken up by John Hunter, and latterly practised to a great extent by Mr. Home, the latter gentleman did not deign to take the smallest notice of his criticisms. This was certainly mortifying, but there is an aristocracy in surgery, as well as in civil life, and to enter into a paper contest, as well as to fight a duel, there must be something like state of equality between the parties. This condition we suppose the brother-in-law of Mr. Hunter disdained to acknowledge. Mr. Whately was, it seems, too mean a competitor for him to enter the lists with. He exclaimed,

*Aprum opto aut flavum descendere monte leonem.*

Accordingly, when the great surgeon of Edinburgh, Mr. Benjamin Bell, took the field, the doughty brother-in-law of Mr. Hunter, (we speak *honoris gratia*, it appearing to be the title on which Mr. Home chiefly plumes himself) did not refuse to break a lance with him. Our present doctor seems to consider himself with regard to Mr. Whately, nearly in the same situation as the latter was regarded by Mr. Home; and we believe if Mr. W. can feel any gratification from the disappointment of an antagonist, it will be obtained by imitating the dignity of Mr. Home's contemptuous silence. If we do not minutely enter into the doctor's performance, we find our excuse in his own words: 'I do not propose,' he says, 'to offer any thing new in these observations.' We have found the acknowledgment to be perfectly just. He has added, likewise, in defence of Mr. Home's silence, that the result of his practice is already in the hands of a candid public, who are sufficiently capable of appreciating its merits. To this we give our hearty assent, and do not think that the doctor's cases and argument throw any additional light on the subject.

We should have thought that the present disputant's title of M. D. (the progressive advancement to which he has so punctually recorded in his title-page) would have prevented him from standing forth as a principal in such a controversy. Esop has related, that Venus, to gratify the wishes of a fantastical lover, changed a favour-

ite eat into a fine lady. Unfortunately, during the raptures of the first night, a mouse happened to scratch behind the wainscot, and the new-born beauty, forgetful of her humanity, instantly leaped from the arms of her lover, in pursuit of her old game. Venus, in a rage, changed her again into a cat. Let Dr. Andrews beware; lest Apollo, indignant at his slighted honours, should be tempted to un-dub him, should snatch his sacred pen from his hand, and condemn him for ever to the use of the bougie.

## POETRY.

ART. 33.—*The Goodness of God, a Poem: to which are added Pious Meditations, with important Considerations, and Advice to the young unmarried Man and Woman. By William Nevile Hart, formerly a Captain in his Majesty's 79th Regiment. 12mo. Jones,*

AFTER having run the round of vicious dissipation, Mr. Hart appears to have lately devoted his thoughts to more serious pursuits and speculations. We say not this from any personal acquaintance with the author, but merely from some intimations which are scattered in his poem. Thus in p. 48, he talks of himself, as one,

‘ Who long has borne sin’s shackles, but who now  
Eas’d from the pressure of their deadly weight,  
Seeks from the healing hand of God his cure.’

And in his preface, he says, ‘ Young as I am in a life of religion, yet, even now, dare I to the world avow, that there is attendant on the fixed resolve of obeying God’s commandments, a sensation far superior to all that was ever felt by a light mind in the flush of festivity, or amidst the triumph of wit.’ Through the whole of Mr. Hart’s poem, this conviction is very sensibly impressed; a placid but deep-tinged current of devotional feeling seems to pervade his soul. His blank verse often reminds us of the manner of Young, of which it is no unsuccessful imitation; and here and there, some of Young’s antitheses and conceits sparkle in his lines.

Some of the passages in the poem on the Goodness of God, are not badly executed, though, according to our notions, blank verse rarely possesses the qualities which interest and please. Unless when managed by a master in the art, it has a prosaic flatness, which wants the relief of rhyme. Let us see how Mr. Hart has learned his Parnassian steed of rhymeless fame to curvet and prance along the church-side path of religious meditation.

‘ From the last throbbings of the guilty soul,  
Let fancy waft me to the bed of pain,  
Where lays the good, believing, holy man:  
Death stands in view before him, but disarm’d  
Of all his terrors; thrown aside his dart,  
He grasps a glass, (the sand still gliding through,

But nearly run, to which with steady poise,  
 His finger points) whilst, in a soften'd tone  
 He whispers "Come!" and smiles to find, that he,  
 So oft the terror and the scourge of man,  
 Now looks on one, who hails him as his friend,  
 His hope, his comfort, and his guide to God.'

Young often blends together a mass of discordant similies and incongruous imagery, which serve rather to weaken and obscure, than to elucidate and enforce the important truths which he wishes to impress. We much doubt whether any object can be assimilated to two dissimilar things, at the same time, without diluting the strength of both, and producing the feeling of unfitness in the application. As far as *visible resemblance* is concerned, it is certain that no one object can, at the same time, be like two dissimilar things. What is this moment like a garden on land, cannot be also like a ship at sea; and to compare any thing in the same breath, to a garden and a ship, is to defy all *visible resemblance*. Things, indeed, which are unlike in their forms, may have a resemblance in their properties, but, as sensible impressions are the strongest, the visible resemblance is that which most interests and strikes. And as the ideal forms and combinations of the poet, ought, like those of the painter, to be regular, harmonious, and consistent, we doubt whether it be right, at least in a serious performance, to blend abstract resemblance with visible incongruity. We know that instances of the kind may be adduced from the greatest writers; but example alone will not justify a deviation from those principles of criticism, which may be deduced from the nature and operations of the human mind. A fancy which is rich, seems to delight in making a parade of its stores; and to astonish the beholder by the profusion of ornaments, of all qualities and species, which is contained in the casket of the brain. But taste is seen in the disposition of colours and forms, which harmonize; and, even when we employ discordant materials, in arranging them so as to produce a beautiful and consistent whole.

The manner of Young, (we do not say his best manner) will be discerned in the following passages of Mr. Hart.

'If we consider well, this world below  
 Neither was meant, nor is a place of rest:  
 A school to teach us resignation's laws;  
 A nursery, in which we shoot and branch,  
 Our reason, water'd by the dew of grace,  
 Dress'd and well-prun'd, till God's all-fost'ring hand  
 Kindly transplants us into Paradise:  
 A ship, surrounded with tempestuous seas,  
 The sailors we, the great commander, God,  
 Scudding, with passions reef'd, o'er shoals of sin,  
 We reach at length the haven of our hopes,  
 And cast the anchor of eternal life.'

The metaphor is well preserved in the following, and the reader

will not fail to remark how much the consistency adds to the effect. We quote from the poem on the 'Goodness of God,' p. 28.

' One of the brightest gems that decks God's throne  
Is charity : this jewel, such its rays,  
Reflected upon earth, its lustre keeps,  
And shines with all its native splendour here,  
Though sometimes sully'd by the putrid breath  
Of cold, unfeeling, avaricious men,  
Yet soon restor'd, resumes its pristine hue,  
Its wonted brightness. England ! at thy hands,  
Your stately piles, receptacles of woe,  
Your hospitals, compassion's emblems dear ;  
Houses of refuge and asylums, built  
To shelter innocence, and virtue guard,  
Are cabinets well worthy such a gem.'

We shall say nothing of Mr. Hart's prayers in blank verse, as we prefer praying in plain prose ; but we give him ample credit for purity and benevolence of design. Throughout his little volume there are marks of a religious seriousness and a devout sincerity which we cannot but commend ; and we take our leave of the author with heartily wishing him every happiness which this world can afford.

ART. 34.—*St. Stephen's Chapel; a satirical Poem. By Horatius.*  
8vo. 3s. Ridgway. 1807.

WE wish that the author of this poem, had defended the late administration in plain prose, instead of disgracing it by his vile and doggerel rhymes. The new ministers will despise the impotent shafts of his satire, and the old will not be delighted with the effusions of his praise. The writer, who, if we may judge from the opiate potency of his versification, is a master in the art of producing sleep, was in a certain incurably muzzy mood, when the Genius of Britain, as he tells us, appeared to his lethargic eyes. After this said genius had expatiated in a doleful strain on the perilous situation of the country, the author is conveyed either in a dream or a hackney coach to the chapel of St. Stephen's, where he is present at a warm debate which he details in very frigid verse.

' First of the band intrepid C-nn-ng stood,  
In sporting language, quite a bit of blood.  
Pitt ventured first to smooth his flying mane,  
Taught him to champ the bit, and feel the rein,  
Curb'd the proud sallies of his frolick youth,  
And staunch'd the foaming of his ardent mouth.  
Pitt once resolved, in some good natured freak,  
To take young George and teach him how to speak,  
Saw that the lad in flowery language ran,  
And rashly said he'd make him a great man.

The pupil's will, indeed, was very hearty,  
 Yet Pitt made no great man—but Bonaparte.  
 Now like a stage-struck 'prentice, C-n-n-g starts,  
 And here and there each straining eye-ball darts,  
 Works the vast engine of his labouring wits,  
 Till all the house expect he'll drop in fits,  
 Then hard he strives to look a little wise,  
 And speaks, and stamps, and stares, and bawls, and thumps,  
 and cries!  
 Ye gentle stars! in what absurd vagary  
 Did you make C-n-n-ing Foreign Secretary?  
 When shall that young enthusiast learn the art  
 To act with prudence this exalted part?  
 Indeed I know no part which act he could—  
 Except, perhaps, Sylvester Daggerwood!

This is as fair a specimen, as we could select, of the author's talents; and perhaps this will hardly be judged worthy of selection.

ART. 35.—*Anthologia; a Collection of Epigrams, ludicrous Epitaphs, Sonnets, Tales, miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. interspersed with Originals.* 12mo. Higbley. 1807.

THOSE who have given to these pieces one perusal, will hardly deem them worthy of a second; and those by whom they have never been read, we, by no means, wish to subject themselves to the labour of reading such coarse and vitiated trash. The trifles in this collection which have appeared before, were little deserving of republication; and those which are said to be original, might, without any loss to the public, have been exempted from the pains of typographical parturition.

ART. 36.—*Poems, chiefly amatory. By David Carey, Author of the Pleasures of Nature, Reign of Fancy, &c.* 12mo. 5s. 6d. Blacklock. 1807.

MR. Carey has obtained some praise for a small volume of poems, which he published three years ago. That praise was meant as an encouragement, rather than a reward, as an incitement to a proper use of powers, which he appeared to possess rather than a tribute due to what he had already executed. We are sorry that it was misplaced, and that, instead of being animated 'to soar a bolder flight,' he has presumed on the commendations he received, so far as to empty the port-folio which he used at school, into the lap of the public.

We do not deny that many of these little poems are tolerably pretty; but there is no originality of thought, nor any one superior quality, that we can discover, to raise them above the generality of those compositions which dignify the latter pages of a magazine. The following are selected, not because they are the best where all

are so very nearly equal, but because they are the shortest, and, besides, perfectly fair specimens of all.

' I have a tale of love to tell,  
Sweet maid ! that would to pity move thee,  
Of one who fain would say how well,  
How long in secret he has lov'd thee.

' But that the tongue, or ere we part,  
That strives to break its cruel ties,  
Would fail to speak the bursting heart,  
And bid thee read it in his eyes.'

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THE REPULSE.

' One kiss you earnestly implore,  
And I for this, dear youth ! must fly thee :  
That boon obtain'd, you'd ask for more,  
And I, alas, could not deny thee.

' For short would be love's tender tie  
That strives to bind thy heart in vain ;  
And then the hapless maid might sigh,  
While thou would'st triumph in her pain.'

Without investing ourselves in all the plenitude of censorial dignity, we will merely add that, since Mr. C. thought fit to publish verses which might be liable to objections on the score of morality, he should have done it without a comment. But the very lame excuse which he makes in his preface only shews that he knew himself to stand in need of one, without altering the nature of his delinquency, except by the avowal of his consciousness. However, we assure our readers that, if they can withstand the seductiveness of his frontispiece, which stands forward in so impudent a manner in the bookseller's windows, they will run into no great danger from the inflammatory tendency of the verses, whatever disgust they may conceive at their grossness.

ART. 37.—*Gr—lle Agonistes, a Dramatic Poem.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.

IF the heads or tails of ex-ministers have been hitherto *bomb-proof* against all the artillery which their antagonists have thundered against them, they will have nothing to fear from the present ill-directed squib.

ART. 38.—*The Moorland Bard, or poetical Recollections of a Weaver, in the Moorlands of Staffordshire, with Notes.* 2 Vols. 12mo.

MR. Bakewell, who, it appears, is the Moorland Weaver, lately published a work, entitled 'the Domestic Guide in Cases of Insanity,' and reviewed by us in September 1806. At that time

we considered him as a man of tolerable understanding, not at all aware that he was subject to fits: the volumes before us, however, verify the old adage, 'How much easier is it to preach than to practise.'

**ART. 39.**—*An Essay on Nature, by Henry Barwick, Officer of Excise, Stanstead, near Hertford, Herts.* 1s. 8vo. Kitton, Norwich. 1807.

IF we were to gauge this production by the standard of common-sense, or even with the instrument with which Mr. Barwick executes his office of exciseman, the consequences would be very fatal. We shall therefore in mercy forbear, and shall only ask the author, whether the following be intended as a compliment or a satire :

'So noble York, among his thickest foes,  
Thus boldly fights, and base fear never knows;  
With his sharp spurs impels his foaming horse,  
And laughs at haughty Gallia's powerful force:  
Vast honour gains, the ensanguin'd French defies,  
With all their proud and skilful generals vies.' !!!

**ART. 40.**—*Psalms and Hymns selected from various Authors, with occasional Alterations, for the Use of a Parochial Church; to which are prefixed Considerations on Psalmody, as a Part of the Service of our Established Church. By a Country Clergyman.* 12mo. Rivingtons. 1807.

PAROCHIAL psalmody as it is generally practised in the established church, is far from producing that good effect among the congregation, of which the pious and the good conceive it fully capable. This does not arise so much from the badness of the musical composition, as from the disgusting dulness and botching of the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, which is retained in but too many of our churches. The church of Rome in a great measure is indebted for its protracted existence to the effect of music; and the methodists, we are convinced, derive their principal success from the same cause, only in a different way. The selection at present under our review, is very judicious, and is executed, as a good selection ought to be, by extracting the best lines of the same psalm, from various translations, and making occasional alterations, so as to form a pleasing whole.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 41.**—*An Essay on the Study of Statistics, containing a Syllabus for Lectures, and intended to assist the Inquiries of inexperienced Travellers. By D. Boileau.* 12mo. Colburn, 1807.

WERE the proprietors of the 'Royal Institution' to appoint a lecturer on statistics for the improvement of their junior subscribers

bers, they would confer upon them a more signal benefit, than any they can possibly derive from dry botanical lectures. Mr. Boileau, who is a German, has presented to the public a syllabus of lectures, which we suppose he intends to deliver at his own house; and as he tells us his pronunciation is not unintelligible, we have no doubt he will meet with encouragement. His work, as a writer of the English language, is not only free from any Germanic improprieties, but is superior to the style of the generality of native modern Englishmen.

**ART. 42.**—*Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, in the History of the Widow Placid and her Daughter Rachel.* 12mo. Williams and Smith. 1807.

MRS. Placid is a Quaker; and with the quaintness peculiar to the sect, gives good advice to such as make their lives wretched by affection, and misapplied sensibility.

**ART. 43.**—*Letters, on the intellectual and moral Character of Women, &c. addressed to the Ladies of Great Britain.* 8vo. Longman. 1807.

WE possess no personal knowledge of the author of the present work; but from the way in which he is continually foisting the word ‘*Ladies*,’ ‘*yes, Ladies*,’ and ‘*no, Ladies*,’ into his sentences, we should be led to conclude that he had previously served his apprenticeship to an haberdasher before he ventured on the difficult task of instructing the female sex in the knowledge of their duty. Should our conjecture be right, we would in all affection advise the author to return to his original calling of counting pins and needles, and measuring tape and lace for the *Ladies*, without reiterating the vain attempt of serving them in any other way. The author, p. 61, talks of ‘*the gallantry of Adam*,’ whom, however, he does not much commend, for throwing the blame on his deluded wife; nor does he entirely acquit the wife of practising that undue influence over her mate, which has since been so successfully exerted by the daughters of Eve. In letters XXVII—XXX we have a marvelously fine tale of seduction; from the perusal of which however we are at a loss to discover what instruction the author designed that “*the Ladies*,” should derive. Perhaps the courteous writer intended that it should, like a luminous beacon in the way of life, warn “*the Ladies*” of the danger of reclining on the soft luxury of a sofa, when they are left alone in a room with that monster, man.

This notable performance which “*is devoted to the improvement of the British fair*” is inscribed to the Dutchess of Gordon from whose encouragement and example the author anticipates the most salutary reformation in the sentiments and manners “*of the Ladies*.” The dedication is subscribed, W. Duff.



**ART. 43.**—*An Abridgment of the Roman History, from the Foundation of the City of Rome to the Dissolution of the Western Empire; written on a Plan calculated to assist the Memory. By Sophia F. Ziegenhirt, Author of the Epitome of the History of England. 2 Vols. 12mo. 16s. Hatchard. 1807.*

EVERY day brings out new projects of education; and had every project been an improvement, we are apprehensive that our faculties would have been oppressed by the blaze of light poured out upon them. But here too, in our extreme haste to get forward, we are apt to trip, and so to lose more time than if we had followed the beaten track at the regular jog-trot pace. Far be it from us, however, to say, that Miss Ziegenhirt's *new plan* is at all calculated to do mischief. No—simple and inoffensive absurdity is we think, its proper characteristic. But let the reader judge for himself, of the plan calculated to assist the memory.

Know then, gentle reader, that the lady's most ingenious and most profound device is to omit, in each page of her history, a certain number of the proper names; at certain convenient intervals tables are given, in which these names are regularly set down, and — this is a *plan calculated to assist the memory*.

It may be a little amusing to see a single sentence in this form. We will give one taken at random, p. 188 and 189. It will serve at the same time for a specimen of the execution of the work.—  
“A—— was making the greatest expedition in his power to join his brother; but by the treachery of his guides, who deserted him in the night near the river M——, and not daring to ford it till day-light, the consuls came up with him. Himself and his whole army were surrounded in a place where there was no escape, and were all cut to pieces. A—— was slain, and his head cut off, by order of the consul, and sent to the camp of his brother. Some prisoners of war were released upon condition they would convey the intelligence of his defeat to H——; who, when the fatal tidings reached him, exclaimed, in a transport of grief, “O C——! unhappy C——! I am now sinking under the pressure of thy fate.”

By consulting the appropriate columns we learn that the deficient words are in page 188, Asdrubal, Metaurus; and in page 189, Asdrubal, Hannibal, Carthage, Carthage. The idea of these blank spaces the authoress lays claim to as being wholly her own: we shall be much surprized if any body disputes her title to originality.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. ANDREW BECKET, who, in our last number but one, was found guilty of murdering Socrates, has written us a very angry prophecy. After reminding us that in former days, the offices of poet and prophet were united, he says that ‘the author of the drama of Socrates has proved himself to be a poet, and that he is likewise a prophet, may be easily shewn,’ and then proceeds with some damnable ejaculations which would make even our printer's devils tremble. Our repose has not been interrupted, as we are satisfied that Mr. Becket shares the inspiration of poetry and prophecy in a commensurate degree.

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. XI.

AUGUST, 1807.

No. IV.

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ART. I.—*A Portraiture of Methodism; being an impartial View of the Rise, Progress, Doctrines, Discipline, and Manners of the Westleyan Methodists; in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Lady. By Joseph Nightingale.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1807.

MR. Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism, which we reviewed in the Number for March last, seems to have given birth to the title which is prefixed to the present performance; and we suppose that the manufacturers of books will soon find it convenient to finish the portraiture of every sect in christendom. Mr. Nightingale, however, to whom we are indebted for the work before us, has avoided one of the faults which may justly be imputed to the more expensive volumes of Mr. Clarkson, that of elaborate panegyric and unintermitting adulation. The picture which Mr. Clarkson, on whom, as the advocate for the suffering African, we have bestowed such high and well merited commendation, has drawn of the quakers, is rather the production of an advocate, whose partiality will not suffer him to say all that is true, than of an historian who relates nothing that is false. Mr. Nightingale's eyes are far from being so jaundiced by interested prepossession as to discover no dark spots in the sun of methodism. Our opinions with respect to the *religious tenets* both of the quakers and the methodists are well known; for we despise any thing like equivocation or disguise. What we conscientiously believe we are not ashamed to own; but our object always has been and always shall be, not to let our own opinions interfere with the rigid impartiality of our decisions. As far as our unbiassed reason will permit we will distribute impartial justice to Christians of all denominations. We will weigh the merits of the book without suffering our good will to be impaired by the peculiar tenets of the man.

The rise and progress of methodism are so intimately identified with the biography of Mr. Westley, that to describe the one is to delineate the other. Mr. John Westley was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1703. That devo-

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tional temperament which increased in strength as he advanced in life, seems to have been originally impressed by his parents, who were of a devout and serious turn. When he was in his sixth year, his father's house accidentally caught fire, and he was with difficulty rescued from the flames. This led him to consider himself, in more senses than one, as 'a brand plucked from the burning.' In his 10th year John Westley was placed at the Charter-house; and in his 16th he repaired to Christ Church in Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1725. Previous to this, he is said to have entertained some scruples with respect to the dam-natory clauses of the Athanasian creed, to which, however, he appears to have been reconciled by the logic of his father.

At the close of the year 1729, a small society began to be formed at Oxford, consisting of a few individuals who seem to have entered into an engagement to lead a more devout and austere mode of life than the rest of the university. This society soon after submitted to the spiritual superintendence of John Westley, who is said to have been fond of sway. The lust of spiritual dominion, which is often found a more craving appetite than the grosser species of ambition, was indeed evinced in his conduct through life. Zeal, in persons of a particular temperament, like a flame which is fed by spirits, soon blazes and expires. The majority of the juvenile converts to the genius of methodism at the university, fell away one after another till the removal of John Westley to Georgia in America, seemed to have entirely extinguished the *new light* in this seminary of erudition. About this time, John Westley had contracted an acquaintance with the author of the 'Serious Call to a Holy Life;' and from his example, as well as from the perusal of some of the mystic theologues, he began to suspect that he had hitherto possessed only *the form of godliness*; and that the *divine life* was not half expanded in his breast. He was anxious to be 'all eye, all ear, all soul, and sighed to know what *God's presence with his people* meant.' The descriptions which the mystic theologues exhibit of *union with God*, &c. had made, as he confesses, '*good works appear flat and insipid*;' his religion became concentrated in inward transport, and what might not inaptly be called, ebriety of sensational conviction.

The trustees of the newly-planted colony of Georgia, wanting some religious instructors in that settlement, appointed John Westley and his brother to the office. In October, 1735, he embarked, at Gravesend for that important purpose: the day after he got on board the vessel which was to convey him to America, he wrote to his brother, who kept a school

at Tiverton, to caution him 'against the beggarly elements of Greek and Latin in his school;' and particularly exhorts him to banish such poison as is to be found in the writings of Ovid, the Æneid of Virgil, and the Eunuch of Terence. Mr. Westley took care to dispatch this pious admonition at this time, because he was afraid that he might not have another opportunity. On board the ship, on which the apostle of methodism was embarked, were twenty-seven German Moravians, whose exuberance of piety and mysticism furnished a sumptuous repast to Mr. Westley during the voyage. The way in which these enraptured devotees passed their time on this occasion deserves commemoration. From four in the morning till five, they used private prayer; from five to seven they read the Bible together. At seven they breakfasted. At eight they had public prayers. From nine to twelve they passed in their appropriate occupations. At twelve they gave an account to each other of what they had done since their last meeting and intended to do before the next. They dined at one. The time from dinner to four was spent in reading or in exhortation. At four they had evening prayers, when the second lesson was explained, the children catechised, &c. At seven and eight, more reading, exhortation and instruction! Between nine and ten they retired to rest. On the sixth of February this pious company, after a tempestuous passage, were landed in the other hemisphere.

On the day after his arrival in America, we know not by what marvellous communication, Mr. Westley was given to understand 'that he was yet a stranger to the true faith; that he had not the witness in himself, &c.' One of the German pastors whom Mr. Westley had consulted in his spiritual perplexities, put these astounding questions to the English missionary; 'Have you the witness in yourself? Do you know Jesus Christ? Do you know he has saved you? Do you know yourself?' Mr. Westley answered the last of these questions in the affirmative; but the rest seemed a stone of stumbling in his way. But he soon became less wanting in presumption. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him to America, had been appointed to superintend a flock at Frederica, while John retailed his spiritual commodities to the congregation at Savannah. But in neither of these places, did the plant of methodism, though watered abundantly by the diligence of John Westley and his brother Charles, strike its roots and spread its branches without many sickly appearances and unfavourable blasts. Jealousies and dissensions brake out among the women at Frederica; which the two brothers in vain endeavoured to appease; and Mr. John Westley, whose heart was not proof

against the combustion of love, was involved in a dispute on account, of an affair of gallantry, which ended in his removal from America. Mr. John Westley had conceived a tender passion for a Miss Causton, niece of the store-keeper and chief magistrate at Savannah; but as the lady's wishes respecting marriage were delayed till her patience was exhausted, Mr. Williamson was finally honoured with her hand, to the exclusion of the saint. Mr. Westley compared the disappointment, to the *plucking out of his right eye*; but it seems that the fault was his own, and that he had no reason to complain. After the marriage of this lady Mr. Westley, influenced perhaps by personal pique as much as religious considerations, took occasion to repel her from the altar during the administration of the sacrament; and pretended to have discovered something very faulty in the character of his late enamoured fair. The lady was not backward in the retort courteous, and positively swore to some transactions not very honourable to the character of the priest. A judicial process was commenced against Mr. Westley, and as he probably thought that, if he continued his stay, his followers would decrease, he left the godly in Georgia to imbibe the manna of methodism from other pious lips rather than his own. During his voyage home, if we may judge from his confessions, Mr. Westley seems to have thought himself no better than he should be. On the first of February 1738, he landed at Deal; and immediately read prayers and explained a portion of scripture to a large company at the inn. He then proceeded to London, and lost no time and spared no pains in extending his spiritual dominion over the minds and hearts of the credulous and the ignorant. But, while he was strenuously employed in improving the souls of others, he consulted Mr. Law respecting the state of his own; but Mr. Law, who seems to have had sagacity enough to discern the lust of spiritual domination, which lurked in the bosom of Westley, advised him 'to renounce himself';—a piece of counsel which Mr. W. could not readily comprehend.

About this time, a dispute seems to have arisen between John Westley, his brother Charles, a Mr. Broughton and Mrs. Delamotte, whether conversion were gradual or instantaneous? John contended that the grossest sinners might be converted in a moment; this opinion rather startled his brother; but he was afterwards brought to believe that the business might be done *in the twinkling of an eye*. Though the worthy pair (*par nobile fratrum*) had now been labouring for ten years in the vineyard of methodism, we are told they were both well convinced that 'they had not as yet the faith of the gospel.' But on Wednesday, May 21, Charles was set at liberty. When he was at prayer, a per-

son, (we are not told who, but we suppose no inhabitant of this sublunary world) came and said to him with extraordinary solemnity, 'Believe in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities.' Charles now consulted the '*sortes Biblicas*,' the oracular lottery of the Bible, and found every thing according to his wishes. About three weeks after this his brother was also *set at liberty*; and had such a feeling of Christ, as he had never felt before. After this event one Peter Bohler, a Moravian, persuaded him to give up the reliques of his philosophy; and to exclude the use of reason in matters of religion, John was, we think, by this time pretty well prepared to obey his salutary admonition; and henceforth methodism, finding no obstacle to its diffusion in the intellect of its teachers, made a more rapid progress over this illumined isle. There were several other persons besides the two Westleys who had, in a moment received that faith, which excludes the possibilities of damnation. These ghostly men constituted the first regular society of methodists, who met in Fetter Lane; and formed the little heaven that was to produce a marvellous ferment in the whole lump of faith. The new birth of Mr. Westley is said to have been accompanied with many after pains. The fact seems to have been that the small portion of rational reflection which he had left, tended to render him dissatisfied with, and to make him doubt the reality of, those inward illuminations which he professed to have experienced; and produced in his bosom a struggle between the delusions of imposture and the rectitude of truth. This is very evident from his letters, his journal and confessions. And this will usually be the case where religion is made to consist more in the invisible enthusiasm of feeling than in the plain realities of virtue. In order to perfect himself in that kind of mystical piety, which rejects such unprofitable associates as reason and common sense, Mr. Westley made a tour to the continent, where he passed some time among the Moravians of Germany. On his return, he had such an inward feeling that 'he was wholly corrupt, abominable, earthly, sensual and devilish, such a motley mixture of beast and devil;' that he seems very logically to have inferred, his complete regeneration. What moral effects, at this time, ensued from the preaching of Mr. Westley, we shall not attempt to describe; but the following may serve as a specimen of the powerful agency of superstition and enthusiasm, on the frame of credulity and ignorance.

'Under the sermon, some persons trembled from head to foot; others fell down and cried out with a loud and bitter cry; while others became speechless and convulsed as if in the agonies of death. One and another sunk down to the earth. They dropped on every

side as thunderstruck. One was so wounded with the sword of the spirit that you would have imagined she could not live a moment. Some were so torn with convulsive motions in every part of their bodies that four or five persons could not hold one of them, &c. &c.'

A young woman to whom he had been delivering his exhortations, turned frantic, screamed out in all the horrors of despair,

'I am damned ! damned ! it is all past. I am the devil's now. His I am ; him I must serve ; I will be his ; I will go with him to hell. I cannot, I will not be saved. I must, I will, I will be damned. She then began praying to the devil.'

We pass over the ample detail which Mr. Nightingale has given of the methodistical discipline and government. Those, who wish to be acquainted with the subject, will find that it contains the most satisfactory information. In the construction of the system by which the society is moulded into a sort of body corporate, Mr. Westley discovered no small share of secular wisdom and political penetration. With the most disinterested humility, he very judiciously took care to keep the whole power in his own hands while he was living ; and to leave it to his worthy successors in 'the conference' when he was dead. In his life-time, the pious founder was the sovereign mover of the whole spiritual machinery ; he could stretch the strings, tune the wires, and make the puppets dance to any motion which he pleased to suggest, or any tune which he chose to play. Intolerance is too generally the characteristic of sects ; and pride the vice of priests. The methodists have never evinced any predilection for the principles of toleration ; and no pope of Rome was ever superior to the founder of methodism in the lust of domination. His spiritual ambition and his tyrannical turn of mind will be seen in an instance of his domestic life, which we shall next relate.

In 1751 Mr. Westley, who had hitherto had no other spouse but the church, determined to try the sweets of conjugal felicity. He accordingly married a Mrs. Vizelle, a widow lady of independent fortune. But whether the lady were volatile and capricious, or whether she had any reason to complain of his domestic neglects, whether his ghostly concerns prevented him from paying due attentions to his bride, whether the intolerance which he often displayed abroad, were still more strikingly manifested at home, certain it is that Mrs. Westley was soon dissatisfied with the conduct of the saint. Nor was it long before she became a fugitive from home. John was too much intent on his evangelical exertions to regret the absence of his rib. John's gallantry was of a very peculiar turn ; and the compliments, which

he paid to the ladies, were often such as would not be very gratefully received. In one of his letters, he thus addresses the associate of his bed.

'Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you was buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?'

Again :

'Be content to be a private insignificant person. Attempt no more to abridge me of my liberty, which I claim by the laws of God and man. Then shall I govern you with gentle sway, and shew that I do indeed love you as Christ loved the church.'

Few modish ladies would like this kind of government or relish this species of panegyric.

Mr. Westley was so ambitious of engrossing the undivided plenitude of sacerdotal power, that he could not in the later period of his life be persuaded to forego even the right of ordination. He accordingly took upon himself to practise *the imposition of hands*. He ordained several lay preachers, and among the rest the meek and unambitious Dr. Coke, who, having received the episcopal unction, went across the Atlantic to dispense the same to the brethren in America. At a conference which was held at Baltimore, the anomalous bishop proceeded to invest Mr. Asbury with the episcopal title; and to rebaptize the communion of the faithful in the western world under the name of 'The Methodist Episcopal Church in America.' Hence we may clearly see that the Westleyan methodists would have little objection to the emoluments and dignities of the English hierarchy, or to have their spiritual industry rewarded with the tithes of the establishment. What advantage the country would be likely to obtain by the change we may conjecture from this circumstance, that, as Mr. Nightingale (p. 410) informs us, to call into question any of their doctrines or to dispute the validity of any part of their discipline is a sureground of excommunication. When we compare the present mild and tolerant spirit of the establishment with the persecuting ferocity which it would probably assume if the church were filled with priests of this pious fraternity, we cannot help praying that the walls of our Sion may never be scaled by the sanctified feet of this aspiring sect. In religion we are advocates, warm and zealous, but we trust at the same time temperate and rational, for the most comprehensive charity. There is no sect for whom we do not pray in the liturgy of our hearts. Even Jews, Turks, and infidels are the objects of our benevolence. We anxiously implore the Father of the universe that they may all be brought to



constitute one fold under one shepherd; and that imbibing the true spirit of the gospel, we may all love one another as Christ has loved us. While we profess an unfeigned good will to all sects, we are ourselves of none! 'Nullius addicti,' &c. We reject the invidious appellations of Trinitarian, Arian, or Socinian; the only name which we covet is that of CHRISTIAN; and this we will endeavour to deserve by loving those who differ the most widely from ourselves. Every man who has sagacity to discern the few simple but awful truths, which constitute the essentials of christianity, will immediately perceive that those truths and only those are the objects of our admiration and our love. These declarations will afford no pleasure to the intolerant or the superstitious, but every man who is the friend of reason will be our friend; and the Critical Review, in this time of peril, and of difficulty, will serve as a light to the ignorant, a stay to the doubtful, and a salutary antidote to those, who believe either too little or too much.

The great founder of the methodists died on the second of March, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and in the sixty fifth of his public ministry. Few men have led a more active life, or endured more corporeal fatigue; for it may be doubted whether his corporeal were not greater than his mental toil. He talked more than he read; and in his preaching the action of his lungs was greater than that of his understanding. His sermons, though commonly superior to those of his fraternity, were generally loose, desultory and tautological, rather a string of trite observations, familiar allusions, or vulgar imagery, than a chain of reasoning and a compact body of argument. What he was always saying he could readily say again; his thoughts were constantly running in one current, and that current was seldom still. What he preached was not so much the premeditated digest of reflection, or the extemporaneous effusion of genius, as the product of a mind that is garrulous without being wise, and active without being full. It was a shallow current, but often passing over a muddy bed. Some have doubted whether he were hypocritical or sincere, whether his proselyting zeal were not more the effect of an interested pride than of unspotted piety and unfeigned love. In this respect, we, who cannot read his heart, must leave him to his Judge. That Wesley was impatient of contradiction, ambitious of power and greedy of pre-eminence, is clear from the whole tenor of his life; but we can hardly suppose him to have been so habitually hypocritical as for so many years to impress on others what he did not believe himself. We cannot for any great length of time inculcate any even erroneous tenet on others without finally believing it ourselves. More rapidly

than is commonly imagined marks the transition from the impostor to the dupe. Whatever Mr. Westley might have been, when he began his spiritual career, we have no doubt of his sincerity long previous to the concluding scene. We are too apt to judge even of the moral essences of things by the immediate result. Thus we often appreciate even truth, abstract and metaphysical truth, by the practical effects. We have little doubt but that the temporary success of Mr. Westley's religious exertions had no small share in impressing him with the conviction that what fell from his lips was the inspiration of the Divinity; and that methodism was the work of God. Of the foibles of Mr. Westley we say nothing; for what good man is there to whom no foibles may be ascribed, or of whom no imperfections may be told? Some imperfections are usually attached to the most exalted characters; or otherwise they would, perhaps, be raised so much above the level of humanity as to attract little sympathy or regard. His predominant passion appears to have been pride; but, as this pride was varnished over with a religious hue, it often assumed the appearance of humility, for which it was mistaken by the ignorance and credulity of an admiring sect. But, though this pride were a prominent defect, it contributed more than any thing else, by acting as the constant stimulus of his activity, to lay the basis of his fame. When the father of methodism first began to dispense his spiritual communications at Oxford, his converts were few; and of those few, the majority soon deserted from the banner of faith which their leader had displayed. It was not till after the return of Westley from Georgia, that the island resounded with the clamours of his zeal, and swarmed with myriads of proselytes. All sects must spring from small beginnings; but when the first sprinkling of the doctrine has formed by gradual accretion into large masses of converts, the founder, astonished at the marvellous increase, without staying to consider the mistakes of ignorance, the contagion of credulity, the influence of example, the witchery of error, and the occasional impotency of truth, is wont to ascribe the effect to divine interposition; and to consider himself as the favoured ambassador of heaven. It can hardly be doubted but that Westley imagined his labours to be attended by the divine co-operation; and this idea, by coming in contact with his lust of spiritual domination, naturally disposed him to intolerance. Mr. Westley certainly possessed, in an eminent degree, those qualities which fitted him to be the founder of a sect. His zeal was never cool, his industry was without intermission, his eloquence was popular and captivating. It had the ease and often the charm of familiar conversation. His vices, whatever they might be, were not such as stalk abroad, or

meet the glare of public observation. They lurked within the interior of his heart, and when they did make their appearance, it was usually in such a garb as to cover their deformity, and elude the detection of ordinary sagacity. The pride of the priest was hid under the robe of Pharisaic austerity and grimace; and the glory of God was the pretext which covered the love of power. He had the dexterity of a sophist, the abstinence of a monk, the courage of a martyr, the ambition of a cardinal, and the intolerance of a pope.

Mr. Nightingale computes the effective force of the methodists, of the old and new conversion, at seven hundred thousand; and he informs us that 'the total amount of the several sums of money annually collected from the members of the methodist societies in Great Britain and Ireland, is upwards of 97,285l.' exclusive of the voluntary donations of wealthy individuals. After the death of Mr. Wesley, the conference, which is composed of the principal itinerant preachers, endeavoured to erect themselves into a sacerdotal corporation, and to exercise a despotic and uncontrouled power over the rest of the godly. Mr. Nightingale tells us that their object was 'to have all their acts registered in a *statute* book, and acknowledged by the government of the country.' They would thus have constituted a sort of inquisitorial tribunal of high priests, armed with arbitrary power over the spiritual and secular concerns, and even the pecuniary funds of the fraternity, without the superintendence or controul of the different societies. For six years the societies remonstrated against the tyrannical proceedings of the conference, but this college of itinerant cardinals was deaf to intreaty and impenetrable to conviction. The conference insisted on maintaining the power which they had usurped; a division of course took place among the proselytes to methodism; 'and a new conference and itinerancy were established,' more agreeable to scripture, to reason, and to charity. The chief actor in this turbulent scene, the Hampden of the methodists, was Mr. Alexander Kilham, who strenuously defended the rights of the laity against the subtle machinations of sacerdotal usurpation:

'This brought upon him (as Mr. Nightingale informs us,) denunciations of vengeance from the offended party. They branded him as a heretic, a leveller, a jacobin, a rebel—they likened him to the devil—they consigned him to hell—they made some feeble efforts to raise the secular power against him and his adherents—and they finally expelled him the connexion.'

The itinerant vendors of methodism, who had erected themselves into an ecclesiastical and political despotism, exhibited

in their treatment of Mr. Kilham a notable specimen of their pride and their intolerance; of their want of charity, and their lust of domination. When Mr. Kilham was called to the bar of the conference, he had not the least knowledge of the charges that were to be brought against him; when these were read, he was required to answer immediately without a single advocate; he was expected to give extemporary answers to the questions that were put to him, and was refused the liberty to examine them alone, and prepare for his defence. We might have expected this contempt of judicial forms in a Spanish inquisition, but we were not a little surprised to find it exhibited in a conference of religionists, who pretend to possess a double portion of the spirit of mercy and of truth. Were we once to become so infatuated as to invest the chiefs of methodistical dogmatism with the sword of persecution, we are convinced that they would not keep it in the scabbard. The rational religionist, who would not bend the knee or bow the head to the dagon of their mysticism, would soon be made to feel the scourge of their intolerance. They have liberty of conscience in their mouths, but the bitterness of persecution in their hearts.

Many serious and worthy persons are under no small degree of apprehension for the safety of the church from the spread of methodism and the multiplication of methodists. But let those persons comfort themselves with this reflection, that the more numerous this sect becomes, the more divided they are likely to be. The spirit of faction has sprung up among them; and the very intolerance, which renders them formidable, will at the same time make them weak. In proportion as they obtain converts from among the illiterate, they will lose them among the wise: Methodism is founded on ignorance; and the best protection against its dangers and its lures is the diffusion of that knowledge which will evince that all uncertain and mysterious doctrines are mere dirt and dross compared with the moral excellence and the everlasting sanctions of the gospel.

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ART. II.—*The Travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquiere. Counsellor and first Esquire Carver to Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, to Palestine, and his Return from Jerusalem, overland to France, during the Years 1482 and 1483. Translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. 8vo. Henderson. 1807.*

THIS ancient son of chivalry, the author of these simple and interesting travels, informs us, that he had written them in order that if any king, or christian prince should wish

to make the conquest of Jerusalem, and lead thither an army over land, or if any gentleman should be desirous of travelling thither, each of them may be made acquainted with all the towns, cities, regions, countries, rivers, passes, mountains, and passes in the districts, as well as the lords to whom they belong, from the dutchy of Burgundy to Jerusalem.'

Our author, 'having formed a resolution to make a devout pilgrimage to Jerusalem,' quitted the court at Ghent, in the year 1432. He traverses Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, enters Savoy, passes the Rhone, and arrives at Chambery by the Mont-du-Chat. He crosses the Alps into Piedmont, and proceeds through Italy to Venice, thence by sea to the Venetian islands, to Rhodes, the ruined fort of Bassa in Cyprus, and thence 'to Jaffa, in the holy land of promise, where the pardons commence for pilgrims.' P. 92.

Thence to Ramle, and, after two days journey, to 'the holy city of Jerusalem, where our Lord Jesus Christ suffered death for us.'

His account of Jerusalem is almost confined to a description of reliques, and holy places. After the proper ceremonies (which it took two months to go through) a party of ten pilgrims, almost all retainers of the Duke of Burgundy, with our traveller among them, undertook a journey to pay their devotions at Mount Sinai. On their arrival at the entrance of the desert, however, La Brocquiere was seized with a burning fever which prevented his further progress. He was with difficulty brought back to Gaza, from whence, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he returned to Jerusalem.

There, while he was still in bed, he formed a very daring project, to the happy success of which we owe this publication of his travels. The following is his own account of it:

'During my convalescence, I recollected that I had frequently heard it said that it was impossible for a Christian to return overland from Jerusalem to France. I dare not, even now when I have performed this journey, assert that it is safe. I thought, nevertheless, that nothing was impossible for a man to undertake, who has a constitution strong enough to support fatigue, and has money and health. It is not, however, through vain boasting that I say this; but, with the aid of God and his glorious mother, who never fail to assist those who pray to them heartily, I resolved to attempt the journey.'

He kept his design a secret from all his companions, and, on their return from Mount Sinai, accompanied them on another pilgrimage to Nazareth. In their way they visited Tyre, Sidon, and Berytus, all which he describes as being still possessed of good ports, though the places themselves were in ruins. 'What La Brocquiere here says,' observes M. Le Grand in a note, 'is interesting for geography: it

proves that all these sea-ports of Syria, formerly so commercial and famous, but at this day so degraded and completely useless, were in his time, for the greater part, fit for commerce.' The truth is, few researches are more interesting than those which we make into the progression and comparative geography of places that have been famous in any period of history. The changes which are known to have taken place on the sea-coast in several quarters of the globe, afford a field for very entertaining reflection and curious investigation. Sandys, (who stands about midway between the age of La Brocquiere and that of our latest travellers,) gives the following account of Tyre as it appeared to himself :

' But this, once-famous Tyrus, is now no other than a heap of mines : yet have they a reverent respect, and do instruct the pensive beholder with exemplary frailty. It hath two harbours, that on the north side the fairest and best throughout the Levant, (which the Coursers (Corsairs) enter at pleasure), the other choaked with the decays of the citie.'

' It is two days journey,' proceeds our traveller, ' from Baruth (Berytus) to Damascus.' On his entrance into this place, he was near being knocked on the head by the Saracens for wearing 'a broad beaver hat, which is unusual in that country.' He escaped fortunately from so imminent a danger, and warns all future travellers to avoid quarreling with the natives, or even joking with them, because he says ' they are a wicked race.' At the same time you must neither seem afraid, nor poor, nor rich before them.

At Damascus, he met with several christian traders, and, among them, with a very distinguished character of that age, Jacques Cœur, the greatest merchant in the world, and, afterwards, the ablest financier also, owing to whose exertions and abilities, even more than to the valour of Dunois, or La Pucelle, France owed the expulsion of the English, and the re-establishment of her own government.

We will not withhold from our readers the gratification we received from reading Mr. Johnes's note respecting this singular personage, in which he informs us that it is his intention to publish ' a selection from curious papers illustrative of his life, and of other events that took place in France during the reigns of Charles VI. Charles VII. and Louis XI.' Need we add that such a selection, made with the judgment which Mr. Johnes possesses, cannot fail of proving a most valuable accompaniment to his former labours on Froissart, and the translation he has promised us of Monstrelet?

At Damascus, our traveller saw the place where St. Paul was struck blind, and the stone from which St. George mounted his horse when he went to fight the dragon. He then

returned with his companions to Baruth; and spent a short time longer in different pilgrimages previous to his final departure from Palestine. On his way to Nazareth, he 'came to the fountain, the water of which our Lord changed into wine at the marriage of *Archétréclin*.' We quote this as a most curious instance of superstitious ignorance. Our forefathers of the middle ages, not conceiving that the *Architriclinus* of the Greek Testament signified no more than the master or president of the marriage-feast, in the first place made it a proper name, in the next, very erroneously, attributed it to the bridegroom at Cana himself, and, to crown the whole, would not be satisfied till they had inserted him in the calendar (an honour to which it is very difficult to find his pretensions) by the name, style, and title of *Saint Archétréclin*.

At last, he returned to Damascus, and there, on the morrow of his arrival, saw the caravan return from Mecca. He now found ample scope for the indulgence of his curiosity among the Moors, Turks, Barbaresques, Tartars, Persians, and other sectaries of the false prophet of whom it was composed; and particularly derived a great deal of information from a Bulgarian renegado whose name was Hayauldoula.

The caravan was on its road to Bursa, the capital of Bythynia, which place also lay in the way of our traveller's intended expedition. He soon resolved, therefore, to unite himself to it, and, for this purpose, procured an introduction to the chief (whom he names Hoyarbarach) 'who was a native of Bursa and one of its principal inhabitants.' The first question he asked concerning him was 'if I understood Arabic, Turkish, Hebrew, the vulgar tongues, or Greek?' and, when told that he understood neither, answered, 'Well what can he pretend to do?'

At last, however, he agreed to take him in his suite, provided he would join his slaves, and consent to be dressed just like them.

Our author having provided himself with a small Syrian horse\* (who proved a most useful animal, bearing him safely through the whole of his adventures to France, where he finally had the honour of being presented to the Duke of Burgandy,) he joined the caravan, but not till after he had

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\* 'The Moors,' says he, 'only esteem mares, and, in that country, a great man is not ashamed to ride a mare, with its foal running after the dam.' This must, indeed, have been a singular spectacle to the lord de la Brocquiere, who, as a Christian gentleman and a knight, had been taught by the laws of chivalry to regard that species of conveyance as suitable only to the unwarlike clergy, and the lower orders of society. It was, probably, with a view to save his honour from so foul a reproach that he purchased a gelding. It is curious that in all old romances Saracens and infidels are distinguished from true knights by being mounted on mares.

fallen into extreme danger of being left behind in the prisons of Damascus for making a Mahometan drunk. La Brocquiere, indeed, exults much in the proneness of those dogs to intoxication, and shortly after amuses us by a particular account of a drinking bout which took place among them on the road.

He is also very fond of objecting to them a general defect or vice of nature, concerning which he will not obtain implicit credit with those who are fortunate enough to have read Sir Thomas Browne's notable refutation of the vulgar error 'that Jewes stinke.' La Brocquiere does not, indeed, go quite so far as to charge the Mahometans with *stinking*; but he mentions, as a well-known fact, that they are always born with a certain '*disagreeable smell*' which never leaves them through life.

Yet, upon the whole, our honest traveller is very free from prejudice; and presents a proof how far liberality and benevolence of sentiment is promoted by an enlarged and extensive commerce with the world.

From Damascus the caravan proceeded to Antioch, which he represents as a ruined, depopulated town. On taking leave of the country, which, two hundred years before the time of La Brocquiere, had been the theatre of the crusades, and, for the most part, subject to the government of princes and nobles of French extraction and of the Roman faith, it may not be amiss to remark how completely all traces of that government appear to have worn away before the period in which we are now engaged. It is surely singular that La Brocquiere himself, a Frenchman, does not, in the whole course of his travels, once allude to the history of those times except where he, once or twice, mentions the name of Godfrey of Bouillon, whom he appears to have known only through the medium of some old story-book.

From Antioch the caravan went to Tarsus, and thence leaving the coast, to Heraclea (or Eregli), and Larande, a town in Caramania (the ancient Lycaonia).

Here La Brocquiere met with two Cypriots who had been sent as ambassadors from the king of that island (John III.) to the sultan of Iconium, whom La B. styles the grand Harman. These gentlemen, being informed by our traveller of his design, assured him that it was impossible to be accomplished, and entreated him to return with them to Cyprus, from whence he might proceed by sea by some French or Italian port. But he refused to listen to their remonstrances, answering that, 'since God had graciously permitted him to arrive at Larande, he would probably allow him to go further; but that, at all events, he was determined to finish his journey as he had begun it, or die in the attempt.'



Next they arrived at Iconium or Cogni, (for so we must interpret the uncommon names of 'Qulougue' and 'Quhongopoly,') where our traveller obtained admission, in the train of the ambassadors, to the grand Harman's court. His account of this prince (who was probably Ibrahim, the son-in-law of Amurath the second) whom he represents as a handsome man about thirty-two years old, and whose dominions extended from Tarsus to the Ottoman frontiers, sixteen days journey in length, is interesting; and the names of three Mahometan lords of the borders who were always at war with one another, (Gadirolly, Quharaynick, and Quhazaychust) may confound the most learned eastern antiquary; but we hasten to take leave of them that we may have time to say a few words concerning the Turkish and Grecian empires.

The caravan arrived safe at Bursa, and from thence La B. continued his journey to Constantinople alone. He passed through Nicomedia, Nice, and Scutari, where (after paying custom) he embarked for Pera (then under the Genoese government) where he met Sir Benedict de Forlinò, ambassador from Milan to the Grand-Turk.

The purpose of this embassy, (viz. to negotiate a treaty between Amurath and the Emperor Sigismund, for the purpose of enabling the latter to turn his arms against the Venetians, with whom the Duke of Milan was then at war) excites the honest reprobation of our knight-errant; who, nevertheless, introduced himself to Sir Benedict, and afterwards profited much by the opportunities which his connexion with that gentleman afforded him.

Two days after his arrival at Pera, La Brocquiere crossed the haven to Constantinople, and his details concerning that place and the imperial family are among the most interesting parts of his memoirs.

Our traveller was now on his road in company with Sir Benedict, to Adrianople, where they expected to find the sultan Amurath. After, however, he had made them wait eleven days,

'At length he arrived, on the first day of Lent. The musti, who is with them what the pope is to us, went out to meet him, accompanied by the principal persons of the town, who formed a long procession. He was already near the town when they met him, but had halted to take some refreshment, and had sent forward part of his attendants. He did not make his entry until night-fall.

During my stay at Adrianople, I had the opportunity of making acquaintance with several persons who had resided at his court, and consequently knew him well, and who told me many particulars about him. In the first place, as I have seen him frequently, I shall say that he is a little, short, thick man, with the physiognomy of a Tartar. He has a broad and brown face, high cheek bones, a round

beard, a great and crooked nose, with little eyes; but they say he is kind, good, generous, and willingly gives away lands and money.

His revenues are two millions and a half of ducats, including twenty-five thousand received as tribute money\*. Besides, when he raises an army, it not only costs him nothing, but he gains by it; for the troops that are brought him from Turkey in Europe, pay at Gallipoli, the comarch, which is three aspers for each man, and five for each horse. It is the same at the passage of the Danube. Whenever his soldiers go on an expedition, and make a capture of slaves, he has the right of choosing one out of every five. He is nevertheless thought not to love war, and this seems to me well founded. He has, in fact, hitherto met with such trifling resistance from Christendom that, were he to employ all his power and wealth on this object, it would be easy for him to conquer great part of it†. His favourite pleasures are hunting and hawking; and he has, as they say, upwards of a thousand hounds, and two thousand trained hawks of different sorts, of which I have seen very many.

He loves liquor, and those who drink hard: as for himself, he can easily quaff off from ten to twelve gondils of wine, which amount to six or seven quarts‡. When he has drunk much, he becomes generous, and distributes his great gifts: his attendants, therefore, are very happy when they hear him call for wine. Last year, a Moor took it into his head to preach to him on this subject, admonishing him that wine was forbidden by the prophet, and that those who drank it were not good Saracens. The only answer the prince gave was to order him to prison: he then banished him his territories, with orders never again to set his foot on them.

The reader will not fail to be interested by the following account of an audience which Benedict had of the sultan at Adrianople.

Sir Benedict was impatient to have an audience, and made inquiries of the bashaws if he could see the prince: their answer was a negative. The reason of this refusal was, that they had been drinking with him, and were all intoxicated. They, however, sent on the morrow to the ambassador to let him know they were visible, when

\* There must be here an error of the copyist, for 25,000 ducats as tribute is too small a sum. We shall see, further on, that the despot of Servia paid annually 50,000 for himself alone.

† The sultan mentioned here under the name of Amourat Bey, is Amurath II. one of the most celebrated of the Ottoman princes. History records many of his victories, which are indeed for the most part posterior to the account of our traveller. If he did not conquer more, it was owing to having Huniade or Scanderbeg opposed to him. But his glory was eclipsed by that of his son, the famous Mohammed II. the terror of Christians, and surnamed by his countrymen 'the great,' who twenty years after this period, in 1453, took Constantinople, and destroyed what little remained of the Greek empire.

‡ The *quarte*, so called from being the fourth part of the chenet, which contained four pots and one French pint. The pot held two pints, consequently the quarte made two bottles more than half a septier; and twelve gondils made twenty-three bottles.

he instantly waited on each with his presents ; for such is the custom of the country, that no one can speak to them without bringing something : even the slaves who guard their gates are not exempted from it. I accompanied him on this visit.

On the following day, in the afternoon, he was informed that he might come to the palace. He instantly mounted his horse to go thither with his attendants, and I joined the company ; but we were all on foot, he alone being on horseback.

In front of the court, we found a great number of men and horses. The gate was guarded by about thirty slaves, under the command of a chief, armed with staves. Should any person offer to enter without permission, they bid him retire : if he persist, they drive him away with their staves.

What we call the court of the king, the Turks call ' porte du seigneur.' Every time the prince receives a message or an embassy, which happens almost daily, ' il fait porte.' ' Faire porte,' is for him the same as when our kings of France hold royal state and open court, although there is much difference between the two ceremonies, as I shall presently show.

When the ambassador had entered, they made him sit down near the gate, with many other persons who were waiting for the prince to quit his apartment and hold his court. The three bashaws first entered, with the governor of Greece and others of the great lords. His chamber looked into a very large court : the governor went thither to wait for him.—At length he appeared. His dress was, as usual, a crimson satin robe, over which he had, by way of mantle, another of green figured satin, lined with sable. His young boys accompanied him, but no further than to the entrance of the apartment, when they returned. There was nobody with him but a small dwarf, and two young persons who acted the part of fools\*.

He walked across an angle of the court to a gallery, where a seat had been prepared for him. It was a kind of couch covered with velvet, with four or five steps to mount to it. He seated himself on it, like to our taylor's when they are going to work, and the three bashaws took their places a little way from him. The other officers, who on these days make part of the attendants, likewise entered the gallery, and posted themselves along the walls as far from him as they could. Without, but fronting him, were twenty Wallachian gentlemen seated, who had been detained by him as hostages for the good conduct of their countrymen. Within this apartment were placed about a hundred dishes of tin, each containing a piece of mutton and rice.

When all were placed, a lord from Bosnia was introduced, who pretended that the crown of that country belonged to him, and came in consequence to do homage for it to the Turk, and ask succour from him against the present king. He was conducted to a seat

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\* Having fools was a very ancient custom at the eastern courts. It had been introduced by the crusaders to the courts of Christian princes, and was continued at that of France until the reign of Louis XIV.

near the bashaws; and when his attendants had made their appearance, the ambassador from Milan was sent for.

He advanced, followed by his presents, which were set down near the tin dishes. Persons appointed to receive them raised them above their heads, as high as they could, that the prince and his court might see them. While this was passing, sir Benedict walked slowly toward the gallery. A person of distinction came to introduce him.

On entering, he made a reverence without taking off the bonnet from his head, and when near the steps of the couch he made another very low one. The prince then rose, descended two steps to come nearer to the ambassador, and took him by the hand. The ambassador wished to kiss his hand, but he refused it; and by means of a jew interpreter, who understood the turkish and italian languages, asked how his good brother and neighbour the duke of Milan was in health. The ambassador having replied to this question, he was conducted to a seat near the Bosnian, but walking backwards, with his face toward the prince, according to the custom of the country.

The prince waited to reseate himself, until the ambassador had sitten down: then the different officers on duty who were in the apartment sat down on the floor,—and the person who had introduced the ambassador went to seek for us his attendants, and placed us near the Bosnians.

In the mean time, a silken napkin was attached to the prince, and a round piece of thin red leather was placed before him, for their usage is to eat only from table coverings of leather, then some dressed meat was brought to him in two gilded dishes. When he was served, his officers went and took the tin dishes I have spoken of, and distributed them to the persons in the hall, one dish among four. There was in each a piece of mutton, and some clear rice, but neither bread nor any thing to drink. I saw, however, in a corner of the court a high buffet with shelves, which had some little plate on them, and at the foot was a large silver vase, in the shape of a drinking cup, which I perceived many to drink out of, but whether water or wine I know not.

With regard to the meat on the dishes, some tasted of it, others not; but before all were served, it was necessary to take away, for the prince had not been inclined to eat. He never takes any thing in public, and there are very few persons who can boast of having heard him speak, or of having seen him eat or drink.

On his going away, the musicians, who were placed in the court near the buffet, began to play. They played on instruments, and sung songs that celebrated the heroic actions of turkish warriors. When those in the gallery heard any thing that pleased them, they shouted, after their manner, most horrid cries. Being ignorant on what they were playing. I went into the court, and saw they were stringed instruments, and of a large size.

The musicians entered the apartment, and eat whatever they could find. At length the meat was taken away when every one rose up, and the ambassador retired without having said a word respecting his embassy, which is never customary at a first audience.

On the second day after this ceremony, a sum for payment of the ambassador's expences during his residence at the court, was sent him, according to custom, from the sultan's treasury. On the third, he received a summons to explain the subject of his embassy, which he did, accordingly, at a second audience. But it was not before the tenth day that he was admitted to receive the answer, which, though unfavourable to the object of his mission, was accompanied by a present of '5,000 aspers, with a robe of crimson camocas, lined with yellow calimanco.' At both these subsequent interviews, La Brocquiere was present, and gives very amusing accounts of them, which our limits prevent us from inserting.

La Brocquiere and his friend, the ambassador, after leaving Adrianople, proceeded together through Philippopoli and Sophia into La Rascia,\* a province which had been lately conquered by the Turks, and was then entrusted to the government of a renegade Greek named Cenasnin-Bey, who 'did not drink wine like the Turks, was prudent and brave, and knew how to make himself feared and obeyed.'

Soon after, they entered Servia, and saw the despot (George Brancovitz) whose person and attendants are described. Through that country they passed to Belgrade, then under the dominion of the emperor as king of Hungary.

At Buda our traveller parted from his companion, and pursued alone the road towards the Austrian dominions. His account of the manner and character of the Hungarians, his description of a Hungarian tournament, his interview with duke Albert at Vienna, would all afford very amusing matter for quotations if we had not been already so lavish of them.

From Vienna he proceeded along the banks of the Danube through Bavaria to Constance, and by way of the forest-towns to Basil, where he gives an account of a session of the famous council at which he was present.

He was now safely arrived, after all his perils, on the frontiers of the dominions of the duke his master, whom he shortly after met at Dijon and appeared before him 'dressed in the same manner as when he left Damascus, with the horse led before him which he had purchased in that town, and which had brought him to France.'

This faithful animal, together with his dress, he presented to the duke; but a much more valuable present was the copy of the Koran and the Life of Mahomet, which he had procured from the chaplain to the Venetian consul at Damascus.

The subsequent history of his MS. is shortly this. It

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\* An obsolete appellation of the north-eastern part of Servia.

passed from the duke of Burgundy's library to that of the king of France, and now lies at rest in the national library at Paris, from which it was taken down some years since to be extracted and put into modern French by M. le Grand D'Aussy, who published a new edition, together with a preliminary discourse of his own, a translation of which is prefixed to the present publication by Mr. Johnes.

We feel ourselves much disposed to quarrel with this M. le Grand for his officiousness in thus disfiguring his original. The style of Froissart is perfectly intelligible, and we therefore can hardly conceive the necessity of changing the idiom of La Brocquiere, who wrote fifty years later. But the French, almost to a man, are strangely deficient in that veneration which Englishmen so naturally feel for works of antiquity. In their researches they have been, to the full, as deep and learned as ourselves; but it always appears as if they were directed by curiosity only, wholly unaccompanied by real taste and feeling.

This remark, whether just or not, by no means tends to diminish our sense of obligation to Mr. Johnes, who has presented us with a very interesting work in the only form under which it was accessible to him; and we cannot close the book without repeating (what we have already had many, and anticipate many more, occasions of expressing) our admiration of his assiduity, and heart-felt approbation of the channel in which he has so honourably directed his labours.

**ART. III.**—*The Epics of the Ton; or, the Glories of the great World: a Poem, in two Books, with Notes and Illustrations.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Baldwin. 1807.

THE apt and striking delineation of character requires no common powers of intellect and discrimination. Character may be termed the totality of inference, which may fairly be deduced from the habits and conduct of any individual. But to express this inference so as to give a sort of analytical representation of the individual, to exhibit not only his exterior appearance, but his moral resemblance and his actual identity, must be a difficult task even in plain and humble prose. But how much must the difficulty be increased when the portrait is to be drawn subject to the shackles of rhyme, and the impediments of verse; and when the likeness is to be invested in flowers, in which the beauties of truth are not spoiled by the colouring of fiction! Among our moralists and historians we might mention several who excel in the delineation of character; but among our po-

there are few to whom we can justly allow the praise. Clarendon is thought by many to be unrivalled in drawing characters; but we hardly think him entitled, in this respect, to the high praise which he has received. For his descriptions are commonly swelled out into such a prolixity of particulars, that the identity is lost, and no individual resemblance seen. A few of the masterly touches of such a writer as Tacitus bring the latent personality, the moral interior of the person, more vividly before our eyes than all the elaborate portraiture of the historian of the stormy period of the first Charles. In Johnson, in Smollet, and particularly in Laing, who is resplendent in the analysis of character, we have many portraits very correctly drawn, richly coloured, and highly descriptive of the individual. In Dryden and in Pope, but particularly the latter, we have several characters depicted in all the charms of verse, yet without any dereliction of resemblance, or violation of truth. The power of poetical compression which Pope possessed, combined with his facility of elegant versification, and the delicacy of his mental sight, rendered him often singularly happy in the delineation of character. Some of his poetical portraits may challenge the palm with the productions of any contemporary, or any succeeding muse. But his natural peevishness, his quick irascibility, with his acquired dislike to the female sex, on account either of their contempt or their neglect, and his theory about a ruling passion, which he has carried to excess, give the fictitious air of caricature rather than the fidelity of character to many of his delineations, particularly of the softer sex. A character, whether in prose or verse, may be depicted either by a copious enumeration of the constituting particulars, or by a selection of some of the predominating peculiarities. But the last usually approaches more to the nature of a caricature; and as it is truth, which gives the principal interest to the delineation of character, every character must be considered as deficient in interest in proportion as it recedes from the accuracy of truth. A character which is accurately drawn and highly finished by the poet, will interest more than a similar character which is developed in the page of the historian; because, in the former, the blandishments of verse are superadded to the vitality of the portrait and the fidelity of the resemblance. In the present work we are presented with numerous characters of the most distinguished persons of both sexes in the higher ranks of life. The portraits in general seem copied from the life, and though they are embellished with poetic flowers of various hues, they appear very seldom to deviate from nature and from truth. Perhaps some of the decorations may be thought too rich, and some

of the ornaments superfluous ; but few are displeased w th beholding a good picture in an elegant frame. The author of these portraits has framed some of his pictures in a high stile of elegance and taste ; but as they are chiefly persons of the *haut ton*, who are either the objects of his satire, or his praise, we cannot blame him for paying considerable attention to the exterior embellishment of the piece. The whole may be regarded as a sort of historic gallery of portraits of contemporary persons of both sexes, on which we gaze with vivid satisfaction. We shall present our readers with some specimens of those characters which seem most entitled to the praise of fidelity and elegance. The author favours us only with the initials of the names ; but the characters are so correctly drawn, and so much like the life, that no mistake can well occur in the application.

D— of D—.

‘ Such moons may shine, when thy bright sun is down,  
O born to grace the vale, and gild the town !  
On Chiswick’s banks, a flower that woos the sight,  
In London’s throngs, a dazzling blaze of light.  
No servile rhymster now begins the lay,  
And sings, like Tom, for favour, or for pay ;  
No rich rewards come glitt’ring from the tomb,  
No gaping flatt’rers seek to pierce its gloom.  
Hadst thou still bask’d the wing in fashion’s beam,  
The muse had flapp’d thee in thy golden dream ;  
Or sung a second to some yelping cur,  
And raked for gold, perhaps, the dirt of S—r ;  
Or wept that virtues, form’d to bless mankind,  
Should lose the kernel, and retain the rind ;  
That a heart, warm with charity and love,  
A prey to sycophants and knaves should prove ;  
That nature’s softest feelings should be lost,  
Amidst the waves of whirling folly tost ;  
Keen though they were to sorrow or delight,  
And sweetly warbled from the alpine height :  
That talents dear to genius, mark’d for fame,  
Should still be wasted at the midnight game ;  
Or rack’d next day, to find some new supply,  
And bilk a tradesman with a shew to buy :  
That she, of softness, past her sex possest,  
Felt the mad passions of the gamester’s breast ;  
Or urged by faction midst the rabble tribe,  
Should kiss a greasy butcher with a bribe ;  
Unskill’d discretion with her warmth to blend,  
Nor lose herself through zeal to serve a friend.  
But, censure hush ! a sacred silence keep ;  
Let Loves alone and Graces come to weep ;



Let tears sincere her human frailties mourn,  
 Nor flatt'ring lies hold up her tomb to scorn;  
 When envy long is dead, and passion calm,  
 Her own soft lines shall best her name embalm.'

The affections of the reader will not be uninterested in the following delineation.

*C—— of B——*

' Yet quit the chace, my muse, however hot;  
 Poor Laura's fate! it must not be forgot!  
 Unhappy Laura! Why that heart-broke sigh?  
 And why that piteous roving of thine eye?  
 Why bear'st thou still that care-worn look of woes.  
 Which ever seek, but never find repose?  
 Hast thou not wealth to tempt the gazing croud?  
 Hast thou not titles to allure the proud?  
 A feeling heart for others woes to grieve,  
 An open hand their miseries to relieve?—  
 Yet dost thou seem as if the world were glad,  
 And thou of all thy human kindred sad.  
 Crowds, noise and pomp, but barb the mental ail,  
 She seeks relief in the sequester'd vale:  
 Where Scotland's giant mountains threat the skies,  
 And half impending o'er the trav'ler rise;  
 Where gullies deep are fill'd with torrents black,  
 Still thund'ring down the endless cataract;  
 Where sombre firs, amid the summer green,  
 A gloomy aspect shed o'er all the scene;  
 Where rocks asunder rent by nature's throes,  
 Their horrid shelves in frequent gaps disclose;  
 Where to the jutting herb, on crag too high  
 The haggart goat uplifts the rueful eye;  
 There where the plover's ever dreary lay,  
 Still breaks the cheerless silence of the day,  
 Poor Laura sat beneath the stunted tree,  
 Unwilling to be seen, and sad to see;  
 The scene was dismal, and o'ercast the day,  
 Yet was her heart more doleful still than they,  
 O fortune, where is now thy envied bliss?  
 O flaunting titles, are your joys like this?  
 Sorrows there are which riches cannot sooth,  
 Nor rank allay, nor tender friendship smooth,  
 Which wring the heart through every secret hour,  
 And 'midst the busy haunt its peace devour;  
 Which only fly when life and joy are flown,  
 Which only rest beneath the silent stone;  
 There shall her sorrows cease, her cares be o'er,  
 Who adds to misery's list one Laura more.'

In pp. 54—59, the poet exhibits a pair of portraits, such

as are not very uncommon in this dissipated age, of a reputed adultress, and of a lady who has succeeded her in the genial bed, but who seems to have hardly less relish for the delusive charms of a voluptuous life. We shall extract the first; and hope that the admonition will not be lost upon the second.

*M— of A—.*

‘What joys of wine make th’ art’ry throb so high,  
As rapture trembling in the female eye?  
What ills so deep the manly bosom move,  
As woman’s anguish mix’d with tears of love?  
On the bleak beach before the gazing crowd,  
To hear these piercing plaints, these shrieks so loud;  
To see that bosom, white as bolted snow,  
Heave, as ’t would burst by swelling pangs below,  
O’er that fine brow the dews of death to trace,  
While all his lurid hues o’erspread that face;  
To see those polished limbs convulsive start,  
Till fainting nature fails to do her part;  
To know that all those agonizing woes  
Are barb’d by feeling, and from love arose;—  
Who would not weep her tears, and sigh her moan,  
And wish her tender sorrows half his own?  
Yet stay—These tears no mother’s love bespeak,  
And for no husband seems that heart to break;  
No early friends’ mishap, or parent’s ill,  
These limbs convulse, that face with anguish fill:  
Her babes, her husband, could that tender dame  
Unmoved abandon for a wanton flame;  
Could pant with rapture in th’adulterer’s arms,  
And feed the guilty riot with her charms.  
Now her gay paramour is call’d to wield  
Another armour in another field;  
For amorous stratagems in Venus’ wars,  
To meet Bellona’s wrath and bloody scars;  
Exchange for dank morass, the wanton’s bed,  
While hostile glances seek his tempting red:  
Hence heaves her breast, and hence her color dies—  
For now, what lips shall drink her glowing sighs?  
What panting breast shall on her bosom pant,  
Raise each desire, and satiate every want?  
Make all her widow’d nights with transport burn,  
And shame and guilt to rapt fruition turn?  
For thee, fond fair, let kindred fair ones feel,  
Their sorrows mingle, and their joys reveal;  
Gloat o’er their pleasures for some passing years,  
Then waste their harrowing age in penitential tears!’

In the above, the line

‘While hostile glances seek his tempting red,’

has a spice of epigrammatic ambiguity, or Ovidian conceit, which chills the interest, and weakens the force of the rest. Writers are too apt to be drawn aside from the line of correct taste and good sense by some thought that glitters, or some trope that shines. There are certain combinations of ideas or of words, which aided by the vanity of the writer pervert even the judgment of a perspicuous and discriminating mind, till the ardour of composition has cooled, and the spangle of novelty is gone. Hence frequent and calm revision cannot too warmly be recommended to all writers, both of prose and verse, particularly the latter, in whom the Parnassian fume, which is rarely unmingled with a large portion of self-conceit, is wont to intoxicate the brain. In the last line the word 'harrowing,' might perhaps have been omitted with advantage to the harmony, and without any injury to the sense. The drawling Alexandrine, though frequently employed by the best writers, seldom adds to the force, though it often tediously extends the length and swells the volume of our heroic verse.

' What panting breast shall on her bosom pant,  
Raise each desire and *satiate every want?*

The words in italics are prosaic, cold, and hardly sufficiently delicate.

The late fashionable neglect among the ladies of domestic duties and of household affairs, to attain the superficial frippery of useless science, and to amass a jargon of philosophic lore at the R—— I——n, is well and happily ridiculed in the descriptive sketch of the C—— of M——. The whole is unhappily too long for quotation.

The significant compression in the first of the following lines has seldom been excelled.

' When Flora's pores distend with vernal pith,  
Now haste the fair to catch the laws of S——th.'

The voluptuous effrontery of Lady C—— is drawn with great spirit, force, and truth.

V—— C——

' What picture should we say were drawn to life ?

A promis'd peeress, and a statesman's wife,  
A portly figure, not quite six foot high,  
Nor 'twixt the shoulders three, yet very nigh ;  
With full bare bosom that defies the wind,  
Well-suiting breast-work to the tower behind ;  
With open countenance, that disdains to hide  
Eye proudly rolling, and majestic stride ;

Limbs such as huntress Dian once did own,  
With fair round flesh upon no spindle bone :  
Who scorns to shrink from our inclement air,  
Arms, ancles, bosom, neck, and shoulders, bare ;  
Whose voice her inward greatness not belies,  
Not speaks but thunders, lightens, and defies ;  
Who in all scenes supports an equal name,  
High struts at Court, high ventures in the game ;—  
Such is the picture, truly drawn to life,  
A promis'd peeress, and a statesman's wife ;  
Even such is she who stoutly holds the rein  
O'er him whose double strings had burst in twain.'

Pope has seldom tricked off the modish fair to more advantage than we find in the poetic portraiture of L—C—C—, from which we select the following :

' Belinda's charms unfold  
More than is given to birth, or bought with gold ;  
The rose and lily blending in her face,  
And all expression beaming through all grace ;  
Her peerless figure such as poets feign,  
When Venus first ascended from the main ;  
See how her motions vibrate to the heart,  
See every limb a master-piece of art !  
Not Venus self knew more alluring wiles,  
Or more bewitchery, more eternal smiles.  
No damp, no cold, o'erhung her opening day,  
Still witty, wanton, frolicsome, and gay ;  
The ground she tript seem'd livelier from her tread,  
The hearts she pierced throbb'd sprightlier as they bled.  
No prudish mopish arts she deign'd to try,  
Nor grudg'd her beauties to the kindling eye ;  
Still seen where fashion held her trophied court ;  
Still known the foremost in the throng'd resort ;  
No votary sought a smile, and sought in vain ;  
None prais'd unheard, unnoticed told his pain ;  
Averse her bounteous soul to hide a charm  
Which nature gave so many hearts to warm,  
Her ling'ring foot, the chariot mounting slow,  
Display'd the ancle to the circling beau ;  
The welcom'd eye perused her melting shape,  
And half forgot the intervening crape.'

Our author's male-figures seem hardly less happily executed than his female. But we must be more brief in our extracts. The famous manager of Drury-lane is very characteristically drawn. His genius, indolence, versatility of talent, and intemperance of life, are properly distinguished. The description closes with the following lines, which we are sorry to say, from our admiration of mental excellence,

which might have been so transcendantly exalted, if it had not been so much perverted in the use, are in unison with truth.

—‘ But night draws on, and darkness hastes to hide  
Unfruitful talents, genius misapplied ;  
Fame without reverence ; age without respect,  
Doom’d to regret and sinking to neglect.  
Doom’d, after years mispent, to make a show,  
And catch the multitude however low,  
To feel the want of power e’en mobs to move,  
And, at the Hustings, purgatory prove !  
Enraged, indignant, filled with grief and spleen,  
He closes, wretched close ! the heartless scene.’

The late minister of war appears to be no favourite with the author ; but we must be contented with extracting only a part of the description.

‘ Still to be singular, his constant view,  
And, what no other would, to say and do ;  
Still wrapt in mazy clouds of paradox,  
And still most pleas’d when most our sense he mocks,  
No tame consistency to curb his plan,  
Let others reconcile it if they can ;  
Now would he bring no soldiers to the field,  
But all the best which all the land could yield ;  
Pure gold quite sever’d from the drossy nation,  
And quite new men by martial education ;—  
Now Sunday mobs, with constable at head,  
To church-yard camps by general Sexton led,  
With pike accoutr’d or old rusty gun,  
With swearing corporal, drummer, fife, and fun,  
With beer-pot ready, and attendant wench,  
Are quite the thing to overthrow the French !  
One day he’ll talk of learning and what not,  
Another praise the wiser Hottentot ;  
Maintain his breast with purer feelings glows,  
And guts and garbage are the best of clothes.  
Now hear him tell how little’s due to birth,  
How Education makes the man of worth :  
Now hear him hold that men, just as they’re born,  
Are good and bad, as spring the tares and corn ;  
Nor teacher more can change them by his care  
Than give or take high-cheek bones, and red hair.  
But hear the genius orator declaim,  
And strive to gain the palm of wordy fame :  
There Fancy throws poor reason in the shade,  
There Exclamation lends her brilliant aid !  
There figures strange, by some enchantment caught,  
Are neck and heels into the service brought ;  
There three-leg’d metaphors o’er hedge and stile,  
Bound with high limp, and fall into the toil ;

There words new coin'd and phrases from Rag-fair,  
 With thoughts refined, and turns poetic, pair ;  
 There Metaphysic spreads her robe of snow,  
 And at her elbow starts to hear "dust-ho !"  
 Strange is the motley group produced to view,  
 Where something's always odd and something new  
 Amused, fatigued, and never well content,  
 The hearer loses but the argument ;  
 Profuse the garnish covers every spot,  
 And but the foolish dishes are forgot.'

Of these Epics, as they are called, several both of the male and female delineations might have been improved by compression ; and the figures would often have stood out more from the canvass, if they had been less encumbered with luxuriance of ornament. But, though the drapery is rich, it seldom evinces any marks of vitiated taste.—There is here and there a little tinsel which might have been spared ; the glitter of puerile conceit, or the mere redundancy of imagination. But when we consider the difficulties with which the author had to contend, and the singular delicacy of execution which he has generally evinced, we are more willing to commend the felicity than to censure the defects of his performance.

ART. IV.—*A Treatise on the Varieties and Consequences of Ophthalmia. With a preliminary Inquiry into its contagious Nature. By Arthur Edmonston, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, &c. &c. 8vo. 7s. boards, Edinburgh, Blackwood. 1806.*

DR. Edmonston appears to have been surgeon to the second regiment of Argyleshire fencibles, and to have accompanied that regiment in the beginning of 1802 in its passage homewards from Gibraltar to the mother country. The ophthalmia attacked several of the men before the landing of the regiment : on shore it attacked in succession many others, and it seems that in the end hardly an individual of the whole body escaped the disease. These and other concurring facts convinced the doctor that the disease was contagious, and of the same nature as the Egyptian ophthalmia, a pest which, it is too probable, may become endemial to Europe. In the spring of 1802 Dr. Edmonston gave an account of this ophthalmia in a pamphlet, which he has here republished, and incorporated with a more extended inquiry into the contagious nature of this disorder. This inquiry is prefixed to the present treatise, which comprehends the history of ophthalmia in general, of its causes and treatment,

Dr. E. asserts himself to be the first who demonstrated the contagious nature of this disease. But as he does not pretend to be the first who suggested it, we cannot allow any extraordinary merit to the activity displayed in writing a pamphlet on the subject.

The preliminary inquiry is introduced by a sketch of the previous opinions, both ancient and modern, which have been entertained of the contagious nature of ophthalmia. Most of them are very vague and unsatisfactory; but we are obliged to Dr. E. for rescuing from oblivion a very distinct history of a contagious ophthalmia, which broke out in his majesty's ship *Albemarle* in the year 1782. The infection was communicated from three seamen, impressed from a slave ship on the coast of Hispaniola. The fact is related in an inaugural dissertation, *de tuenda nautarum sanitate*, by Dr. James Armstrong, printed at Edinburgh in 1789. The second part of the inquiry contains Dr. E.'s own pamphlet on the subject. In a third part, we have an account of an epidemic ophthalmia which appeared at Paris in the spring of 1803, and which was connected with the influenza at that time prevalent, and appeared to alternate with that disease. But whether this affection was contagious or merely epidemic seems by no means thoroughly ascertained. An investigation of the nature of the Egyptian ophthalmia next follows. But the author was not himself annexed to the expedition to Egypt, and has therefore been obliged to collect his information from sources, to which every one has the same access as himself. Savory, Sonnini and Volney among general observers; with Bruent and Savoresi, physicians attached to the French army which invaded Egypt, are the principal authorities he has made use of. The general tendency of their evidence is to prove that the extreme frequency of the disease in this country is owing to an assemblage of causes, operating there more powerfully perhaps than in any other country on the face of the earth. We hoped to have found some communications on this subject from some of our countrymen who had served with the English troops employed in this country. But Dr. Edmonston's correspondence seems to have been very limited; and indeed, to have been confined to two or three regimental surgeons, whom he met with at Gibraltar. But though this circumstance has disappointed our hopes of obtaining any very novel or authentic information from his work, we have found this preliminary inquiry by far the most interesting portion of the whole of this performance. However, the arguments used to establish the contagious nature of ophthalmia are more fitted for an academical thesis than a practical treatise. The principle is pushed likewise infinitely too far; for it would seem to be the consequence of his rea-

soning, not that there exists a peculiar contagious ophthalmia (which we doubt not is the fact); but that every modification of the disease is so too. This appears to us as rational as setting about to show that all sore throats, or all catarrhs are infectious, because the angina maligna undoubtedly, and the influenza probably is so. But the most important points of the subject are left wholly untouched. For example, in what the contagion differs from the ordinary ophthalmia, what is the mode of infection, whether by contact or at a limited distance, what is the period between the reception of the contagion and the access of the disease? On points like these, a page of which is in our mind of more value than a volume of speculation, we find Dr. Edmonston profoundly ignorant, or at least profoundly silent.

The occurrence of ophthalmia in the regiment in which he served, and the accident of having been among the first to publish the opinion of its being contagious, seem to be circumstances which have prompted Dr. Edmonston to write this general treatise, rather than any particular acquaintance with the disease, or we, may add, any peculiar qualification for the task he has undertaken. We say this as we think his performance betrays strong signs of a contracted education, and in consequence of his possessing a very scanty portion of medical science. That we may not seem to hazard this assertion without proof, we shall quote the following paragraph. We find it under the head of *Intermittent ophthalmia*, considered as a species of the idiopathic disease.

‘There is a curious instance of periodical blindness, which seems referable to this head, related by Dr. Samuel Pye in the *Medical Observations and Inquiries*, of a person becoming one afternoon suddenly blind, and losing the use of his limbs. He recovered both with the rising of the sun, and lost them again when he set. The blindness was complete during the attack, for the patient could not see the light of a candle held close to his eyes. This periodic and daily affection continued for the space of two months, and then vanished of itself, leaving the eye perfectly sound.’

It seems then that Dr. Edmonston does not know even the name of this disease; and there are strong internal marks of his never having read the original account of the case, which he has quoted. Had he done so, he would at least have called it a case of *nyctalopia*, a disease of which, though it is to be esteemed very uncommon, several authentic histories are to be found in medical records. If the doctor is not more correct in his other quotations, than we have found him in this, he has performed his duty to the public most wretchedly; for his report is materially erroneous, both in the account of the symptoms and of the event of this case.

We have found the execution of Dr. Edmonston's work



exactly to correspond with our opinion of its origin, and the qualifications of the writer. It is very regular in its description of the disease under its various forms, its divisions, and the enumeration of the consequences, which are apt to ensue from it: very copious in the account of the causes, whether external or internal, which produce the ophthalmia, and sufficiently correct in the treatment which he recommends in its various stages. But still the whole is performed in such a manner, as not to impress the conviction, that the author has had any particular personal experience of the disease, or any other advantage than an access to books which are in the hands of every surgeon. If therefore we are not inclined to set much value on his labours, it is because, first, we do not think that there is any particular chasm in medical literature, which this work is calculated to fill up; and, secondly, because the treatment of the diseases of this delicate organ depends more perhaps than any other upon that precise, accurate, and discriminating skill, which is to be obtained by an abundant experience only. We will however present our readers with the following extract: the remark it contains is not, we believe, without novelty, and may serve to dissipate an alarm, which is often excited without sufficient foundation.

‘The cornea sometimes, and in particular cases assumes a milky appearance, and the individual is subject to temporary blindness, without much preceding inflammation, and often where little more had operated than merely a determination to the head. I had frequently observed this milky appearance of the cornea, and had been surprised at the rapidity with which it came on, and with which it disappeared; but I had no accurate conception of the mode in which these changes were effected, until my friend, Dr. Barclay, by stating to me the following curious observation, enabled me in some measure to explain it: Trying to fill the vessels of the cornea, from one of the veins lying on the outside of the sclerotic, he injected mercury, and instantly saw the cornea become opaque, and of a milky colour. The appearance led him to suppose that he had succeeded, but the eye-ball was heavier, and both the sclerotic and the cornea very tense. On pressing the eye, some of the mercury returned by the vein, a considerable degree of the tension was removed, the cornea recovered part of its transparency, and he saw a number of mercurial globules, lying in the angle between it and the iris. These globules, when the eye was shaken horizontally from right to left, did not cross towards the pupil, but ran round in the angle in which he had observed them, showing that the iris must have been convex towards the cornea at that time. To account for the return of transparency in the cornea, he supposed that the pressure and elasticity of the vessels had driven back the mercury, and satisfied with this view, he resolved to inject another eye, and preserve it afterwards in spirits. In removing the muscles from this other eye, he held it in his left hand, and accidentally pressing it to keep it steady, to his great

surprise, he saw the same appearance which he had supposed to have been produced by the mercury. Instead therefore of injecting this eye with mercury he injected it with water, and saw the cornea rendered as opaque and milky in its colour as it had been by his finer injection. The conclusion was obvious; that the opacity arose from tension, and the tension in two of the cases from a more than usual quantity of fluids.

These facts give an easy and natural explanation of the production of a temporary dimness, and point out the use of methods of depletion in such cases. It is not uncommon for horses to become blind after they are sent to grass (probably from a dependant position of the head) and to recover their sight again in a very short time. The purgative nature of their new food probably assists their recovery.

The practical part of the volume bears the same marks as the rest, of its having been derived more from the works of preceding writers, than from personal experience. The author seems very fond of criticising the directions of Mr. Ware. This gentleman has advised, in some cases of inflammation of the conjunctiva, an excision of a portion of this membrane as preferable to a simple scarification. Dr. Edmonston thinks this process totally inadmissible in the inflammatory stage of ophthalmia, and gives several reasons for his opinion. We must take leave to think that Mr. Ware, who has performed this operation probably in some thousand instances, is a more competent judge of this matter than Dr. Edmonston, who perhaps has not done it once. We must also take the same liberty with regard to the existence of the ophthalmia, said to arise from suppressed gonorrhœa, of which Dr. E. has given us a very frightful description, from the accounts of other writers, and examples of which, he would make us believe, have fallen under his own observation. But when Mr. Ware declares, that he has never seen such an effect to have arisen from suppressed gonorrhœa, and when we consider the ample opportunities he has enjoyed for discovering the truth, and we cannot perceive any motive for his concealing of it, we cannot help paying more deference to his authority than to that of Dr. Edmonston. Not that we will subscribe to the dictates of any master, or are unwilling to do justice to Dr. E. where justice we think to be due. We acknowledge then that the young theorist appears sometimes to have the advantage of the old practitioner. In his explanation of the causes of the *inversion of the eye-lids*, he is much more simple than his predecessor, and his account is probably much nearer the truth. Mr. Ware has attributed this appearance to a diseased state of the muscles of the eye-lids, and has supposed that one

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muscle is preternaturally relaxed and another contracted, at the same time. This reasoning Dr. E. reprobates as fanciful, and grounded on suppositions that are at once gratuitous and inadequate: he thinks the inversion is a consequence of previous inflammation, and is produced immediately by ulceration on the internal surface of the lids. This will naturally cause a contraction of this surface, of which the trichiasis will be a consequence. This, if gentle methods fail, will require a corresponding ulceration to be made on the opposite external surface, to produce an opposite contraction.

We trust that what we have said is enough to show that the opinion we have expressed of Dr. Edmonston's work can have proceeded only from a fair and unbiassed estimate of its value. We think it worthy the perusal of the student, and that it may properly fill a vacant corner on his shelf, provided it do not exclude the more laboured and estimable performances of men, who have dedicated their lives to the practice of this single branch of their profession.

**ART. V.**—*A biographical History of England from the Revolution to the End of George I.'s Reign; being a Continuation of the Rev. J. Granger's Work: consisting of Characters, disposed in different Classes, and adapted to a methodical Catalogue of engraved British Heads; interspersed with a Variety of Anecdotes and Memoirs of a great Number of Persons, not to be found in any biographical Work. The Materials being supplied by the Manuscripts left by Mr. Granger, and the Collections of the Editor. By the Rev. Mark Noble, F. A. S. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. boards. Richardson. 1806.*

A CONTINUATION of Mr. Granger's Biographical History of England has long been a desideratum with the collectors of portraits and the lovers of anecdote. The present work will not entirely supply the deficiency, but it will probably excite some other person in the republic of letters to complete that part of the work which has been left unfinished. In the composition of his Biographical History the zeal of Mr. Granger was never cooled and his enquiries never still. He spared neither pains nor expense in the collection of materials, and the papers which he left at his death, which the present editor has methodised and prepared for publication, with numerous corrections and additions of his own, are sufficient to prove how perfect the present work of Mr. Granger would have been if the length of his life had been equal to the intensity of his diligence and the vigilance of his research. Mr. Noble appears to have acted the part of an able and judi-

cious continuator of Mr. Granger's history; and we readily pardon many inaccuracies and mistakes which he may have committed, when we consider the variety of materials which he had to adjust, and the infinity of particulars which he had to combine. We could wish that Mr. Noble had been more indulgent in communicating his authorities, and shown what is the basis of proof on which many of the most important anecdotes in these three volumes rest, and the sources from which they are derived. We esteem this to be a great defect in the present publication. Mr. Noble had either authorities to which he could have appealed for the numerous anecdotes, &c. which he has detailed, or he had not; if he had, those authorities ought to have been produced; and if he had not, the fact should either have been mentioned or the anecdotes suppressed. Where Mr. Granger or Mr. Noble were eye-witnesses or ear-witnesses of the particulars which they relate, we can cheerfully give them credit without requiring any additional proof; but where what they assert is grounded on the written or the oral testimony of others, a reference should have been made to the original authorities. History without any reference to authorities, or any documents, loses half its interest, because it loses the appearance of veracity.

Biography is the most amusing and instructive species of history, and biographical sketches of the most distinguished persons, who have flourished in the annals of any country, must in fact contain an epitomized history of the genius, manners, sentiments, the political, moral, and literary character, of the people. The biographical notices of Mr. Granger, are indeed confined to those persons whose portraits have been perpetuated by one of the most elegant of the arts, which promotes the multiplication of pictures, as the press does that of books. Of those persons indeed whose lineaments have been traced by the skill of the engraver, there will be found many who have been more celebrated for their vanity, their folly, or their crimes, than for their genius or their worth. But the biographical epitome of vanity or of folly is seldom without its share of amusement, and the accounts of crimes can hardly be destitute of salutary admonition. Of a work like the present, consisting of so many detached and insulated parts, with little dependence or connection, it is impossible to furnish a regular analysis, or to describe in any other way than by a selection of particulars. We shall therefore extract from the three volumes which are now lying before us, a few biographical notices, which we think likely either to interest or amuse; and as we are friends to the revolution in 1688, and to the house of Hanover, which that event finally honoured with the British crown,

we shall commence our quotations with a brief sketch of the princess Sophia, the niece of Charles the 1st by his sister Elizabeth, and the maternal ancestor of his present majesty.

' Sophia had been in habits of correspondence with James, whose misfortunes she deplored ; and ever expressed her concern to William, whom she personally knew, and whose character she admired. Though attached to England by unfeigned partiality, yet she had the greatness of mind to desire he would pass by her in favour of the family of Stuart.' She died in 1714, at the advanced age of 84. The writer says that ' she had as many virtues and confessedly more accomplishments than any of the princesses her contemporaries. She spoke four languages with fluency, Low Dutch, German, French, and Italian, and was a proficient in the Latin besides. She was as great a worker with her needle as Mary II. Those pursuits did not injure her health, for she constantly used the exercise of walking : age had not marked her with furrows, nor deprived her of teeth.'

Charles Seymour, the sixth duke of Somerset, who was born in 1662, had many generous and noble qualities, but their lustre was eclipsed by the offensive extravagance of his pride. Of that pride many specific acts are on record, together with the concomitant mortifications to which pride never fails to be exposed. Of this singular nobleman the pride was not less than that of a king with the sceptre in his hand. It had indeed a sort of imperial air.

' His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared that he might pass without obstruction or observation. " Go out of the way," says an attendant to a countryman who was driving a hog. " Why ?" said the boor, " Because my lord duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked upon." The man enraged, seizing the hog by his ears, held him up to the window, exclaiming, " I will see him, and my pig shall see him too.'

His first wife was a Percy : his second, a Finch, daughter of the earl of Westmorland. His pride saw a wide distinction between a Percy and a Finch. When his second lady once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, he turned round with an indignant sour countenance and said,

' My first dutchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty. His two youngest daughters used to stand and watch alternately while he slept in an afternoon ; Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down ; the duke waked, and displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will he left her 20,000*l.* less than her sister.'

Mortified pride will, as experience proves, generate rancour and resentment ; but we have seldom heard of any permanent bitterness excited in the bosom of a parent by such a trivial instance of unintentional neglect. The duke was so attached to precedency, that he would probably have rather submitted to the pains of starvation than have practised

the christian precept of declining the seat of distinction and taking the lowest room. Sir James Delaval laid a wager of 1000*l.* that he would take precedence of the duke, whether he would or no. He accordingly posted himself in a narrow road, where the duke was to pass: Sir James had the arms of the house of Howard painted on the pannels of his coach, and an appropriate livery on the back of his attendants. Somerset no sooner appeared, than the Duke of Norfolk's approach was affected by the servants of Sir James. The proud duke, scrupulously attentive to a point of etiquette, drew up close to the hedge, when Sir James passing; wished his grace a good morning, and won his wager to the no small mortification of the unwilling peer.

William III. though so often panegyriized, does not appear to have deserved all the praise which he has received. The affections seem barely to vegetate on the dykes of Holland; and the bosom of William does not appear to have felt their influence, or to have cherished their growth more than the rest of his countrymen. He was cold and selfish, incapable of attracting love or of inspiring personal regard. His talents were rather those of prudential calculation than comprehensive or sublime. His apathy enabled him to bear defeat with an apparent magnanimity, which was in fact only the result of his constitutional insensibility. His courage was not of the most elevated species, it was rather a physical property than the moral emanation of the soul. He was fond of inflicting manual chastisement on his valets and attendants; and the shoulders of his pages could attest the presence of his cane. Had his present majesty employed the same mode of knighting, it is more than probable that he would not have been troubled with so many competitors for the high distinction. William does not seem to have carried his complaisance to any great length towards the female sex: even to his wife, whom he confessed that 'he never knew guilty of an indiscretion' he was sullen and austere; and to the princess Anne he did not even behave with the civility of a prince or the good manners of a gentleman. 'When she wrote to congratulate him upon taking of Namur, he never answered her letter.' On another occasion when the same lady was with child and longed for peas, the phlegmatic Dutchman very deliberately devoured the single dish, which was provided for the repast. William, like most other sovereigns, does not seem to have been without tyrannical propensities. When the house of commons required him to dismiss his Dutch guards, his rage almost got the better of his discretion.

'When he first heard of the vote, he walked for some time through his apartments with his eyes fixed upon the ground, stopped, threw them round him with wildness, and said, "If I had a son these guards,

William the fourth earl of Cavendish and the first duke of Devonshire, was the principal instrument in producing the revolution of 1688. He had been singularly caressed and favoured by James, but the syren smiles of a perfidious court were never capable of estranging his heart from the love of civil and religious liberty. He determined to subvert a government, which was verging towards an intolerable despotism.

‘He reposed his secret at first in no one’s bosom, but the earl of Danby’s. They met privately on a morning in 1688, on Whittington moor, a middle place between Chatsworth, Shevilon, and Aston, all in Derbyshire, a spot, the last in the island where James could have supposed a scheme could have been laid to dethrone him. The morning ending with much rain, these two noble lords took shelter in the poor mean village alehouse, the sign of the Cuck and Pynot, in the sequestered village of Whittington. Their persons were unknown to the village publican or his neighbours. In the parlour of this house, still called the Plotting parlour, only 15 feet by almost 13, sat these peers frequently, and here they laid a scheme which dethroned James and established freedom.’

We have the following account of Mrs. Voss, whose hands and arms were so often appropriated by Sir Godfrey Kneller to many noble dames whom he drew. Sir Godfrey had conceived a violent predilection for the captivating personalities of Mrs. Voss, but the lady was unfortunately wedded to one of the society of friends, who did not like to part with his wife without a valuable compensation. The passion of the painter was not intirely separated from discretion. He procured by a bribe the charms which he coveted to possess; but he reimbursed himself by converting the same into a model of his art. ‘The hands and arms’ of Mrs. Voss and perhaps her neck graced the form of numerous noble dames, and many were undoubtedly more indebted to her than to nature for no small part of their painted fascinations.

The genius of the great duke of Marlborough seems to have made ample amends for the defects of his education. He could hardly write his own language, and yet he was certainly one of the most able negociators in Europe. He had that kind of intuitive sagacity, which is not to be learned from books, which enabled him instantaneously to take advantage of circumstances, to discover the latent springs of action, to unmask the reserves, and to penetrate the motives of mankind. This gave him great advantage both in the cabinet and in the field. In the field his eye and the whole intelligence of his soul, were at once present in every part, quickly discerning the mistakes of his adversaries, and rectifying his own; taking immediate advantage of the momen-

tary turns of fortune, and of those trivial fatalities or oversights, which so often decide the events of war; and in the cabinet he could unravel the intricacies of intrigue, and pry into the preponderance of interests by his native perspicacity. 'He discovered the politics of Frederic I. king of Prussia, by observing the maps upon his table.'

When it is said, *Quisque suæ faber fortunæ*, that each individual is the artificer of his own fortune, the adage cannot be deemed true without ample allowance being made for those apparently frivolous occurrences, or fortuitous contingencies, which have no connection with genius or worth, but on which future success and eminence seem primarily to hinge and principally to depend. The duke of Marlborough's sister, Arabella, had attracted the amorous attentions of the duke of York, afterwards James the II<sup>d</sup>; and her complaisance on this occasion seems to have laid the first ground-work for the elevation of her family. Her brother was thus brought within the verge of the court, where the dutchess of Cleveland is said to have distinguished him by her passionate regard, and at one time to have accompanied her smiles with a donation of 5000*l*. His rise in the army became rapid; and James on his accession distinguished him by his favour and created him a peer. But a keen perception of interest soon led him to desert James and to join the party of his enemies; but he did not enjoy the unlimited confidence of the court, till the accession of Anne, when the influence of his wife over the feeble mind of the queen procured for him an unbounded ascendant in the government.—The power which he enjoyed seemed to be no otherwise gratifying than as it ministered to his rapacity. Avarice has been called the vice of little minds. If by a little mind we mean that which is neither enlarged by science nor humanized by philanthropy, we may safely pronounce the mind of the duke of Marlborough to have been contemptibly minute. If his avarice did not originate in the defects of his education, it was certainly increased by the absence of those checks which naturally arise out of a cultivated mind. The relations which have been circulated concerning avarice, often seem to border on the marvellous; but the following anecdote of the duke of Marlborough seems not to be at all deficient in authenticity. One evening at Lord Bath's, he asked General Pulteney, who had been his aide camp in Flanders, to lend him sixpence to pay his chair hire to his residence in another part of Bath. The sum was lent; but the duke was no sooner gone than a wager was laid that he would not hire a chair, but put the money in his pocket and walk home on foot. One of the company followed his grace, and found him trudging home with pedestrian humility. Yet this very man, who was a slave to self,



appears to have possessed the happy art of preserving the equilibrium of his temper amid vexations and inconveniences in which the bosoms of others are usually tempested with rage and discontent. A hard rain once coming on, as he was riding with commissary Mariot, the duke asked for his cloak; and the man not bringing it immediately, he asked for it again; but received this insolent reply: 'You must stay, Sir, if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get it.' The duke coolly observed to his companion, 'I would not be of that fellow's temper, for all the world!' And the same temper which the duke evinced under trivial he manifested under greater and more serious mortifications. Though the military talents of the duke of Marlborough have been eclipsed by many of those whose genius has been excited by the turbulent period of the French revolution, yet it is certain that he possessed one species of talent which may endure a comparison with any of his successors;—that of communicating an army composed of the most discordant materials, of different nations, languages and religions, the enthusiastic impulse of a common interest and a common cause,—a spirit of energy and of concord, which pervaded the whole and animated every part.

It is with no common pleasure that we behold genius emerging from obscurity; and the culture of the mind strenuously prosecuted in circumstances of penury and distress. Thomas Britton was apprenticed to a dealer in small coal, which trade he afterwards exercised in the parish of Clerkenwell. His occupation did not prevent him from attaining to a considerable proficiency in chemistry, music, and particularly in the black-lettered lore. In the morning he was seen crying small coal; and in the evening he was attended by a large company of both sexes to witness the exertion of his musical powers.

'Ladies of rank were frequently seen climbing to his loft by a ladder to regale their ears.' 'This self-taught genius did not scruple to appear in his check-shirt when he met a weekly society of black-lettered literati, though there were noble lords present; when leaving his sack and measures at the threshold, he was shown into the apartment, where he, in common with the other members, produced his books, collected from stalls and blind alleys.'

His death was occasioned by a ventriloquist, who during a musical conversation, pronounced these words as if from a distance, 'Thomas Britton, go home, for thou shalt die.' This incident pressed upon his mind, which was not free from superstition, and accelerated his dissolution in 1714.

Thomas Woolston, who was born in 1669, presents us with the singular spectacle of a christian divine attacking the truth

of christianity. His works caused a great ferment when they first appeared; but instead of being refuted by argument, government had very unwisely recourse to the illogical method of persecution. His productions were ordered to be burnt by the common hangman: the author was sentenced to be imprisoned and to pay a fine. Dr. Clarke at that time condemned the rigor of these proceedings, as contrary to the principles of toleration. When the term of his imprisonment expired, Woolston was unable to pay his fine; and he remained within the rules of the King's Bench; here an epidemic complaint hurried him to the grave, Jan. 27. 1733.

Woolston certainly erred in point of judgment; but he appears to have been sincere in the opinions which he embraced, and to have been influenced by the love of truth, more than the impulses of singularity in their publication. His moral character was without a blot; and his death manifested a conviction of integrity and innocence. When he found his end approaching, he said, 'This is a struggle which all men must go through; which I bear not only patiently, but with willingness.' He then drew his hand over his eyes and mouth; and died without a groan.

Religious persecution is always the object of our abhorrence, whether it be exercised by protestant or catholic. The morality of the persecution, does not, according to our notions, vary with the persecuting sect; it is bad in all; in all it is the usurpation of a power, which does not belong to man. The following does not exhibit the spectacle of an individual, agonizing in torture, or expiring on the rack, but it interests our sympathy by the rigour of the sentence, combined with the mild inoffensive virtue of the individual. Paul Atkinson was a Franciscan friar, who was condemned under the penal statute of William III. to perpetual imprisonment in Hurst Castle, in the Isle of Wight. Here he lived 'with cheerful composure, beloved and respected by the keeper of the castle and the whole neighbourhood as an unfortunate, amiable man.' He was occasionally indulged with the permission of walking abroad, when some uncharitable bigots, offended with the indulgence which he experienced, made their complaints accordingly; and the poor friar retired to his miserable apartment for the remainder of his days. He died in 1729 at the age of seventy-four, after having passed thirty years in durance vile. The act, by which Atkinson was condemned, was not repealed till 1778!

Thomas Hearne, the celebrated antiquary, was originally an assistant in the kitchen of Francis Cherry, esq. but instead of attending to his business he is said to have had his nose always in a book. His kind master, however, discovered his capacity, sent him to school, and afterwards had him entered at St. Edmund's hall, Oxford. There the vio-

lence of his Jacobitical prejudices prevented his preferment, without relaxing his antiquarian research. The scholar has been much indebted to the exploring diligence of Hearne. Antiquarians are generally reckoned odd animals, and the appearance of Hearne was not calculated to obliterate the unfavourable prepossession. He is said,

‘Of all lumber-headed, stupid-looking beings, to have had the most stupid appearance, not only in his countenance, but his every limb.—No neck; his head looking as if he were peeping out of a sack of corn, his arms short, and clumsy, remarkably ill-placed on his body, his legs ditto.’

Saunderson, the celebrated mathematician, lost his sight, when he was only one year of age, so that he never retained any recollection of light or colour, but the progress which he made in literature and philosophy, in the most inauspicious circumstances, is surprizing. At the age of twenty-five he repaired to Cambridge, where he was permitted to lecture on different branches of philosophy. ‘He explained optics, light, colours, theory of vision, effect of glasses, phenomena of the rainbow, &c. by the knowledge of lines, on geometrical principles.’ On the resignation of Whiston, he was appointed to the Lucasian chair. The acuteness of his other senses, seemed to have made amends for the privation of his sight,

‘His hearing and feeling were exquisite, he even perceived the passing cloud; and knew in a calm when he passed a tree, by the air. He played well upon the flute, and was so perfectly well acquainted with music, that he could distinguish to the fifth part of a note. He knew the size of a room by sound; and the distance he was from the wall; and if he had once walked over a pavement in a court or piazza, which reflected sounds, he knew, when he went again, the exact place he was in. The nicety of his touch was such that he could detect spurious medals by the perception of inequalities, which escaped the eye; but he could not tell the difference of coloured cloths, &c.’

This acuteness of sense in the philosopher was combined with an irritability of disposition, which diminished his value as a companion and friend.

Instances of credulity have been common in all ages, but perhaps the following may rank among the prodigies of human belief. In 1726, Mary Tofts of Godalming in Surry pretended that she was gifted with the extraordinary faculty of producing rabbits by parturition; and declared that in one year she had been safely delivered of seventeen of these salacious quadrupeds. Enormous as this absurdity may appear, several physicians and divines gave ample credence to the tale. And the learned Whiston, the mathematical professor at Cam-

bridge, was weak enough not only to place implicit belief in this 'monstrous conception,' but to consider it as the completion of a prophecy in Esdras!!!

We have thus presented our readers with what we hope will prove an agreeable *melange* from these amusing volumes. To the lovers of anecdote, and more particularly to the collectors of portraits, they will furnish no unpalatable repast; and those who have either no inclination or no ability to purchase the books, will perhaps thank us for the specimens which we have exhibited of this multifarious publication.

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ART. VI.—*The Triumphs of Petrarch: translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. &c. &c. Translator of Dante, &c. &c. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Longman. 1807.*

WE were induced, from the manner in which Mr. Boyd had executed his task of the 'Divina Commedia,' to form a favourable expectation of the present volume. In translating Dante he seems to have caught some inspiration from his original. The structure of his verse was peculiarly well adapted, his cadences were often sonorous, his language dignified, and (if he sometimes expressed himself so darkly as to create in us a suspicion that he did not clearly understand what he would be at,) that very darkness had somewhat imposing in it. It has been very justly remarked that a narrow boundary separates the sublime from the unintelligible.

When this new book was announced, we had immediate recourse to our Petrarch; for, to speak the truth, although the *Trionfi* had been often in our mouths before, we were not at all confident of having ever read them. Our hopes were considerably damped by the perusal, and at last perished in Mr. Boyd's first page. Our opinion, upon the whole, is, that the insipid pedantry of the original is equalled only by the prosaic flatness of the translation. In other respects, it is accurate enough, as well as plain and intelligible. There are no faults of grammar or style to startle, no false glare of sentiment, no bombast, no affectation, to disgust the reader; and he who, not understanding Italian, yet wishes to talk about the Triumphs of Petrarch 'as one having authority,' may safely refer to this book, and quote or argue upon the strength of it without fear of committing any palpable blunder.

The poem, or rather series of little poems, to which this title is given, consists, according to the bad taste of the times,

of a long, dry, tedious allegory interspersed most richly with classical allusions, with the names of Jupiter and Juno, Venus, Cupid, and Diana, Achilles, Hector and Priam, Epaminondas and Alexander, Cæsar, Brutus, and Pompey. To estimate the merits of the original we must carry back our imaginations to the era in which it was composed. The world was then emerging from the thick darkness of the middle ages. Learning, which had been long confined to one or two solitary cells in some few of the convents of Europe, began to be generally felt and esteemed, and the most common fabulous historical relations of Greece and Rome, such as dignify the pages of Lempriere and Ainsworth, possessed, at that time, the charm of novelty. The Troubadours were then the standards of taste and eloquence throughout Europe. They had long dealt in allegory; and, from their examples, the courts of rich noblemen and sovereign princes instituted the diversions of shews and pageants by which the impressions of the poetry so much in fashion were only conveyed in a more lively manner to the senses.

The Italian writers soon gave a new turn to the prevailing taste, by substituting truth and simplicity to allegory, and the real graces of sentiment and language to affectation and puerility. It was much longer, in other countries, before the pupils of the Troubadours were able to shake off the trammels of their teachers; the change was, every-where, accomplished only by degrees. Petrarch, who became the father of a very extensive class of modern poetry by his sonnets and canzoni, relapsed into all the vices of the age when he descended to the composition of his *Trionfi*. They appear to have been written in the decline of life, when the ardour of his early genius had completely evaporated, when he began to look upon past follies with the severity of remorse, and thought the only atonement for the publication of his errors was to recant them in the strains of cold morality. But they possessed one merit, at least, which it is not possible to transfuse into any translation, and the only merit, probably, which has ensured to them the fame and credit they enjoy: the purity of Petrarch's language, the highest commendation of his youthful performances, had not abandoned him in his old age; and therefore, at a period when the Italian tongue was yet in a rude and fluctuating state, the *Trionfi* might lay claim to a value which we are now no longer able duly to appreciate.

The introduction prefixed by Mr. Boyd to the present volume contains some account of a most singular institution which was known in France under the name of 'The courts of love.' This account, though interspersed with some curious particulars, is not detailed in a very interesting manner; and

does not seem immediately called for by the occasion. The original rules and orders of chivalry introduced a kind of heroic love into the character of the times, of which it soon made the most essential part; but the natural propensity of mankind did not suffer the most violent of passions to remain long subject to the regulations of romantic purity; the noblest knights and proudest ladies gradually fell off from their high pretensions, and the compositions of minstrels and Troubadours, (a race of idle wanderers, devoted to pleasure,) conspired to dissolve the short-lived phantom of ideal honour. Then it was that the first doctrines of chivalry, being perverted, served to complete the universal seduction; and, probably, the state of manners throughout Europe, but especially in France, was never more corrupt and debauched than in the age of Petrarch.

It is now time to give some account of the poem; but after we have said that the whole is one continued allegorical vision which the poet supposes himself to have witnessed, beginning with a pageant of *Love* in his car attended by crowds of celebrated followers of all descriptions and all ages and nations, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans and Italians, of whom very little more than the names are given through a tedious string of 1000 lines and upwards; that it then proceeds to the triumph of *Chastity*, another pageant, introduced by the name of Laura, thence to the more gloomy picture of *Death* and his train; where the fair opportunity given the poet for pathetic and beautiful description is used to very little advantage by himself, and to much less by his translator; and that we are lastly hurried through *time* into *eternity*, with quite enough of metaphysical reasoning, but none at all of poetical imagery, having first been carried to the temple of *Fame* through crowds of devotees as classically dull as those who thronged the procession of *Love*; after we have given this summary of what is to be expected, we shall very readily be excused for giving only one extract as a specimen of the execution. We will select it from, what at least ought to be the most interesting passage in the book, the description of Laura's death.

"Yet why the anguish of that day recall?—  
 Friendly Oblivion! spread thy thickest pall  
 O'er my past woes, that words can ill display,  
 For prose too mournful, or the Muses' lay!—  
 "Ethereal purity from earth is fled,  
 Beauty and worth are number'd with the dead;"  
 So mourn'd the drooping dames about the funeral bed.

"How is the light eclips'd which Heaven supplied,  
 Too soon recall'd! what beacon now shall guide  
 Our dubious steps on that unbeaten road,  
 Where her pure lamp, with light transcendant, show'd  
 What fine gradations lead the female train,  
 Like saints to live, and join their blissful rears  
 That heavenly voice no more shall charm our  
 With strains that seem'd the music of the spheres."  
 The fatal moment came at last that show'd  
 The VIRTUES, soaring from their pale abode  
 In one bright orb, that o'er the welkin drew  
 A track of glory where the spirit flew.  
 No meddling friend that haunts the parting soul  
 Dar'd on that couch his baleful eyes to roll,  
 Or his tremendous features there disclose  
 Till languid Nature sought her last repose,  
 And Death his task perform'd: but now at last,  
 When they beheld the vital struggle past,  
 When trembling Hope was frozen to Despair,  
 All fix'd their eyes upon that heavenly air  
 That still her face adorn'd; the lamp of life  
 Seem'd not to yield with long reluctant strife,  
 But, with a lambent self-consuming fire,  
 By slow gradations gently to expire,  
 Of nutriment depriv'd; no mark was seen  
 By pain impress'd on her seraphic mien;  
 No earthy hue her pallid cheek display'd;  
 But the pure snow, that, when the winds are laid,  
 Clothes the long Appenines with shining vest,  
 Seem'd on the relics of the saint to rest.  
 Like one recumbent from her toils she lay,  
 Losing in sleep the labours of the day:  
 And from her parting soul an heavenly trace  
 Seem'd yet to play upon her lifeless face,  
 Where Death enamour'd sate, and smil'd with angel grace.' }

We will criticise no further on this passage than by observing that the concluding lines do not at all answer the tender simplicity of

'Quasi un dolce dormir ne' suoi begli occhi  
 Sendo lo spirto già da lei diviso,  
 Era quel che morir chiaman gli sciocchi.  
 Morta bella pareva nel suo bel viso.'

ART. VII.—*Public Characters of 1807.* 8co. pp, 551.  
10s. 6d. Phillips.

IF we were to lend a favourable ear to this bookseller's eulogium of British worthies, we might safely regard ourselves as elevated to no common pitch of national grandeur and distinction. We might repose in quiet in the security of our houses when we reflected on the able generals, the sagacious statesmen, and the disinterested patriots who direct our public affairs. We might conclude ourselves to have arrived at a second age of gold from which vice had fled, and where talents and reason alone bore the sway. What a melancholy satire upon the truth ! We might indeed in Christian charity believe the writers of this performance to be deep dealers in irony, to be men of that quizzical disposition of which the very solemnity is suspicious. The courts of law might interfere with direct censures of private characters, but this profound irony can be reached by no authority but that of criticism. There is a mixture however in this compilation. It is true that we see no blame attached to the conduct of any person ; but where praise is always bestowed it must sometimes be just, like the children's watches, which are sure to be right once in the twelve hours. Yet we should guess that this benevolent plan has not met the universal approbation of the world. A contemptuous notice is bestowed in the preface on the maledictions of some critics, who are said to appear eager to detract from those literary labours of which they never can become the subjects. Unhappy men ! to be precluded for ever from the delights of this honourable exhibition. Yet we would seriously advise the editors of the publication before us to be cautious of such threats. It must have bad effects if it were generally understood that abuse of the *Public Characters* would procure an exclusion from its praises and its notice. It is impossible to say how many enemies might be fostered by the idea, and how many modest men would prefer obscurity and silence to a trumpeting of the circumstances of their private lives, sometimes at least without attention to accuracy, and almost always we believe without consent of the parties.

One objection which has been made to the former volumes of this work, though in our mind with no very just foundation, has been that the characters described were not of sufficient celebrity. But upon an impartial review we cannot but acknowledge that excepting in a very few instances the public must necessarily have been interested in a well-written account of the personages whose lives have appeared in the *Public Characters*. At all events there certainly is not one of



the specimens of biography in the present volume of which the subject was not for one reason or other of considerable previous notoriety. There have now been presented to the world nine volumes of this contemporaneous and imperfect biography. Almost yearly the number of lives has diminished, and having begun at seventy-one has now dwindled to twenty-four; though whether this is to be regarded as a proof of increased skill in the art of dilatation and extract, or as an evidence of the poverty of public virtue, we pretend not to determine without farther enquiry.

At the head of the list appears Mr. Whitbread, introduced by the following extraordinary quotation from Sir William Jones.

Since all must life resign  
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to its silent grave.

A biographical account of General Wolfe could not have been introduced with more military pomp; and we venture to suggest to the author how many poetical allusions might have been found infinitely more happily adapted to the life of Mr. Whitbread.

Immediately after this poetical introduction we have a discussion upon the merits of the present age and the demerits of the feudal times; and the causes are detailed which led to the downfall of the ancient barons and the rise of the yeomanry of England. This flourish being completed, we at last arrive at the father of Mr. Whitbread, who by diligence and patience laid the foundation of an ample fortune, and reared that immense brewing manufactory in Chiswell Street, of which the value together with that of the stock is here asserted to exceed the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Having obtained wealth, his next object of ambition was to ally himself to rank, which he effected by marrying a daughter of Lord Cornwallis. The present member for Bedford was the fruit of this union, and was born in the year 1758. He was liberally educated by his father, and travelled through some of the more interesting parts of Europe, conducted by Mr. Coxe, the author of some most excellent 'travels.'

The public life of Mr. Whitbread is better known than his private: he became a member of the House of Commons at an early period, and has steadily supported during his whole career the cause of the whigs, and the best interests of his country; but his chief celebrity is derived from the active part which he took against Lord Melville. The editor of this work however has resolved to omit none of Mr. Whitbread's merits;

and has copied at full length from Debrett's Parliamentary Debates as many of this gentleman's speeches as fill the important number of sixty-seven pages, including extracts from the journal of the House of Commons. When to this we add a considerable quantity of other matter which has no immediate relation to the biography of Mr. Whitbread, such as conjectures upon the origin of brewing, the introduction of hops, and the quantity of porter annually sold by the great houses in London, we may guess how much of an hundred pages which the life occupies, is really devoted to the subject which is professed to be discussed.

Mr. Hobhouse is next produced to the public, and the account of his life prefaced by a childish philippic against the great and the wise. Where, says the author, is the biographer to find an honest man? Not, answers he to his own question, not in the palace of the king, not in the tent of the warrior, not in the porch of the philosopher. Perhaps, Mr. Author, not even in Grub Street. How desperate the times when honest men are so scarce! We marvel whether our author ever saw an honest man, or whether he would know one if he should happen to meet him. We hope at least that he need not say like Shylock in the play, 'What has de honest man to do in my closet?' From such an introduction our judicious readers may infer that Mr. Hobhouse is a man of this honourable description, in a word that he is, in the language of the poet, the noblest work of God. From a flourish about 'race and ancestors and other things which we have not made ourselves,' it is, we presume, to be inferred that Mr. Hobhouse has no great ancestry to boast of. He was educated, like most other boys, at school, and from school went to college, where his most remarkable achievement was becoming acquainted with Lord Sidmouth. From college he passed to the Temple, where having a habit of forming intimacies he insinuated himself into some degree of friendship with Mr. Pitt. Ill health prevented him from pursuing his legal studies, and he proceeded to travel on the continent. Of these travels he wrote an account, from which six pages are extracted as a due testimony of respect, and we must confess that the extract is much more interesting than the life. Mr. Hobhouse wrote besides various pamphlets, all on the side of liberality and public freedom, and about eleven years ago became a member of parliament. He supported the Whig party in general, though he rather aimed at the character of an independent man. His coalition with Mr. Addington and his subsequent political conduct are so recent as to be generally known.

Lord Redesdale is the next subject of biography, and the account of that noble personage is introduced by a disser-

tation upon the origin of nobility; the account itself is no better than an eulogium interspersed with a few dates. To support the consistency of Mr. Pitt's friends with regard to Catholic measures, must always be a difficult undertaking. But to prove the consistency of Lord Redesdale must be as impossible as to believe in the liberality of his opinions.

Next appears Mrs. Charles Kemble, formerly Miss De Camp, and well known by her pleasing performances on the theatrical boards. This lady is not so unworthy of a place next a chancellor as may at first sight appear. We learn here that her family is entitled to the name of De Fleury, and we have a story related of a private marriage of a member of that illustrious French house with a simple country girl, from which union sprang the father of Mrs. Kemble. It is represented that this girl was wrought upon after the death of her husband by his proud father to drop his name. This is called 'insufferable pride,' though it is certain that such marriages would in any country be annulled if the noblesse had it in their power. A just provision for the offspring ought undoubtedly to be made. But when we soberly consider the prejudices of high birth in the greater part of Europe, we shall not be so eager to condemn to infamy the attempt of a noble of illustrious rank to preserve untainted the purity of his blood. Mrs. Kemble's father being disappointed of becoming a French peer, exerted his talents as a musician at first with considerable success. He was tempted however to try the golden land of England, where he experienced a total failure. Mrs. Kemble appeared on the stage while yet a mere child, and has enjoyed a constant flow of prosperity, the emoluments from which she put to the worthiest uses in maintaining her parents and family. There is nothing further in the adventures of this actress which is not perfectly well known to the public.

To this lady the agricultural Lord Sommerville follows, the account of whose life treats more of cows and sheep than of men. The author at the close of it very candidly states that many rational objections have been made to contemporary biography. These however, according to him, are plainly confuted by the sale of this work, the only mark of public approbation which we have heard that it has ever met with. Of Lord Barham's life, which is next in order, we have little to remark. In the following article, the author seems to have been more diligent or more successful than usual, in procuring materials for his account of Lord Elgin. We learn that that nobleman went to school in blue worsted stockings, and repaired afterwards to college at St. Andrews, which we are informed in flowery language is situated on the shores of that noble estuary the Moray Frith. If this be so, that emporium of

degrees must have taken a considerable jump to the north since we last visited that quarter of the world. In our time it used to be in Fifeshire, but we suppose our author, like Moliere's Sganarelle, when his patient started some doubts about the position of the human heart upon the right side; is ready with his reply *Nous avons changé tout cela!*

Bishop Stock and Mark Sprott occupy the next place, and are followed by Lord Collingwood and the American Monroe, respecting none of whom do we find it necessary to make any remarks. In many parts of this work there is an evenness which renders observation difficult. Great beauties excite our admiration: conspicuous faults or errors ought not to escape our censure; but there is a middle course, which without calling forth disapprobation can never become the subject of eulogium.

The life of the Reverend Mr. Wyvill affording few incidents upon which it was possible to dilate, is conveniently augmented by nearly twelve pages of extracts and lists. That gentleman was formerly well known as the chairman of the committee of association for parliamentary reform of the county of York. We are in this nation subject to periodical attacks or ebullitions of public feeling. The subjects to which these feelings have generally been directed have been religion and liberty, and the period is about twenty years, more or less. Of late parliamentary reform has frequently excited the wishes and the hopes of the people, though it seems now to be abandoned in despair. Some see the corruption of their country, and lose hope; some recollect the madness of the French attempts at reformation, and shudder; while a third and more powerful party, enjoying the advantages of the present system, foment the differences of opinion among their opponents and wallow in the public spoils. According to some, there is never a proper time for amendment. If we are peaceful and prosperous, we should be content. If we are at war and in debt, we ought not to distract the attention of government. All free states have had and must have parties; and the experience of ages has demonstrated that a free people can make efforts infinitely exceeding those possible by an equal number of men under despotic government. When England shall be in a state of quiet, when its citizens shall agree not only in the general principles of defending their country, but in the way of doing it and on the men who shall do it; when a dead calm shall replace the noisy waves of popular commotion we are not far from our ruin. Our energy will be gone, and we shall be matched man to man with our enemies. It is to us astonishing that the proposals of Mr. Wyvill and his friends for a temperate change in the representation of the House of Commons have so long remained

forgotten and dormant. As usual, these extracts are much better than the life itself; and we think it impossible to read the plausible and moderate scheme of increasing the popular influence in parliament without regretting the difficulty of putting it into execution.

Sir John Duckworth, with the help of twelve pages of extract and lists, fills a respectable quantity of paper, and is considerably more eulogized by the author than we should suppose he is likely to be in future. The lives of Mr. Livingstone the American, Mr. Sergeant Hill, Sir Edward Pellew and his brother present nothing to us worthy of particular notice. Mr. Home the writer of the tragedy of Douglas next appears, and is styled on account of his great age the Nestor of letters. The term Methusaleh, however, might have been equally appropriate. Nestor had some other qualities fully as remarkable as age. Mr. Home was a Scotch minister, and was most illiberally and absurdly obliged to quit his living upon being guilty of the heinous crime of writing a tragedy, which in the eyes of the presbyterians of these times was an unpardonable sin. This piece was called Douglas, and certainly possessed very great merit. It has been an object of some speculation to understand how Mr. Home who, could write such a play, never produced afterwards any thing at all tolerable. We have never heard a satisfactory account of this matter. Some have said that Mr. Home met with an accident, a blow upon his head, from the effects of which he never fully recovered; others have less candidly insinuated that, like Sir Richard Blackmore, Mr. Home was indebted to the assistance of the members of a club which held its meetings in Edinburgh. The abilities of the individuals composing the association will hardly need more illustration than a mere mention of names. They were among others, Dr. Blair the author of sermons, Dr. Robertson the historian, Dr. Ferguson the moral philosopher, the late Earl of Rosslyn, then Alexander Wedderburne, and lastly David Hume. We learn in this work that an English prelate has been imprudent enough to style Mr. Hume the 'puny dialectician of the north,' an expression which must be confessed to betray more spite than judgment. To despise our enemies has not been in general found the best means of conquering them.

The next article is the life of Admiral Schank the inventor of sliding keels, which piece of biography, by the help of about ten pages of extract, is protracted to a decent length, though there appears great ignorance of the particulars of that officer's transactions further than as they may be gathered from the gazette. From this observation we must except the concluding sentences, where we learn that he 'was lately

couched for the cataract, from which we trust he will derive the most beneficial effects.' Sir Robert Wilson follows the gallant admiral, and affords from his publications nearly eleven pages of entertaining extract. The attention of men has been so much excited by the assertions of this officer that the circumstances of his military course are generally well-known.

The unfortunate Sir Robert Calder is next introduced, the letters, list of ships, and proceedings of the court martial of whom fill thirteen pages. There is nothing very worthy of notice in this biographical sketch. The sentence of the court martial, however, which is here given at full length, will probably for a long period excite the astonishment of the world, and we should altogether as soon have expected to have heard of a deputation of the college of physicians being sent to St. Luke's to reprimand the mad people, as of a British court reproving an officer for an *error of judgment*. If it were not the most absurd we would call it the most scandalous of decisions. The people of this country have been intoxicated with naval successes arising out of the peculiar circumstances of Europe, and the time may come when they will contemplate in a different light an admiral who beats a greatly superior force of the enemy, and captures two of their largest vessels. We are surprised that no attempt has been made to revise this sentence, or to make some compensation to the wounded feelings of this gallant officer.

The lives of Sir William Scott and of Mr. Courtenay conclude the volume: of these the one is aided by twenty-two and the other by twenty-four pages of extracts. This profusion of quotation is really scandalous, and to call such ill-connected masses of speeches, poetry, and books by the name of biography is entirely to alter the meaning of the word.

We shall now finish our account of this volume, for which it may reasonably be supposed we have no great admiration. In spite of the opinion of the editor, we cannot help regarding contemporaneous biography as a very obnoxious species of writing, even when well executed, and altogether execrable when the reverse. We are unfortunately in the present instance reduced to the necessity of disapproving of every part of the book. We do not believe that the lives were written with the consent of the parties, and we are almost certain that both plan and execution are greatly below mediocrity. We do not mean however to deny that the work may afford amusement to the idle and the inquisitive. But in this respect it has no higher claims than the most wretched magazine, or the least authentic compilation.

**ART. VIII.**—*Travels in the Year 1806 from Italy to England, through the Tyrol, Syria, Bohemia, Gallicia, Poland and Livonia; containing the Particulars of the Liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the Hands of the French Police, and of her subsequent Flight through the Countries above mentioned. Effected and written by the Marquis de Salvo, Member of the Academy of Sciences and Literature of Turin, &c. 12mo. 11s. boards. Phillips, 1807.*

MRS. Spencer Smith is the daughter of Baron Herbert, and the wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, formerly our ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and brother of the gallant and celebrated Sir Sidney Smith, who first successfully opposed the projects of Buonaparte. That little minded hero, it appears, has never forgot or forgiven the resistance which he met with at Acre, and has so far lessened himself in our estimation and in that of posterity as to persecute with the meanest and most female spite those members of the private family of his opponent who fell within his power. Mrs. Smith from delicacy of constitution had chosen the warm climate of Venice for her residence, while that city was yet under the domination of the Austrian monarch. When the French troops took possession of it, she applied to general Lauriston for permission to remain, and in reply was not only assured of her personal safety and freedom from arrest, but furnished with a passport to enable her to quit Venice when she pleased. The Marquis De Salvo had become acquainted with Mrs. Smith about this period, and was in the habit of daily intercourse with her family. She, encouraged by the representations of the French commandant, continued to reside in Venice, till on the 10th April she was ordered to appear before the police, was declared to be under arrest, and on demanding the reason for which she was thus treated, was answered 'your country and your name.' All representations of the injustice, the dishonour, the breach of faith, the mean persecution of a woman and two children were, as might be well expected, in vain. A soldier was sent to reside in her apartments as a guard over her person, and though she was told that she was to be sent to Padua, under the futile pretence of preventing her giving any intelligence to the enemy, she was well informed that the real place of her imprisonment would be Valenciennes.

'The most infamous assassin or traitor,' proceeds our author, 'could not have been more rigidly watched or surrounded by stricter guards than was this unhappy lady. If she had conspired against the French government it would have been impossible to persecute her with more acrimony; considering her distressed situation, borne down as she was by an illness that menaced her life. The confidence

which she had placed in the enemy's promise of security was her only fault; no stain of culpability appeared even to the French, except her connexion with a name synonymous of patriotic attachment. This proceeding could not fail to rouse the feelings of every person however disinterested, and inspire horror at seeing such treatment offered to a young and delicate female. When we reflect on the commiseration arising at the sight of even the guilty when brought to punishment, what must our sentiments be on beholding the innocent and helpless victim dragged to the altar of revenge! We should surely endeavour to snatch it from its persecutors.

'I now for the first time found myself agitated by a tumult of the most vehement feelings, affecting my soul far beyond the usual sentiments of sorrow and compassion. My imagination at times was inflamed in a degree that gave me the keenest anguish; and I shrunk with horror at the condition of a lady who, far from her husband, her mother, and her other friends, was left destitute of even a hope of relief. A desire of rendering myself serviceable to her filled my bosom.'

These sentiments did not remain inactive in the breast of this Italian enthusiast; he considered himself as bound to assist every individual of the nation which protected his sovereign on his throne, and especially called upon to show every token of acknowledgment to the family of Sir Sidney Smith, who had exerted his transcendent courage and genius in the defence of the king and country of Naples. Moved by these considerations, he determined to rescue Mrs. Spencer Smith, and communicated to her his gallant resolution. She with an amiable generosity represented to him the difficulties and the dangers to which he would expose himself, and attempted to dissuade him from the desperate undertaking. But he persisted in his project, and commenced its execution by removing the two children of Mrs. Smith to Gratz in the Austrian territory, where their aunt resided. He next obtained permission to accompany the fair prisoner as far as Milan, upon the plausible pretence of saving her from the society of *gens d'armes*. We have a very interesting account of the journey, and of the various schemes which the marquis formed for escaping at various places. It is in the detail of minute circumstances that the interest of stories depends, and such a detail it is impossible for us here to give; but the reader will not be disappointed of amusement in the perusal of the original. It was at Brescia that Mrs. Smith's deliverance was effected, with considerable address on the part of the marquis. Brescia is near the frontiers of Italy, and afforded the readiest means of escape. In spite of the vigilance of her guards Mrs. Smith, by means of a rope ladder and a male dress, was relieved from durance, and departed in the night time for the Tyrol, along with the marquis, who had procured passports and a vehicle of conveyance. The variety of little



obstructions which were surmounted by the ingenuity of **our** adventurer add greatly to the interest of the narrative. **At** last they reached the Bavarian territory, though without **yet** feeling themselves safe from the danger of apprehension. The delight however with which they surveyed the rural **objects** round them contrasted with the gloom of their former situation is naturally and forcibly expressed ; they might have said, as it is beautifully expressed by our poet,

The common air, the earth, the skies  
To them were opening paradise.

But their rejoicings began too soon, and their dangers and troubles were not yet concluded. They had the misfortune to be mistaken for a fugitive pair from Tyrol, against whom the vigilance of the police was directed, and after various unsuccessful attempts at escape, they were apprehended and imprisoned, and were not released without considerable delay and undergoing great hardships and vexations. The marquis vents his rage upon the petty officers of the law, who, as they usually do in all countries, proved, at Saltzburg, the scene of their confinement, true Jacks in office. But as he and Mrs. Smith carefully concealed their real names, and appeared solicitous to fly from notice, it was impossible that he could have met with all that civility and protection, of the want of which he so bitterly complains.

At last the vain terrors of a despotic police were allayed. Mrs. Smith first, and soon after the Marquis de Salvo was permitted to proceed on the journey, with injunctions however to quit the Austrian states with as little delay as possible, and to travel under fictitious names.

These orders came from Vienna, where the government had probably learned the flight of Mrs. Smith, and the circumstances attending it, and were no doubt equally unwilling, upon so trifling an occasion to embroil themselves with the French emperor, or to offend their English allies. Our travellers accordingly proceeded to Prague, where the marquis left Mrs. Smith to repair to Gratz, from which place he conducted the sister and the children of his fair companion. It is not very often that we meet in this work with observations on the manners of the people, or the appearance of the countries. Having on the present occasion, however, more leisure than usual, the marquis indulges us with many profound remarks, expressed in terms of great oratorical magnificence. At one place the eye is prevented from enjoying a spacious horizon by certain malicious steep mountains. Notwithstanding this contraction of the view, however, the marquis was able to distinguish a very singular personage upon the

summit of the said hills, for there 'Nature, a mighty hermit, sat formidably in savage and wild appearance.' At last the reader makes his escape from the regions of sublime metaphor by the fortunate accident of 'sleep enveloping the senses' of our traveller.

Mrs. Smith being joined with her family at Prague proceeded on her journey through Vienna towards Poland, though that lady was separated from her children by the caution of the government, who betrayed in this weak anxiety for concealment their knowledge of the vehemence, and their dread of the power of Buonaparte. In passing through Cracow the marquis enters and descends the salt mines, and details in flowery language his feelings at the sight of the magnificent horrors of the scene. The state of Poland in general is, if we believe the accounts here given, very wretched. Immense tracts of the finest land are quite deserted and the population miserably scanty. It appears that the emancipation of the peasantry in the Austrian share of Poland has not yet produced the desired and expected salutary effects. Nay, it is said that the emperor has found it expedient to establish a line of troops along his new frontiers, for the purpose of retaining in their country the Poles, who tired of freedom emigrated in search of a master to buy them. Even admitting the fact however, it is not impossible that bad consequences may have arisen from the sudden operations of a measure wise in the main. It is at all times dangerous to change even for the better the channels in which industry has been accustomed to flow, and a temporary stagnation of the sources of employment may be ultimately succeeded by a purer, a deeper, and a more constant stream.

Our travellers now entering the confines of Russia, resumed their proper names, and were no longer subjected to restraint; the Russian Poles shewed them the greatest hospitality and kindness; it is amusing to hear of their complaints of being now subjected to the uncultivated and barbarous Russians. Our author displays throughout his work a great inveteracy to Jews. Of course he had ample opportunity of showing his dislike during his residence in Poland, where the individuals of that nation amount to three millions, very nearly one half of the entire population. Yet there is some mention made in this work of an absurd scheme of the Russians to banish this immense body of people from their territories, as if deserts were not yet worse than Jews. In effect all barbarous nations have hated and persecuted that singular race, imagining their dislike to be pointed only against the odious qualities of avarice and injustice. The candid observer, however, will be more apt to attribute to them the less justifiable motives of

envy at the success of that course of frugality and industry which they themselves have not the vigour steadily to pursue, and of which they wish to enjoy the fruits without submitting to the hardships and privations. The marquis, however, joins with the Russians in their detestation of Israelites, and presents us with the following strictures on the late proceedings of Buonaparte towards that nation of wanderers.

'The French,' says he, 'might have spared themselves the trouble of honouring the Jews with their sanhedrim of Paris: circumcision itself would not induce them to perform any thing important in favour of France. The Jews, as I have already observed, are selfish and timid, and incapable of acting vigorously on any occasion. Have they been ever known in the wars of Poland or in those of the rest of Europe to have taken any side with energy or courage?'

Having at length exhausted all his stock of remarks, the Marquis de Salvo conducts us to Riga with his fair charge. From this port they proceeded by sea to England, and after a favourable voyage he beheld for the first time, to use his own language, 'the happy shores of this powerful and wealthy island.' The escape of Mrs. Smith is thus concluded, her safety is assured, and without further warning she and her knight-errant vanish from our sight. We have upon the whole been so well amused that we regret to part with the companions of our journey. The story certainly is extremely interesting, and the marquis carries us along with him by the enthusiasm which he himself displays.

The language, however, is often too elevated and adorned for the chaste simplicity of truth, and we cannot but observe that his heart seems to be better than his taste. The rescue of Mrs. Smith was a gallant and spirited action, and deserves the highest commendation. But when we have praised the interest of the story and the motives of the chief actor in it, we have done all that we can reasonably venture. The marquis shows no conspicuous talent for observation. His travels are good as a story, but not as a book of reference. All that he has said of the state of the countries through which he passed, might have been omitted without any great loss to his reputation as a writer, or to the instruction and amusement of his readers.

ART. IX.—*Memorial of the Lords of Session, and Report from the Committee of the Faculty of Advocates on the Bill for better regulating the Courts of Session in Scotland.*  
2s. 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

**ART. X.**—*Expediency of Reform in the Court of Session in Scotland proved in two learned Pamphlets, published in the Years 1786 and 1789, and now reprinted to illustrate the Necessity of the Bill for better regulating the Courts of Justice in Scotland.* 2s. 6d. Ridgway. 1807.

**ART. XI.**—*Considerations concerning a Proposal for dividing the Court of Session into Classes or Chambers; and for limiting Litigation in small Causes, and for the Revival of Jury-trial in certain civil Actions.* 4s. Ridgway. 1807.

THE tedious and expensive mode of administering justice in the courts of session in Scotland has for many years been a subject of complaint and a proper object of reform. The evil has long been poignantly felt, clearly seen and generally deplored, but no administration till the last, had either the courage or the virtue to apply a remedy. That administration had not been long in office before Lord Grenville introduced 'a bill for the better regulating of the courts of justice in Scotland.' That bill had been widely circulated in Scotland, previous to the ill-advised dissolution of the last virtuous parliament, and the measure had been generally approved; but the dismission of the late ministry will probably prevent the execution; or at least cause the bill itself to be so modified as to be rendered almost totally unfit to answer the purpose for which it was designed. The lords of session themselves seem to be generally inimical to the reform which is proposed; but this was to be expected from the habits and the prejudices to which that learned body seem as much subject as more ordinary men. But the faculty of advocates have expressed their decided approbation of the bill, and in conjunction with the learned author of the 'Considerations &c.' have forcibly demonstrated its necessity and evinced its usefulness.

The court of session in Scotland, which is composed of fifteen judges, who in fact constitute only one tribunal, has for many years been growing more and more inadequate to manage the increasing legal business of the country. The general poverty of the country previous to the union neither left many causes for dispute, nor encouraged the spirit of judicial litigation; but the great and extensive commerce which at present fortunately prevails in that part of the empire, has multiplied the relations of society, and increased both the power of contention and the causes of dispute. This has been sensibly felt and seriously deplored; for the legal business of the country has fallen into an arrear beyond what the utmost diligence of the court, as it is at present constituted, ever can discharge. The plan therefore which

Lord Grenville proposed for the cure of the evil, was not, as the enemies of his administration have asserted, a wanton innovation; but a measure imperiously demanded by the force of circumstances, highly expedient, deliberately contrived, wisely combined, and likely to be extensively beneficial.

The number of judges in the court of session, as it is at present established, tends rather to impede than to facilitate the business of the court. Of any tribunal which consists of fifteen judges, many will be absolutely supernumeraries; the whole business of the court will probably be executed by a few, and the presence of the rest will only produce perplexity and confusion. Of a tribunal thus constituted it is probable that no small proportion will be appointed more from political bias, or interested considerations, than from a conviction of their intellectual attainments and legal qualification for the office. We do not assert that this has been the case in the judicial appointments in the court of session, but, if it have not, the effect must be ascribed more to certain fortunate contingencies, than to the nature and form of the institution. It was one of the designs of Lord Grenville's bill to divide the court of session, into three chambers, of five judges each, to sit on alternate days. This division of the court would enable it to execute a much greater quantity of business than it does at present; and with much less trouble and inconvenience to each of the members.

But the most important alteration which is proposed to be made in the system of Scotch judicature by Lord Grenville's bill, is the introduction of the trial by jury in civil cases. The trial by jury in civil cases formerly prevailed in Scotland, James VIth of that kingdom, more than 250 years ago, copied from the French courts the method of taking evidence by inquest and reducing it to writing. This part therefore of Lord Grenville's bill, which enacts the trial by jury in civil cases, is not the introduction of a new law, but the restoration of an old. So many inconveniences are inseparably attached to the present mode of proceeding in civil cases in Scotland, that they alone would furnish an irresistible argument in favour of the bill. The evidence on which the judges form their decisions in such cases is not oral, but written. The witnesses are examined not before the court, but by one or two commissioners appointed for the purpose; and it cannot be expected but that their report must often be erroneous, hasty, and imperfect. But, what is of most importance, is that, the judges who must be determined by the evidence, can form no rational estimate of its credibility from the ocular inspection of the witnesses, from the observation of their manner and appearance, of their embarrass-

ments, equivocations, ambiguities, reservations, and those fleeting but almost certain distinctive marks of truth and falsehood, of sincerity and imposition, which are visible in the manner, the look, the tone of voice, and other circumstances, which will not elude a person of penetration and experience. But this important requisite in a judicial process, in which truth is to be separated from falsehood, and plain dealing from deception, not only by broad shades of difference but by nice lines of discrimination, not only by glaring discordances but by minute and attenuated variations, must be entirely lost where the testimony is not accompanied with the presence of the witnesses. The delay and expense of a trial at law in England have often been matter of serious complaint, but that delay and that expense will be found slight indeed when compared with the time and the money which a similar action would require beyond the Tweed. A cause which an English jury would decide in a few hours, would, according to the common mode of judicial procedure in Scotland, occupy as many months. This principally arises from employing written examinations, instead of bringing the witnesses directly before the court. When a witness is before the court, any material question which may occur with respect to the point in dispute may be asked in a moment; but if that question and the answer should have been omitted in the written pleadings, the cause must remain undecided till another examination of the parties has been taken and the report on it received. We shall illustrate by example the slowness of the judicial proceedings in the court of session, as it is at present constituted, and contrast it with the dispatch which is practised in England, in a case of equal intricacy and importance. The learned author of the Considerations will furnish both the example and the contrast.

‘ In a contract made between the occupiers of two neighbouring coal-mines, for the purpose of making an exchange of ten acres of unworked coal, for mutual convenience after one of the parties, whose coal lay much deeper under the surface than the other, had excavated a considerable part of the ground agreed to be exchanged, the other party in the superior coal began to sink a pit, which the first feared would open a passage for the water of the superior coal-mine into the level of his, the inferior one; by which means it was alledged the inferior must either have been drowned, or its engine be burthened with drawing up the whole water coming from the superior coal. In an action at the instance of those interested in the inferior coal, a question arose, first upon the construction of the contract, whether it imported a communication of level? at least as nothing was provided to the contrary, whether the defenders had a right to work to the very edge of their march, without leaving any barrier to stop the communication of the water? and in point of

fact it was disputed, whether previous to the contract there had been an old barrier between the two coal-works? Next whether the pit proposed to be sunk would affect the inferior coal in the manner feared? and whether a communication of level was the necessary consequence of a communication of water? The dispute arose in the year 1781. In March 1782, a proof was allowed to be taken upon commission. In November 1783 the proof commenced, and, though under the direction of a most unexceptionable commissioner, lasted near two weeks. A state of the proof was made up; memorials were written by able counsel; a hearing in presence at the bar followed, and lasted from day to day for near three weeks. An additional proof was found necessary, which was taken in like manner upon commission, and lasted several days; and this was followed by a second hearing in presence of the whole court, which continued from day to day for two weeks; and after all a farther survey and report were found necessary. There had been several plans made before that time, and the proceedings filled about 600 4to. pages of print. The cause still stands undecided. But laying out of the question the time occupied in the preparatory steps, it is past a doubt that the time employed in taking the proof, and hearing counsel upon it, besides the breathing-times between, has not come to less than two months, which, had the cause been tried by a jury, as in England, could not well have exceeded one day's work.

Let this be contrasted with a case, which happened to be tried in the year 1786 at the autumn assizes at Carlisle. The owners of certain fishings in the river Eden sued certain lessees of inferior fishings upon the same river. Their complaint was, that the defendants had set up certain stells or poles of wood, upon which they fastened nets across the river from side to side, which were also fastened at the bottom by shorter stakes; and that by these means, not only the superior fishings were greatly prejudiced if not totally destroyed, but also the free navigation of the river was stopped; the boats which were employed in passing up and down being often destroyed and sunk by means of the stells. Several questions of law occurred, which were determined by the judge in the course of the trial, viz. questions concerning the nature of the defendant's original right; concerning the nature of navigable rivers; and indeed almost every question that ever occurred in a fishing cause. A full proof was taken in presence of the jury; some of the most able counsel in England were heard at length; the evidence summed up by the judge, and a verdict returned by the jury for the plaintiff. The whole did not last above seven h. r.

As all proofs and proceedings before the court of session must be delivered in writing, or in print, the number of written and printed pages which ought to be perused in the course of the year by each of those lords in the execution of his official duty almost exceeds belief; and certainly imposes a sort of herculean task upon the judge, which it can hardly be expected that our frail humanity should accomplish. It has been computed on a moderate calculation

that the number of written and printed papers, which each of the lords of session has to read, consider and digest in the space of one year, or rather in the six session months, amounts to £4,980 quarto pages. Here then we see ample reason for the wise and patriotic attempt of Lord Grenville to bring the judicial procedure in the court of session into a closer assimilation to the practice of the English bar. We who are so well acquainted with the inestimable benefits of the trial by jury cannot but wonder that it should ever have been relinquished in Scotland for forms of proceeding which were borrowed from the despotic government of France. That mode of judicial procedure must deserve the preference by which justice is administered with most purity, with the least delay and at the smallest expense. Now if we compare the legal proceedings in the English courts with those in the court of session, in either of these particulars, we shall be convinced that the former are entitled to the highest degree of praise. In England both the plaintiff and defendant are usually so well convinced of the fitness of the decision, that an appeal is very rare from the verdicts of the inferior courts to the House of Lords; but, in Scotland, the number of those appeals is continually increasing, and at present they amount to about two hundred. This shows that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the judicial procedure of the courts is more general in that country than in this; and demonstrates the expediency of a closer approximation between the proceedings of the Scotch and the English courts: and when to this we add the infinitely greater expenditure of money and of time which is necessitated by the forms of the Scotch bar, we shall be convinced that the measures of reform which were projected by the late administration were equally wise and salutary, imperiously demanded by the extent of the evil, and judiciously combined to meet the peculiar exigencies of the case.

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ART. XII.—*Poems, in two Volumes, By William Wordsworth, Author of Lyrical Ballads.* 12mo. 7s. boards. Longman. 1807.

A SILLY book is a serious evil; but it becomes absolutely insupportable when written by a man of sense. A fool may scribble without giving any great offence to society: his 'Daisies,' 'Cuckoos,' 'green Linnets,' and 'falling Leaves,' are as innocent as the 'lovely creatures' to which they are addressed; but we cannot see real talents and genius squandered away on uses

“So weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,”



as those which Mr. W. selects for the subjects of his muse, without sentiments too lively for indifference, and not quite gentle enough for mere compassion.

We have, at different times, employed ridicule with a view of making this gentleman ashamed of himself, and bringing him back to his senses. But, unfortunately, he is only one of a tribe who keep each other in countenance by mutual applause and flattery, and who having dubbed themselves by the name of poets, imagine they have a right to direct the taste of the nation, and thus, infinitely to their own satisfaction, abuse the good sense and weary out the patience of mankind with their fantastic mummeries. We have now done with laughing, and earnestly entreat Mr. W. (if his feelings are not *too fine* to allow of his holding converse with minds of our gross unsentimental texture) when he takes up this Review, to carry it into his closet with him, banishing himself for a quarter of an hour from the company of Messrs. ——— and ——— and ——— and, if possible, from 'the moods of his own mind' also, and consider seriously the few words we have to say to him.

As the tone of the stomach is injured and at last ruined by the perpetual irritation of strong liquors; as sensual indulgence gradually weakens and confounds, and, in the end, annihilates every finer feeling and nobler power of the soul; and as these causes necessarily and invariably tend to the production of those effects; so, with equal certainty, and equally in the common course of nature, does the unlimited gratification of vicious sensibility pervert the imagination, corrupt the taste, and finally destroy the power of just discrimination and all the natural energy of genius.

Had Mr. Wordsworth set any bounds whatever to the excesses of sentiment, had he given any admission to the suggestions of reason and experience, had he resisted the overweening impulses of vanity, and estimated properly the poor and wretched affectation of singularity, he had that within him which might have insured him a high and distinguished literary reputation. He is gifted by nature with pure and noble feelings, with a mind capable of admiring and enjoying all her charms, and a heart alive to the impressions of benevolence and virtue. He has acquired the command of language and the power of harmony. He possesses a warm imagination, and all the enthusiasm of genuine poetry.

We are not among the number of his injudicious friends and flatterers; yet our memory has often dwelt with delight on his 'Tintern Abbey,' his 'Evening sail to Richmond,' his 'Michael,' and a few more of the pieces contained in his first publication of Lyrical Ballads. Even in our magisterial chair we are not ashamed to confess that he has had the power to

draw 'iron tears' from our stony hearts. We wish that we could say as much of any one of the numerous specimens now before us. But alas! we fear that the mind of Mr. W. has been too long accustomed to the enervating debauchery of taste for us to entertain much hope of his recovery. He must endure self-denial, practise much ungrateful humility, and absent himself from much of that society which is so dear to his vanity; he must wean himself from his vain and fantastic feeding, must

'Dine on sweet thoughts, and sup on sentiment;'

He must undergo a certain term of rigid penance and inward mortification; before he can become what he once promised to be, the poet of the heart; and not the capricious minion of a debasing affectation.

But when the man to whom, in early youth, nature

'Was all in all'—who 'cannot paint  
What then he was—the sounding cataract  
Haunted him like a passion; the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood;  
Their colours and their forms, were then to him  
An appetite; a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye;'

When that man is found, in his riper years, drivelling to a red-breast in such mock-verses as

'Art thou the bird whom man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English robin;  
The bird that comes about our doors  
When autumn winds are sobbing?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?  
Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland?' (P. 16.)

And thus to a common pile-wort,

'Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
Long as there's a sun that sets  
Primroses will have their glory;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story.'

\* See Lyrical Ballads.

There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine.  
 Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star;  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout!  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little flower!—I'll make a stir  
 Like a great astronomer.' (P. 22.)

And thus to a little baby :

' That way look, my infant, lo!  
 What a pretty baby show!  
 See the kitten on the wall,  
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
 Wither'd leaves, one, two, and three,  
 From the lofty elder-tree!' (P. 50.)

And again :

' 'Tis a pretty baby-treat;  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet:' (P. 52.)

And thus to his mistress :

' I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look here!"  
 Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!' (P. 67.)

And thus to a sky-lark :

' Drunken lark! thou would'st be loth  
 To be such a traveller as I.  
     Happy, happy liver!  
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river,  
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
 Joy and jollity be with us both!  
 Hearing thee, or else some other,  
     As merry a brother,  
 I on the earth will go plodding on,  
 By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.' (P. 81.)

And, thus to Alice Fell,

" And whither are you going, child,  
 To night along these lonesome ways?"  
 " To Durham" answer'd she half wild—  
 " Then come with me into the chaise." (P. 86.)

and thus to two well-dressed women, by way of greeting:

" What you are stepping westward?"—"Yea." (P. 14. vol. ii.)

And thus to a butterfly,

‘ Little butterfly ! indeed  
I know not if you sleep, or feed.’ (p. 60.)

How can we sufficiently lament the infatuation of self-conceit and our own disappointed hopes !

Is it possible for Mr. W. not to feel that, while he is pouring out his nauseous and nauseating sensibilities to weeds and insects, he debases himself to a level with his own ‘ idiot-boy,’ infinitely below his ‘ pretty Celandine’ and ‘ little butterfly ?’

Above all things we would intreat Mr. W. to spend more time in his library and less in company with the ‘ moods of his own mind.’ If he is not too proud to be taught, he may yet derive instruction and amendment from books; but, in his present diseased state, he is the very worst companion for himself.

We have said that the present volumes contain no poems which will bear a comparison with the best of his Lyrical Ballads. Yet there are a few, which though not free from affectation would do credit to a poet of less acknowledged abilities. We here and there discover symptoms of reason and judgment, which we gladly hail as a proof that his mind is not yet irrecoverably lost in the vortex of false taste and puerile conceit.

ART. XIII.—*Antiquities of Westminster ; the Old Palace ; St. Stephen's Chapel, (now the House of Commons,) &c. &c. Containing two hundred and forty six Engravings of Topographical Objects, of which one hundred and twenty-two no longer remain. By John Thomas Smith. This Work contains Copies of Manuscripts which throw new and unexpected Light on the antient History of the Arts in England. 4to. Price Six Guineas with coloured Plates. Smith, 31, Castle Street East, Oxford Street.*

IT is highly pleasing to contemplate the state of the arts in a former period, particularly when they are attached to some local charm, or connected with historical circumstances of considerable interest and importance. In the present work we find in the numerous engravings, with which the proprietor has enriched the massy volume, more than ordinary incitements to a vigilant curiosity. Those engravings contain delineations of the most antient vestiges of art, which were preserved without design, and at last discovered

only by accident. The present House of Commons before it was converted to its present use was the favourite chapel of our antient kings; and that building, which was once consecrated to the devotions of the monarch, has since become the surest safeguard for the liberties of the people. By a happy transition, the sanctuary of Romish superstition has been converted into a shrine, where we trust that the genius of civil and religious liberty will never cease to dwell.

In the year 1800, it was deemed expedient to enlarge the present House of Commons, in order to make room for the 100 Irish members, on whom the act of union had conferred a seat in the British parliament. When the wainscoting was taken down for this purpose, the walls were found covered with paintings in oil, many of which were in a high state of preservation. This discovery was immediately communicated to Mr. Smith, by Dr. Charles Gower, one of the able physicians to the Middlesex hospital. Mr. Smith was so much struck with these beautiful specimens of antient art that he solicited and obtained permission to copy them for the purpose of engraving. But as the workmen were already employed in the demolition of the walls, no time was to be lost. The diligence of Mr. Smith, however, overcame the difficulties with which he had to contend. He began his drawings as soon as it was light, but was obliged to desist at nine o'clock every morning, that he might not be in the way of the workmen during the rest of the day. Nothing but the most active perseverance could have enabled Mr. Smith to accomplish his design; for the workmen followed so close upon his steps, that what he had copied in the morning was usually demolished before night. Six weeks, without any intermission, were devoted by Mr. Smith to this undertaking; for he did not merely delineate the outline of the subjects, whether on the stone or on the glass, but actually matched the colours on the spot; so that his drawings may be regarded as accurate fac-similes of the original designs. The engravings themselves are highly finished; and those, which are coloured, are not merely daubed over with paint, but tinted with delicacy and care. The reader will be convinced of this who will be at the pains to inspect the three plates which contain specimens of painted glass. In these plates the skill of the artist is shewn in a high degree of excellence; and the imitation has been so dexterously managed that the pages on which these specimens are exhibited, appear, at a short distance from the eye, to be covered with fragments of the original glass. These plates are the more curious because they exhibit every colour which is known in the practice of staining glass. Between pages 234-5 we find two plates

which contain the grotesque paintings, that were found in St. Stephen's chapel, and served as supporters to the different coats of arms which adorned the frieze. A close resemblance may be discovered between some of these monstrous combinations and the figures which were employed in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Between pages 242-3, we are presented with two plates which contain specimens of sculpture; these are very tasty and beautiful, and give us a high idea of the sumptuousness and variety of the ornaments with which the chapel of St. Stephen's was formerly enriched. The foliage which twines round some of the columns, appears to vie in beauty with the decorations of the Corinthian capital. Among the specimens of the Gothic frieze we discover many which no Grecian artist would have blushed to own. Opposite page 251 is a beautiful etching of that part of the Cotton garden, to which the fragments of stone, which were taken from the House of Commons in 1800, were afterwards conveyed. In this piece the light is judiciously reflected from the heaps of sculptured ruins that lie in confusion on the ground.

The present House of Commons formerly constituted part of the palace of Westminster, the most antient residence of the English kings. Here Stow says, that Edward the Confessor lived and died. William the Conqueror made many additions to the royal edifice, and it is well known that his successor built the magnificent and spacious room, which now goes by the name of Westminster Hall. This noble pile of building, besides the small space which is allotted for the courts of law, was originally used for great feasts and entertainments, and for holding the legislative assembly of the nation. For, till the time of Edward the Third, the Lords and Commons constituted only one house, when a separation took place between them, owing probably more to some idea of present expediency or convenience at the time, than to any depth of political wisdom or sagacity. But those measures which seem fortuitous, which are rather the sudden product of some fugitive feeling or present circumstances, than of mature reflection and deliberate contrivance, are often found to exceed in utility and permanence, the long digested combinations of philosophical speculation. Thus even the apparent caprice of accident seems often to mock the wisdom of humanity. We consider the division of the legislature into two houses to constitute a prominent excellence in the form of the British constitution. After their separation from the lords, the house of commons used to sit in the chapter-house, belonging to the abbey of Westminster, till the period of the reformation, when the chapel of St. Stephen was al-

lotted for the purpose. At that period the rich specimens of painting and sculpture with which the chapel was adorned, were probably held in little estimation from their connexion with the Romish superstition, which had become the object of furious abhorrence. When therefore the sanctuary of devotion was converted into the present House of Commons, the exuberant decorations on the windows and the walls, were probably defaced or obscured without any scruple or remorse. Not even a tradition remained of their existence; nor is it probable that they would ever have been known if the union with Ireland, by necessitating an enlargement of the house, had not caused them to be brought to light. Something singular therefore is attached to the history, to the preservation and the discovery of these curious vestiges of art, which belong to a period comparatively barbarous, and exhibiting an almost total dearth in embellishments of genius and taste. The engravings therefore in the present work serve to redeem the arts in the reign of Edward III. from the imputation of neglect; for they prove that the method of painting in oil was practised even at that time with no ordinary success; and that the genius of elegant and fanciful design was then alive. When Mr. Smith was engaged in executing the engravings which enrich the present work, he informs us in his advertisement, that he applied to Mr. Hawkins, a gentleman enamoured with the study of antiquities, and who was then collecting materials for a history of Westminster Abbey, to supply him with short descriptions of the plates which he intended to publish. Mr. Hawkins gratuitously undertook the work; but, as he proceeded (whether from a certain *cacoethes scribendi*, from a fondness for the subject, or from little acquaintance with the necessary method of compression, we know not) the brief descriptions which he first proposed to give, soon swelled into a royal quarto of no ordinary size. Mr. H. it must be confessed, is not very happy in checking the desultory excursions of his pen; and, in the phrase of the sportsman, is continually drawn off his scent by something as dissimilar as one thing can be to another. In p. 61-2, we have the old joke of the parrot, who instead of twenty pounds, which the bird had promised to a waterman to save it from drowning, cried out to his master when payment was demanded, 'Give the knave a groat.' At p. 40 we have an account of Guy Fawkes; of whom Mr. Hawkins perhaps imagined that we had never heard before; and therefore is at some pains to delight us with a piece of novel information. He accordingly tells us how many barrels of gunpowder were deposited in the cellar under the house of

Commons ; and when they were laid in. At the same time he notices that Sir Edward Coke computed the number of barrels at thirty-six, though, according to Mr. Hawkins's reckoning, there were only thirty-four. Lest our memory should have become paralytic in travelling from page 40 to p. 146, of his ample quarto, Mr. Hawkins very considerably repeats at the said page 146, the said story of the said Guy Fawkes. At page 154, Mr. Hawkins, always studious of our amusement and instruction, informs us, that ' Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Namatite were Job's three friends ; and are repeatedly so-named throughout the book.' We reviewers, who read that we may eat, and write that we may dine, cannot express how much we are obliged to Mr. Hawkins for conveying to us this important intelligence, which we have thought it our bounden duty to reconvey to our readers. Mr. Hawkins, thinking no doubt a little exercise good for our health, invites us at p. 160, to set out on a visit to Constantinople, where we are taught that the church of Santa Sophia is now a Turkish mosque. But, lest our manners should be spoiled by any long continuance among the infidels, he puts on at p. 161 his travelling boots, and bids us attend him to the chapel of Loretto, which he proceeds to measure with rule and line. He says

' That it is only thirty-one feet and three quarters long, thirteen feet and about three inches wide, and eighteen feet and three quarters high, except in the centre of the roof, where it is five palms, or about three feet six inches more, reckoning a palm and a half equal to thirteen inches.'

By this time we trust that our readers will be convinced that Mr. Hawkins is a *dead hand* at a digression ; and so much addicted is he to this *pleasant* mode of writing, that we should find it difficult to produce many sentences together in which he keeps steadily to his point. Antiquarians in general are, we know, men of a rambling turn ; who love mightily to depart from the rout before them, in order to frisk and caper in a maze of their own making, delighting the beholder by the sinuosity of their steps, and the complexity of their movements. Mr. Hawkins, when he sat down to write the present volume, was no doubt determined not to abandon the *digressive* privileges of his sect. Were one of these gentlemen appointed to describe a right line from Charing cross to St. Paul's church-yard, we have little doubt but that he would take us a few miles to the west, in order to depict the cathedral of Exeter, or the druidical descent of the rocking-stones at the Land's End ; or, perhaps, after he had



diverged to the west, he would make an abrupt transit to the east, and convey our patience to the walls of Moscow, if we were not mercifully dropped into the German ocean by the way.

By compressing his matter, and attending to the wise adage of '*Ne quid nimis*,' Mr. Hawkins might have composed an interesting work, but, at present, it is only another book added to the mighty catalogue of those which will never be read. The most valuable part of the performance is the selection from the numerous rolls which were discovered in the year 1806, belonging principally to the times of Edward the Third. These rolls contain accounts of the various expences which were incurred in the construction of the chapel, and they will furnish some important data to the political economist. They shew the wages of various species of labour at that period, the prices of several products and manufactures, and they consequently prove the relative depreciation which has taken place in the value of money since the times of the third Edward, and our own. Master Thomas of Canterbury, who was the principal architect, was paid at the rate of 1s. a day. The inferior masons appear to have had 5½d. a day each; and the common labourers only 3d. A mason's apprentice was allowed 2d. a day. One hundred nails for the scaffold cost 10d. those which were employed for nailing the laths were 10d. a thousand. Two oak boards each twelve feet long and two feet wide are reckoned at 12d. each; and the portage and the boatage of the same from London by Westminster cost 1d. Oak laths were 5d. beech laths 2½d. an hundred; and eight hundred laths were conveyed by porters and boats from Southwark to Westminster for 1½d. Pitch was 1d. a pound; wax for cement, 6d. Cramps of iron cost 1½d. a pound. One hundred of lime cost 3s. 6d. The carpenters in general appear to have had 6d. a day. Master John de Chester, glazier, who was employed in making drawings for the glass windows, had 7s. a week; and eleven painters on glass had 7d. a day each. The glaziers in general had 6d. or 7d. a day. One hundred of white glass, containing one hundred and twenty-four pounds cost 16s. White lead was 3½d. a pound; painter's oil 3s. 4d. per flagon. Want of room will not permit us to make any further selections from these important documents, nor to notice all the inferences which they sanction, or all the conclusions to which they lead. One fact they indubitably establish; that the art of painting in oil, was practised in this country long anterior to the period, when that method is supposed to have been invented. The ingenious Mr. Haslam, apothecary to Bethlem hospital, had made a very

satisfactory analysis of the colours, five years before the discovery of the rolls ; but when the rolls were discovered, they proved beyond contradiction the accuracy of his experiments. If the crude mass of antiquarian lore which Mr. Hawkins has crammed into this bulky volume, can be rescued from oblivion, it will be only by the curious matter which has been selected from the rolls, and by the beauty and fidelity of Mr. Smith's engravings. Mr. Hawkins, we have no doubt, from his lust for antient lore, will have no objection to travel towards the temple of fame, with these mouldy parchments tacked to his side ; but perhaps he will be less pleased with having the genius of a modern artist for the associate of his way.

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ART. XIV.—*Present State of the British Constitution, historically illustrated. By Britannicus. 8vo. 4s. Longman. 1807.*

THE British constitution is rather the result of fortuitous circumstances than of prophetic prescience or premeditated contrivance. It partakes of the nature of other human institutions, in the production of which chance has been more operative than design. The people of this country, always attached to liberty, the principle of which seems to be indigenous in a British heart, but acting without unity of intention, or consistency of plan, have often laid hold of favourable conjunctures and particular exigencies as they arose, to enforce their claims and establish their rights. To such combinations of accident and sagacity, we are indebted for some of the most valuable blessings of the constitution. What the constitution has been in former times, it seems of little importance to know, compared with the knowledge of what it now is. Whether it have been free or despotic formerly, it matters little if it be not free or despotic now. Our concern with the constitution is not with what it has been, but with what it actually is. Most writers, with more fondness for abstract contemplation than for palpable realities, are enamoured of the theoretical beauty of the English constitution ; on which they lavish all the pomp of panegyric. But the theory of the British constitution, where it is not embodied in fact, can be regarded only as an abstraction, which has neither visible nor tangible existence. The theory of the constitution, as viewed apart from the practical truth and present operation, is only an imaginary supposition, or a visionary shade. In reviewing therefore the present work, we shall not consider what the British constitution has been, or is theoretically reputed to be, but what it actually is in its present living form and vital operations.

The British constitution, viewed in its present practical reality, is certainly not a despotism ; for a despotism supposes an arbitrary will, variable in its determinations, and superseding the fixed rules of law. But no such will exists in the British constitution : for every individual is amenable to the law, and only to the law. No man can be injured either in his person or his property by the arbitrary mandates of the executive. Not a constable or a tipstaff would dare to execute the fiat of a king, which should be in opposition to the law ; or if he did, he would be amenable to the law, which he had violated. Under the British constitution therefore every individual enjoys personal security, or that security which arises from the common protection of the law. This appears to be one of the solid and broad bases on which every free government must rest ; and of which other nations who want the enjoyment, can better appreciate the worth. The rights of individuals are protected against the tyranny of the magistrate or the partiality of the judge by the trial by jury ; which, as far as personal right or security is concerned, must be considered as a sufficient check to the arbitrary propensities which may lurk in the breasts of individuals, or in any part of the constitution. The trial by jury ensures the impartial administration of justice to every individual ; and while this invaluable right is left entire and unimpaired, we may possess, notwithstanding the interested views of our politicians or the despotic wishes of ministers, a portion of liberty, almost sufficient for domestic use and individual enjoyment.

Next to the trial by jury in importance, and perhaps even superior to it in general usefulness, is THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS : this is one of the most inestimable benefits which was procured by the revolution of 1689, and if that revolution had been productive of no other, it would have been cheaply purchased though with a deluge of blood. Before the revolution no book could be printed without a licence from the court, but in the year 1694, this invidious restriction was removed, and the mind of man was suffered to expatiate without any arbitrary impediment in the region of philosophical, of moral and political speculation. We heartily agree with the sensible writer of this dispassionate performance, that in the present state of the British constitution, the liberty of the press constitutes the best safeguard for the liberties of the people. It not only contributes to the exposure of bad measures, but it operates as a check on wicked men. No man likes to be called before the tribunal of the public, and to have his whole political life and conduct canvassed by the scrutinizing sagacity

of intellect; to have his errors refuted, his sophistry exposed, his artifice unravelled, his injustice developed; his cruelty held up to the light, and his hypocrisy laid bare. However indifferent a man may appear to the public opinion, he is seldom indifferent to the feeling of general contempt and scorn. The most unprincipled miscreant would willingly enjoy the esteem, the respect and approbation of his fellow creatures; but to be marked out as the object of universal reprobation, cannot but be galling to any mind, where the ordinary sensibilities of humanity have not been quite blunted and destroyed by the effrontery of habitual and obdurate vice. The last feeling which depravity appears to relinquish, is that of respect for the good opinion of its fellow creatures. Hence, when virtue is forsaken, hypocrisy is so often substituted in its place, and though a hypocrite cannot but be a bad man, yet he, who has so far thrown off all respect for virtue, as to reject even the counterfeits, is a worse. Hence we see how that sort of judicial superintendence, which the vigilance of a free press, acting in unison with the strongest feelings of our nature, is continually exercising over the hearts and lives, the motives and the actions of public men, must tend to obstruct them in their career of folly and of sin, to abash them with shame and to goad them with remorse. Even the executive itself, which is amenable to the tribunal, not only of its own conscience, but of public reprobation, is, in some measure, overawed by the inquisitive agency of the press. And such indeed is the degree of moral controul which is thus exercised over the servants of the sovereign, and the sovereign himself, that, where the liberty of the press is preserved, but little danger is to be apprehended from the minions of power, though invested with the sword.

The trial by jury, and the liberty of the press appear to be the most essential parts, the vital essences of the present British constitution. On these the people are principally dependant for the security, the freedom and the happiness which they enjoy. And the two evils of the constitution, which are most adverse to the liberties of the people and to the general good of the empire, whether politically or morally considered, are the exorbitant patronage of the crown, and the defective representation of the people. The first of these evils has evidently arisen out of the last, for a more popular and independent House of Commons, or a more adequate representation of the talents, the virtue, and the property of the country, would never have suffered corruption to reach its present height, or to stalk abroad with such an unblushing front. In some of the late debates, in a

certain house, we have been shocked to hear it confessed that the malignant gangrene has eaten its way into the very bosom of the legislature. We would by no means wish to have the patronage of the crown so far abridged as to leave it incapable of gratifying on proper occasions the most munificent generosity. We are anxious to see the old and faithful servants of the country liberally rewarded. And, as far as pensions are bestowed for *services actually performed*, we shall always be advocates for the grant. The government of a rich country like this, ought not to be a parsimonious, but a liberal benefactor. Its recompenses ought to be ample and munificent. But can any man, who wishes well either to the crown or to the people, be an advocate for that prodigality of influence, which has no other object than to corrupt the virtuous principle of the country? which does not reward the old and laborious servant of the people, but the profligate and unprincipled of every age and description, who are willing to truckle their patriotism for gold, and sell their conscience for a job? Can the crown itself be exalted or honoured by a patronage, the operation of which, instead of encouraging the generous feelings, tends only to increase the sordid selfishness of man? Is not the possession of such patronage a disgrace and humiliation to the possessor of the crown? In the present state of the country, almost every act of the government is made a job, and every job has a view to an accession of corrupt influence in a certain house. The late administration, whose loss the country will long deplore, had begun to diminish the enormity of this jobbing system, this infamous barter of moral principle for the wages of sin. Their successors, however, in office, if we may judge from their acts, seem unwilling to relinquish one particle of the power of purchasing adherents by the all-potent charms of pensions and reversions. On their coming into office, and before indeed they had quite found the way to their seats, it became very apparent that personal emolument appeared to them the best way of serving their country. Mr. Perceval could not take the chancellorship of the Exchequer, without the appendage of the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster; nor was his lust of gain to be appeased without the possession of the fair inheritance for life. Before, therefore, this gentleman had rendered one iota of good to his country, and when it was universally known that he had no capacity for the office, which he had accepted, he was actually paid for his acceptance, and rewarded for his incapacity by one of the best of the many good things in the patronage of the crown!!! We leave the emotions of contempt and indignation which such conduct must inspire,

to rise spontaneously in the bosom of the reader, without endeavouring to increase the feeling by the description of our own. The unwillingness of the present ministry to part with any portion of the power of corruption may be seen in the rejection of the reversion bill in the House of Lords. This bill had passed the commons, where the ministers were more afraid of incurring censure by opposing it; but they determined to get rid of it by a secret manœuvre in the House of Lords. Only one member of the cabinet attended the discussion; but they fixed on an agent for the purpose; a man admirably calculated for such dirty work. Who was this? Gentle reader, *ecce homo!* no other than the honest, the disinterested and unpensioned Earl of Melville himself, on whom such a fervid panegyric may be read in the journals of the House of Commons. The noble earl has certainly one merit,—that of unblushing consistency,—but we will not say in what. The reader, if he please, may search for it in the catalogue of those *virtues*, which have raised many a man to a certain post of capital elevation.

As we have said above, we are far from wishing to see the crown rendered incapable of gratifying the feeling of a virtuous generosity, or of affording a liberal remuneration for those services, which have been *actually performed*. But is the crown to have the power of bestowing places and emoluments not only on its present favourites, but on all the masters and misses who are to come from their loins? Are we not only to corrupt the father, but, by anticipation, to vitiate the principles of the son? Are the motions of government so clogged with difficulties, that they cannot be carried on without lavishing the boon of mercenary grants and unmerited indulgence not only on the generation which is, but on that which is to come? The confession of such incapacity would be the grossest libel that was ever published on the sovereign or the government. A good government rules by love; the affections of the people are the only force which it needs, and that force will always be commensurate with the exigency of the times and the necessity of the case. To say that the executive cannot do its duty without first bribing a majority of the legislature to neglect theirs, is to confess that the measures of the executive are radically bad; and that the government itself is rotten at the core. For a good government and a venal legislature are terms which are totally incompatible and dissimilar. No man is willing to lay out his money without an adequate return. But, when he sees men lavishing thousands upon thousands to procure a seat in parliament, and converting a place in the legislature into a monied speculation, what are we to suppose but that

a man's vote in that house is a saleable commodity; and that his political conscience may be trafficked, like a bale of goods, for a certain quantity of patronage or a certain sum of gold?

With respect to the defective representation of the people, to which, more than to any other cause, we may ascribe all the present political ills which we deplore, it is more easy to ascertain the disease than to prescribe the remedy. The first is almost universally confessed, but hardly two persons agree about the last. The present system is bad indeed, but universal suffrage would be worse. Universal suffrage would soon destroy that equilibrium of power, which ought to subsist between the three branches of the legislature. It would engender a democracy that would hardly leave a vestige of monarchy behind. Whatever reform may be adopted in the House of Commons, the only one which can be either wise or safe is that which shall make property the basis of suffrage; and which shall cause that property to be more generally represented in the house. A people who had no property, would have little need of a house of representatives. The necessity of representation arises principally out of the existence and relations of property. Property requires the aid of civil government to support the possessor in his right, and to repress violence and injustice. But civil government cannot exist without pecuniary support. The property, which is protected, must pay a part for the protection. But how is the quantum of payment to be regulated? If we allow the government itself to define the portion, we expose the subject to unnecessary exaction and arbitrary imposts. Hence a house of representatives becomes necessary, that the people, who pay taxes, may tax themselves; and that more may not be taken from them than they can afford to give. Hence, then, we see that such a body as the house of commons must be regarded almost exclusively as the representatives of property; and, of course, the whole property of the country, which is subject to taxation, ought to be adequately and universally represented. To deprive any part of the property of the country, paying taxes, of the right of suffrage and the privilege of representation, is to do the grossest injustice to the possessors. It is to inflict on such persons the badge of servitude, and to hold over their heads the scourge of oppression. For in a free state every individual, who contributes to the imposts of the government, is supposed virtually to assent to the imposition. He gives no more than he has enabled his representative to grant. Here we behold liberty and justice, bound hand in hand to maintain the inviolable rights of property and secure the

subject from oppression. But those proprietors who have no right of suffrage, are, in fact, not represented, and all the money which is taken out of their pockets must be considered, not as the voluntary boon of free men, but the forced offering of slaves. Now as property in money pays taxes as well as property in land, property in money ought to be represented as well as property in land. And as property which belongs to one sect, is as much subject to taxation as property which belongs to another, both justice and equity require that the catholic should enjoy the advantage of having the representative whom he approves as well as the protestant; and that no person should be excluded from the representative body on account of his religion or his sect. The reform, therefore, which we should propose to introduce into the house of commons, would be such as would diffuse the right of suffrage among every species of proprietors; and leave no man, who directly contributes to the payment of taxes, without a vote in the choice of his representative. Such a reform, which is what justice and humanity, what common equity and common sense most imperiously demand, would tend, more than any other measure, to give solidity to the government, peace to the church, and general satisfaction to the empire. We shall not enter, till another opportunity occurs, into the details of the plan which we should propose; but we have thought it our duty to say thus much respecting the principle, which ought to direct any plan of reform which we may adopt. The present ministers are, we know, sworn enemies to all reform. Bad as things are they will leave them as they are; all improvements will have to encounter their inveterate dislike, and their steady opposition. Under their management the affairs of the country will proceed from bad to worse, till no hope is left but in the struggle of despair.

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ART. XV.—*Authentic Materials for a History of the People of Malta. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Parts. Now first published. To be continued. By William Eton, Esq. Superintendant-general of the Quarantine and public Health Department in Malta.* 8vo. 6s. Cadell. 1802, 1805, and 1807.

THE fourth part of these materials, the only one which has not been already some time before the public, is that which more immediately calls for our attention. The others are second editions, printed uniformly, so as to make with that now published, a respectable 8vo. volume. But the



contents of this fourth *livraison* are not what had been announced at the publication of the third, the subject having been, for private reasons, unavoidably deferred. What we have now given us consists principally of a defence of the author's own conduct from some attacks which he has suffered in consequence of his former publications.

We are not favoured with the whole extent of these charges; but from the kind of defence which is set up, we can understand their nature. One of them seems to be his having been too strenuous a defender of the rights and liberties of the people of Malta; a line of conduct which seems to have given offence to some persons connected with the higher powers. The government of Malta was originally free; the chief authority of the state being vested in a popular council of representatives (the *Consiglio Popolare*); by whom the principal magistrates were appointed, and in whom the legislative power was vested. After the island had been ceded by Charles V. to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the grand master began to make encroachments on the privileges of the Maltese; by degrees he filled the *Consiglio Popolare* with his own creatures; and, at length in 1775, took occasion, from a popular insurrection, to suppress it altogether. However in 1798 Bonaparte appeared, and took possession of Valetta without resistance, the grand master and knights, whether from fear, affection, or corruption, delivering up the island to the invaders, and thus abdicating for ever their own dominion. But the battle of the Nile, which threw the command of the Mediterranean entirely into the hands of the English, quickly changed the face of things. The Maltese rose in arms against the French, drove them from every outpost into Valetta, and after a siege of two years, which cost the inhabitants twenty thousand lives and much treasure, with the aid of a Portuguese and British squadron, finally reduced them to the necessity of surrendering. By this heroic conduct, Mr. Eton was induced to contend that the Maltese had regained the complete sovereignty of the island, they having been the principals in the war, and both the English and Portuguese having acted merely as auxiliaries. He wished then for the restoration of their free constitution under the protection of England; and with much zeal and industry, put the English public in possession of many valuable documents regarding their constitution and their local establishments. He also annexed a scheme of a form of government for Malta and Goza, uniting the essential parts of the privileges of the islands with the functions of a British governor, drawn up by some of the most enlightened of the inhabitants, and which, it was thought, would perfectly satisfy the people.

These exertions of Mr. Eton's have subjected him to the accusation of promoting discontent among the people of Malta, and instigating them to demand the restoration of their ancient rights and privileges. But he calls upon his accusers to give a reason why these people should be more pleased with an arbitrary form of government, or submit more willingly to the loss of their antient liberty under his majesty's civil commissioners, than they were under the order of St. John of Jerusalem. In comparing the relative situation of the people under these different masters, he draws a picture not very favourable to the present rulers. During the residence of the order the people had many advantages, many inducements to submit to the loss of their rights, not one of which they now enjoy. The monastic order was composed both of lay brethren and priests, it being the only religious order in which the laity (the knights) are superior to the ecclesiastics. If the laity consisted of foreigners, the priests, of whatever degree, were Maltese. These had all of them benefices or stipends, from funds established for that purpose, so that there was scarcely a family in Malta but had some member of it attached to the order. Titles of honour were liberally bestowed upon the Maltese; though they had no interference with the affairs of the order. Many inferior officers enjoyed peculiar privileges, and were entitled to a degree of respect and superiority above others.

Under the English government the popular council, which for two years had managed the affairs of the island, and given energy and direction to the war against the French, has been dismissed; the revenues destined to the support of the ecclesiastics have been seized on, and the priests have been forced to content themselves with reduced pensions; the honours and advantages enjoyed by the Maltese under the order are no longer bestowed; the market with Spain being cut off, near thirty-five thousand persons, who used to be employed in spinning, &c. are most of them thrown out of employment; in fine, the prices of provisions have been tripled, while land has diminished in value.

The Maltese expected (whether upon just foundation or not does not appear) to be admitted to a full participation of the blessings of the British constitution; and as this has been hitherto withheld from them, it cannot but excite dissatisfaction. This combination of circumstances is surely perfectly adequate to account for any discontents which may exist among the inhabitants. As Britons and friends of liberty, we wish its blessings to be diffused among all who are under the protecting arm of its government. But we see no grounds for attaching blame to those who have his

therto thought proper to withhold from these islanders the benefit of a fixed constitution, founded upon just and liberal principles. Our own tenure is uncertain; and impèrious circumstances may render that line of conduct a matter of prudence, which in other circumstances would by no means be a matter of choice. We must, however, declare our opinion that as far as we can judge from the documents before us, Mr. Eton's behaviour has not been merely innocent, but laudable; and the testimonies in his favour from the magistrates of the cities of Valetta, Vittoriosa, Senglea, and Cospicua, must amply console him for any mortification he may have undergone from the malevolence of private slander.

The subject of this part of Mr. Eton's vindication being of a public nature, is generally interesting. On a second article of his defence, as it regards a transaction wholly private, we must abstain from giving an opinion. We collect from it, however, that wheat, the average price of which is at Malta from 70s. to 80s. a quarter, was brought by him from the Black Sea, and delivered at Malta at the rate of 35s. a quarter. It is clear then, according to this statement, that an immense profit may be made by this trade, and Mr. Eton has proposed to form an establishment for the purpose of collecting a great and constant revenue from it. If government, however, have not thought fit to sanction this project, we think them entitled to praise. However specious it may seem, it amounts to no more than that government should become corn-factors. Every dabbler in political œconomy knows how hostile this is to the rights of trade, and eventually how injurious it may prove to the community. The business of government is to procure and maintain for the British merchant the free navigation of the Black Sea. The merchant has at present the liberty of depositing his corn in the magazines at Malta, by paying a slight transit duty. Under this system the merchant has the right to say to the government, *Laissez nous faire*. Any other system may tend to the enrichment of jobbers, and some of their gold may perchance slip into the silken pockets of some right honourable patron at home. But we are certain, that not a single sous will by any accident mistake its way into the public purse.

Mr. Eton has added particulars of the revenue of Malta and Goza, the total of which is 287,765 l.; an account of the corn and land measures; and of the coin. We cannot but remark a great change of tone and spirit in the last from that which distinguished the former part of his observations. Formerly he seemed at a loss for words to express his contempt and indignation at the conduct and manners of the knights.

' Could such a community,' he exclaimed, ' deserve the protection of sovereigns ? and can their merited destiny interest the nations of Europe so far as to draw the sword to re-establish them in a seat, where they disgraced religion, and the characters of gentlemen and soldiers ?'

But, as we proceed, we find him disposed to speak with more moderation and urbanity than he now does of these same knights. We are also much inclined to doubt whether he is acquainted with the secret springs, which set in motion the insurrection of the Maltese in 1798, and whether he is therefore warranted in resting the claims of the Maltese to independence upon their having achieved the conquest of the island by their own spontaneous exertions. This insurrection had no sooner broken out than the insurgents received a British officer, who acted as their commander in chief, and who afterwards governed the island under a British commission. Whether there was or was not any connection with foreign powers from the beginning of the insurrection is a secret which undoubtedly has not been confided to Mr. Eton, and of which probably he is entirely ignorant. It will probably remain for a time among many other articles of *secret history*, the ascertainment of which may reward the inquisitiveness of the future historian, and may gratify the curiosity of the next generation.

ART. XVI.—*A Memoir concerning the Political State of Malta.* By John Joseph Dillon, Esq. Barrister at Law, 4to. Booker. 1807.

MR. Dillon thinks that we ought immediately to declare our determination to retain Malta ; and to establish a free form of government in the island, subject to the sovereignty of Great Britain. If we retain the possession, we entirely agree with the author of the Memoir that we ought to frame such a constitution for the island, as is best suited to the habits, and most agreeable to the wishes of the people. But we are not quite in unison with Mr. Dillon about the wisdom or the policy of preserving the dominion of the island. More importance in a political point of view, has been attached to the possession than it deserves. It has been panegyricized as the key to the east, or a sort of convenient resting place in our way to the mouths of the Nile. Unless the natives of Indostan acquire in some future period, a degree of physical strength and moral resolution beyond what they at present possess, that country will continue to

be subject to the dominion of any European power which possesses the sovereignty of the seas, and can afford an annual drain of troops from the redundancy of its population. If the navy of France should ever become superior to that of England, the dominion of the east would not be long ere it was transferred from the merchants in Leadenhall street to the court of the Thuilleries, notwithstanding any sovereignty which we might erect in Malta or in Egypt. And indeed Malta itself, whenever it becomes an object of contention, must always ultimately be reduced by that government which is triumphant on the waves. We are indebted for the present possession to our naval supremacy; and, while that supremacy lasts, though, even in the event of peace, we should abandon the island to-morrow, we might retake it within six months after the commencement of another war. We are not advocates for extending the territorial sovereignty of Great Britain; and we deem it more wise to rest contented with what we have, or even to abandon a part of what we have, than to endeavour to acquire more. Were we at this moment masters of the whole continent of South America, our domestic strength would be less than it is, without any accession being made to the reality of our wealth. In the present crisis of our fate, when the most formidable enemy whom we ever had to encounter, is menacing our destruction,—instead of endeavouring to stretch the legs and arms of the empire abroad, we ought to devise means to invigorate the heart at home. The more we conquer from the enemy in other countries, the more liable we become to be conquered in our own. The augmentation of our territorial sovereignty may indeed increase the patronage of the government, but that patronage is usually coextensive with the moral depravity of the people; and affords no uncertain symptom of the real weakness of the empire.

ART. XVII.—*A Letter to Lord Grenville upon the repeated Publication of his Letter to the Secretary of the Society for the promoting Christian Knowledge, &c.* By the Rev. H. B. Wilson, M. A. 6d. C. and J. Rivington.

ART. XVIII.—*An earnest Address to Men of all Orders and Degrees in the United Church of England and Freiland respecting Papists.* 1s. Rivington.

ART. XIX.—*Observations on (what is called) the Catholic Bill.* By a Lawyer. Hatchard.

THE intemperate and idle author of the first of these

pamphlets, who is worthy likewise of having given birth to the second, pushes from shore with abundance of sail, but with so total a neglect of ballast that he upsets in the very first page. After a *modest* declaration of his superiority to the ex-minister, he speaks of the protestant establishment of this realm, as *recently and seriously menaced by the machinations of his lordship and associates*. We hardly know whether most to admire, the impudence of this meek and lowly presbyter, or his cunning in perverting an act merely political, into a menace held out to religion. He is astonished that his lordship should object to the address drawn up by the members of Sion house, and pay no attention to those of many other bodies throughout the kingdom, who speak the same sentiments (and we must add nearly in the same language) with those of this institution. In our opinion his lordship had acted with more dignity in withdrawing his name from a society, which, under the mask of religion, was resolving itself into a junto of miserable and priest-ridden politicians. In point of justice, he certainly had a right to dissent from an address which obliquely reflected insult on himself, one of its members.

We have termed the measure, which occasioned the dismissal of the late ministers, a political measure; and nothing but the most consummate distortion and artifice can twist it into any other sense. We call upon our adversaries not to state that religion is menaced, but to shew in what manner it is menaced. The hue and cry raised in the country which is echoed from one common council room to another, and the grave and sententious deliberations and addresses thereon, will avail nothing—

Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis  
Dii superi—

Public opinion is influenced by the few, and kept alive by the prejudices and interests of the many. Neither truth nor the appearance of truth are requisite to give it currency; and the cry of 'No witchcraft,' so common but a century and an half ago, was equally rational with the cry of 'No popery,' which conveys such music to modern ears.

It is difficult to divine the motives which urged Mr. Wilson to write this pamphlet, when we consider the extreme difficulty of writing books *invitâ Minervâ*, that is, when a man has nothing to say. The chief object seems to have been, to tack the name of Wilson to that of Lord Grenville, and to be egregious for something, if it be only for writing nonsense with virulence.

The horrors dreaded in the 'Earnest Address,' which, from a certain grossness of style, should be twin-born with the above pamphlet, are the hopes that we fondly entertain; viz. that the members of the Roman Catholic communion should be received into the bosom of our constitution, and be admitted gradually into the army, navy, and legislature of the country. Much is to be learned from a successful enemy; and more than half of the successes which have aggrandised France and abased Europe at her feet, has been the earnest endeavour of fraternizing those who would otherwise lift up their hands against her. Not contented with allowing the members of every communion to enjoy their opinions and public forms of worship, she has anxiously sought to conciliate Jews, and by paying them the honors due to men who contribute to support the burthens of the state, she has naturally turned the brethren dispersed in other countries to a comparison of the honours which they there enjoy, with those which are held out by the indulgence of Paris. By this act the government has in no respect done violence to the national religion, nor made proselytes to Judaism; but has wisely enlisted those men, who in their state of subjection were naturally lukewarm to the name of country, among its protectors, and animated them with the pride of nationality.

To divide a nation and to conquer it are synonymous; and thus far we should imagine the author of the pamphlet under review in the pay of Buonaparte, did we not consider that Buonaparte employs none but men of talents. The object of both appears the disunion of Ireland from England, by exciting antipathies between the people of either island. Thus the French emperor, on hearing that a faction had made religion their plea for supplanting ministers, styles this country 'The enemy to the holy catholic religion;' and the author of these infuriate pages applies the highly *conciliating* expression of 'beasts of the field' to the papists, an appellation which must doubtless be highly gratifying and mellifluous to every individual of that communion. Again he cautions men from clogging the prosperity of their country with the curse of heaven, by any concessions to the upholders of papal Antichrist.

The precise meaning of this last expression has never yet been settled. Whenever persons of opposite sentiments have had recourse to the formidable engine of retort, they have successively applied 'Antichrist' or 'whore of Babylon' to their opponent. But it may certainly be assumed, without contradiction, that any attempt at kindling religious jealousies by evil words, or evil actions, is most impious and antichristian; and no method has been found so effectual in exciting

the hatred and persecution of one body of men against another as the inculcating among the mob, that the adverse party are accursed of heaven. Whether with this intention, or from the most gloomy, savage and stupid bigotry, the authors of this, and the above pamphlet affect to *fear* for the salvation of the Catholics: we ope, in charity, the *wishes* of these blind men do not side with their fears.

Peers, pastry cooks, parsons, and lawyers, have handled this subject: and we have been shocked to observe that the most inflammatory expressions have issued from the sons of the church, whose reasonings become clouded by the contemplation of the subject, and whose rage is kindled in proportion to their inadequacy of passing an opinion on a military question. Their mode of attack reminds us of the recent clamours raised against vaccination, which entangled many a well-meaning man in needless discussion: some called the complaint, when disarmed of its virus, a 'beastly disease;' and one polemic doctor posted men at the corners of streets, and the descents of bridges, holding poles in their hands representing the figure of a boy with a cheek, eyes, and features of a bull, and subscribed 'The bull-cheeked boy.'

The 'Lawyer's Observations' are, as we premised, more tolerant, more rational, and more humane than those of the churchman. He abstains from hurling firebrands among the multitude, and does not degrade himself by addressing Billingsgate in its own choice and appropriate language.

It is a fact well known that not only at Monte Video, but in Egypt, and Maida, the Irish troops bore a very conspicuous part in the enterprize. In return for their transcendent valor and fidelity, we had hoped that the gratitude of the sovereign and the country would have been evinced in the most ample boon of political indulgence. But religious rancour has chilled the feeling of gratitude which must otherwise have been excited towards the Catholics of Ireland. They have risked their lives in our defence; and yet we have loaded them with contumely and scorn.

The author talks of having the service of the *lower* Irish by *connivance*. Is *connivance* a term honourable to the employers, or to those who are employed? *Connivance* would here mean *sufferance*. Our goodness and indulgence in *conniving* at their heroism and the sacrifice of their lives in our defence must doubtless overpower them with gratitude. It is a term applied to smuggling permitted by the lenity or dishonesty of some custom house officer; and would mean, that the Catholics were a disgrace to the military profession, but that, on emergencies, they may be permitted, by *connivance*, to shed



their blood for the increase of our glory. Besides, the very mode of admittance, which is here proposed, must apply only to the admittance of small bodies into our armies, which is contrary to our practice; they may smuggle, but they cannot smuggle by wholesale. Whereas it is an undisputed fact that a very large proportion of our army are Irish, and by consequence Catholics. But however willing the poorer Irish may be to encounter danger, from their natural love of glory, their energies have never been called into their full play, because the higher orders of Irishmen, who are the fountain head of public opinion, are prescribed from the use of arms, or only admitted, like their poorer brethren, through the medium of *connivance*, that is, are merely smuggled clandestinely into the service. This is the more extraordinary as no nation trusts arms into the hands of foreigners, whatever may be their religion, with such implicit and helpless confidence as ourselves. Thus we armed a multitude of French refugees, and associated them to their own countrymen who were dragged from our prisons, for the purpose of landing them [the French say, for the purpose of destroying them,] at Quiberon. The regiments of De Rolle and Dillon are trusted, and their commanders held in honour; nay, so blind was our confidence that we collected a regiment of all religions, and of no religion, from the very scum and offal of the continent, whom we permitted to rise in mutiny against us, and almost to annihilate our existence at Malta. But although they were Catholics, or Jews, or Mussulmen, they were not Irish Catholics.

The association of the lower orders merely was not the intention of the bill. Ireland contains a population incomparably larger in proportion to its extent than any given country in Europe. If this population be not employed, they will turn their minds, as they have done, to practices hostile to the government. But the nobles and gentry of that nation are of a disposition peculiarly martial and enterprising; and their co-operation would ensure the loyalty of the people. The difficulty of procuring soldiers (and we must add, officers) in this country is too glaring to need a remark. Every man has his employment, and, in general, is engaged in pursuits the most repugnant to warfare that can well be imagined. It would be idle to suppose the bloated and diseased population of our manufacturing towns would ever do credit to their country in the front of her battles. The Irish and Scots appear to be our natural defenders at present; and this superiority is not confined to the lower orders of people, but ascends to their officers, who, from being uncontaminated with the counting house, are indisputably

more enterprising, and in general more successful in their enterprises, than the gentry of commercial England.

But there is another point of view, in which the Irish appear peculiarly useful, even from the profession of that communion, which we despise and insult. And it is this: The wars of England are mostly against catholic countries. The colonies which are exposed to our assaults are catholic. It is very well known, that the only mode of securing a colony, is by paying a proper respect to the prejudices, religious or civil, of the conquered people; and it is equally well known that no people are less scrupulous in their proper decorum than those of our own country. The late ministers, from a due consideration of this pertinacity in making aggressions, so conspicuous in the protestant troops of this realm, with great wisdom equipped the major part of the expedition against the most bigotted catholics in the world, with men who would respect their feelings, and not provoke them to rebel by ridicule or sarcasm.

In one respect all religions are alike: viz. in inspiring their professors with the spirit of vengeance against those who attack the faith which they profess. The victories of the French emperor would exceed credibility, did we not witness their effects: but in no one respect has his influence over the human mind displayed itself so greatly, as in the last campaign, when he converted his enemies into friends; employed the very troops who were sent to oppose him, in forwarding his views; and amassed and kept together, without mutiny or apparent coercion, an army extending in chains from the frontiers of France to the Vistula, composed of all nations, religions, prejudices, opinions, and interests; and that too in the countries of his enemies, and in seasons friendly to his enemy, and hostile to the constitution of the native troops of France. On our part, we effected a mutiny, and excited a massacre at Vellore, by affronting the religious prejudices of some native troops, which, to those who know how to turn them to account, are the best engine in the hands of the governors; and we suffered a mutiny to grow up to a head in Malta, in a garrison consisting but of a few regiments, and those well provisioned and in want of nothing. Now, as it is equally indifferent to our government whether they employ Mussulmen, as in the East Indies, or catholics, as in Europe, in encountering their enemies, we should really think that the Irish, who more nearly resemble ourselves, would have the precedency; more particularly as their fidelity on foreign service is proverbial. But if gratitude fails to sway our present ministers in their favour, let fear have its effect. The apprehension of invasion is sufficient at once

to induce us to make them our brethren; our reliance in that case against such generals as those of France, must be wholly on superiority of numbers; but if a fourth of our numbers are either lukewarm in our cause, or perhaps active against us, the seal of destruction is placed on our destinies. The review of our military exploits either in the past or present war should teach us diffidence at least. Dunkirk, the two invasions, and the last capitulation in Holland, and the affair at Ferrol, were doubtless not disgraceful to us from any superiority in the numbers of our enemy. Our only chance of escaping subjugation, in the event of an attack upon our home, would consist in the union of all orders, and of all religions. Such we believe to have been the opinions of his majesty's late advisers; and under these circumstances, they would have been flatterers, and not friends to their master, had they withheld from him their sense of the danger. It is to be remembered that his majesty is exalted above the immediate access of complaint, and can only see what passes through the medium of those who have approach to him, and are the immediate links between him and his people. The rehearsal of an invasion of Ireland took place some years ago, and struck panic from one extremity of this kingdom to the other. The force of the enemy then consisted of a few hundreds, who resisted and put to flight a very superior force sent to check his progress, and such was the alarm excited, that the hundreds of the enemy were multiplied to thousands in crossing the water.

The late ministers had the wisdom to discern that France owed much of her greatness to the suppression of religious animosities; and they endeavoured, if not to make us glorious, at least to raise us from humiliation, by the same line of conduct. They opposed, when out of place, the aggrandisement of France, (brought about by their predecessors, by confronting all the folly of other nations to all her genius,) and consequently would not bring down upon themselves the indignation of all reflecting men on the continent, by placing any reliance in, or lending any countenance to such a man as Mack, or to a coalition formed under his auspices. They pitied the impotent menaces, and ill-timed abuses of the king of Prussia, thrown out against a man, before whom they foresaw he must soon appear as a suppliant; and it is well known, that Mr. Fox, had he lived, intended to have cautioned the king of Prussia personally from calling down upon himself the dreadful visitation that has attended him. This line of conduct by no means implies that they would not have assisted, and largely too, both Russia and Prussia, had they been able to cope

with the genius and resources of France. But gold, they well knew from the fatal experience of three coalitions effected by it, was but a poor substitute for military talents; and hence they refrained from depositing money in the chest of the French emperor through the medium of Russia and Prussia.

Of the spirit which pervades the pamphlets in general, we have to remark, that they all premise: 1st. a difference in religious opinion to be tantamount to absolute hostility. 2dly. That one fourth of his majesty's subjects, and those too divided from the rest, will subject the remaining three-fourths to their jurisdiction. 3dly. That the catholics are by nature cruel, which they assert from extracts taken from events in the middle ages, without observing that cruelty and barbarism did not belong to the catholics, but to the ages themselves. As all these three points refute themselves, we have merely stated them as light summer arguments, containing in themselves a bane and antidote at the same time. For our own parts, we consider the measure in question essential to the existence of the state, and opening a door, which these gentlemen so much dread, for the fraternization of all the nobles and gentry of the sister kingdom in every matter civil and military.

From the pen of Mr. Wilson we expect great things. There is so much ostentation of ignorance in his pamphlet, and in the address, that we expect from the same pen, assisted by that of Dr. Gaskin, an answer to Mr. Whitbread's proposal for instructing the poor, proving an enlightened people to be Anti-christ, and holding out a scheme for the formation of a 'Society for the more extensive propagation of immorality and ignorance.' This worthy pair of priests should read the *Moriæ Encomium* (we mean in English) of Erasmus. Their combined vacuity of intellect, with the ordinary adjuncts of frothy insolence and petulant audacity, might treat the same subject with wonderful effect.

ART. XX.—*The Rising Sun, a serio-comic, satiric Romance.*  
By Cervantes Hogg, F. S. M. 3d Edition. 12mo. 3  
Vols. 1l. 1s. Appleyard. 1807.

A FEW years previous to the French revolution, the press at Paris issued daily libels on every thing elevated, sacred, and respectable. They were particularly directed against the royal family, and they contributed greatly to that devastation and carnage, which will ever distinguish that event in the annals of the world.

We do not suppose, we think it scarcely possible, that the same consequences can succeed here to the same measures ; but it will not be owing to the want of efforts in those imp of darkness, anonymous writers.

This production is one of the vilest of all the vile things; which, it is to be feared, have been more than tolerated by a political party against an illustrious prince, who has had the sense and merit uniformly to detest and oppose the measures of that party. The nature of those measures need not be described. Their consequences, like the sword of Damocles, are hanging over an alarmed nation by a hair.

They could not brand the prince as a jacobin and democrat, and send him with Hardy and Tooke to the Tower ; that would have shocked even the credulity of circulating libraries ; but they have copied the foulest libels on the Comte d'Artois, the Queen of France, &c. and their mischievous and dreadful falshoods are perused with eagerness by a numerous though wretched class of readers.

These calumnies are not properly discountenanced and punished, either by the government or by those persons called the friends of the prince.

The former should ponder well on the fate of the government of France, after calumny had degraded the royal family ; the latter should consider that withdrawing all important information from the prince, surrounding him with mountebanks and buffoons, is not honestly and honourably preparing him for the part he may soon be called upon to act on the theatre of an endangered world.

The prince has shewn the noblest and most amiable dispositions. His patronage of the Literary Fund, his support of men of learning in Italy, &c. at a time when the vermin of literature were infesting him, are facts which we contemplate with uncommon satisfaction ; and the prince only wants good and wise counsellors to ensure the salvation of the country.

It will not be expected that we should give extracts from this vile publication.

ART. XXI.—*The Royal Eclipse, or delicate Facts, exhibiting the secret Memoirs of Squire George and his Wife. With Notes. By Diogenes. 12mo. Hughes. 1807.*

THE late allusions to delicate facts and delicate enquiries, whether in the discussions of newspapers, or in the more diffuse and elaborate nonsense of satirical romances, are all impositions on public credulity. For the true state of the question is a secret ; and it seems to be the opinion of a great

personage, and a committee of his privy council, that it should remain a secret.

As long as it does not involve any consideration affecting the succession, the public have no concern in the business, but as it may sympathize with the private felicity of the heir to the throne.

This book is manufactured from the newspapers, and contains numerous and long extracts from them. We need not therefore attempt to estimate its merit.

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**ART. XXII.**—*Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, during the Middle of the Fourth Century before the Christian Era. By the Abbé Barthelemy. Translated from the French. In seven Volumes, and an Eighth in 4to. containing Maps, Plans, Views, and Coins, illustrative of the Geography and Antiquities of Antient Greece. The 4th Edition, carefully revised, corrected, and enlarged by the last improved Paris Edition, prepared for the Press by the Author, with Memoirs of the Life of J. Barthelemy, written by Himself, and embellished with his Portrait. Seven Volumes 8vo. with one of Charts. Price 4l. 4s. boards. or 6l. 6s. best Paper. Mawman. 1806.*

THE fable of the phoenix has almost been realized in the history of the present work. It has been twice burnt, when nearly ready for publication; once in the fire which consumed the premises of Mr. Hamilton in the year 1803; and again in the conclusion of the year 1805, in the fire which destroyed the warehouses of Mr. Gillet. Thus a certain fatality seems to have attended this celebrated performance; but owing to the meritorious exertions of Mr. Mawman, the work itself appears to have derived new splendour and beauty from this double conflagration. The first edition of the English translation was published in 1796, in four volumes, with a volume of maps, &c. In the present edition the errors of the former have been carefully corrected, and the whole has been sedulously revised. The corrections and additions of the last Paris edition of the original have been inserted in the text; and to the first volume is prefixed an interesting biographical account of M. Barthelemy, which was written by himself. The volume which contains the maps, plans, &c. is enlarged with nine new plates; and prefaced with some very judicious and instructive critical observations on the maps of antient Greece, by M. Barbé Du Bocage. Such, in addition to the excellence of the paper and clearness of the type, are the advantages which the present edition possesses above the preceding.

Some fortuitous coincidences, some local attraction or some associated interest, making a forcible impression on the mind, have often given a vigorous impulse to those exertions, which have procured for the individual a place of high distinction in the temple of fame. Gibbon conceived the first idea of his immortal work amid the ruins of the capitol. M. Barthelemy tells us that chance first suggested the idea of the present work. While he was travelling in Italy in the year 1755, he was less impressed by the objects which he saw than by the thought of those which could be seen no more; less by the present situation of the country than by the recollection of the past:—his mind continually reverted to that period on the revival of learning when the country was the nursery of the sciences and the arts; and he thought that a retrospective and well imagined journey through Italy, about the age of Leo X. and continued for a certain number of years, would in the highest degree be productive of pleasure and instruction. M. Barthelemy exhibits a sketch of the plan which he had intended to pursue in this imaginary tour; but, finding on more mature reflection, that it would be necessary for him in some instances to give a new direction to his pursuits, and to make himself acquainted with branches of study which he had hitherto neglected, he determined to relinquish his primary design for a journey through Greece in one of its most interesting periods. This work he began in 1757, and spent more than thirty years in the execution. Few modern publications have occupied so much time, or been laboured with so much care. And the length of time which Barthelemy employed in the accomplishment, was not owing to the procrastinations of indolence, or to the sluggishness of his intellectual capacity. There was no remission in his toil, and no dullness in his apprehensions; but he determined to be scrupulously exact in every detail, and to omit no research which could elucidate what was obscure, or perfect what was incomplete. Thus his work, which is not a chaotic mass, but a luminous digest of the most erudite information, furnishes a striking contrast to the plethoric habit of German erudition on the one hand, and to the barren generalities, superficial views, and defective intelligence of the present French school on the other. The motions of genius are not slow; but where genius is associated with accuracy, it will always proceed without precipitation. Though M. Barthelemy devoted more than thirty years to his performance, those years were not spent in vain. He wrote for posterity; and posterity will not fail to register his name among those which merit an everlasting remembrance.

We know that there are persons, who doubt, whether it be right to blend truth with fiction, or to mould the documents of history into the form of a romance in the manner which has been practised by the author of *Anacharsis*. But we see no injury which can accrue to the interests of truth or the fidelity of the history from the present undertaking. For the fiction has not been employed to mutilate the facts or to disfigure the history, but only to increase the pleasure, vary the instruction and heighten the charm. The present work has all the interest of romance and yet all the certainty and exactness of historical detail. The author does not substitute utility of profession for solidity of performance. He does not trust to second-hand authorities or traditionary observation. He goes to the original sources of information; and he produces the best vouchers which were to be had for every fact which he states. If he does not always say all that we could wish to be said, on any subject which he discusses, he always refers us at the bottom of the page to those books, where more ample information is to be had.

The present work comprehends that period of the Grecian history which extends from the year 363, when *Anacharsis* sets out from Scythia, to that of 337 B. C. the period of his return; when the battle of Chæronea had been fought, and the despotic power of Philip had obtained the ascendant over the liberties of Greece. This period appears to have been more than usually favourable to the exertions of genius and art. Poetry, eloquence, painting, statuary and all the finer and more delicate operations of the head and of the hand were in the highest state of culture and perfection.

Indeed the mass of intellect, which was set in motion, was greater than in any former period, and as this was principally concentrated within the walls of Athens, it shone with a blaze of light which dazzled the beholder; which has indeed transmitted its rays to the present period, and is not likely to be extinguished in any age that is yet to come. Such is the period of which M. Barthelemy has described, not only the political occurrences but the literature, sentiments, manners and indeed the whole moral physiognomy in the travels of *Anacharsis*. And such is the art with which he writes, such the vivacity of his colouring, and the charm which he diffuses over his page, that our attention is so much interested in the narrative that we appear to be spectators of the persons and actors in the scene. We converse with Epaminondas, Phocion, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes and other persons of distinguished ability and genius. Can the student be in better company? or can he keep such company without his propensities being ennobled and his sentiments elevated and improved?



We have said above that M. Barthelemy possesses the art of bringing before our eyes the very persons whom he describes, and this he does by depicting their physiognomy, manner or gait, as far as it can be collected from antiquity; or by the notice of some little incident or anecdote, which shews the moral interior of the man. In Vol. II. c. vii. M. Barthelemy introduces us into the Academy, about three quarters of a mile from the city of Athens, containing a gymnasium and a garden, cut into delicious walks, where the waters of the Cephissus flowed under the shade of the plane. This was the favourite school of Plato, who had a house near the spot. He is thus described by Anacharsis:

‘ Though about sixty-eight years old, he still retained a fresh and animated complexion. Nature had bestowed on him a robust body. His long voyages had impaired his health: but this he had restored by a strict attention to regimen; and he was no otherwise affected than by a habit of melancholy; a habit common to him with Socrates, Empedocles, and other illustrious men. He had regular features, a serious air, eyes full of mildness, an open forehead without hair, a wide chest, high shoulders, great dignity in his demeanour, gravity in his gait, and modesty in the whole of his appearance.’

This is a vivid and pleasing portrait of a man, nor would all that the author has said respecting the talents and virtues of the philosopher, have excited half the interest without this previous knowledge of his personal appearance. Plato thought that men would never be happy till they were governed by philosophy; and he seems to have entertained the visionary idea of making them submit to her sway. This was the object of his life, and both his speculations at home and his travels abroad were principally directed to this philanthropic end. But his notions were too abstract and too remote from common life to exert any practical influence on the morals or institutions of his country. Before this system could be realized, the Deity must have introduced a new intellectual creation very different from the old.—Plato seems to have possessed what philosophers can seldom attain, that dignified independence of mind which preserves the natural equilibrium of its dignity with all persons and in all situations. In an interview which he had in Sicily with Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse he ‘ maintained that no man could be so abject and wretched as an unjust prince.’ Dionysius exclaimed in a rage, ‘ you speak like a dotard.’ ‘ And you like a tyrant,’ answered Plato. Dionysius could not pardon the reply; he secretly bargained with the captain of the vessel which was to convey him home, either to throw the philosopher into the sea, or to sell him for a slave. ‘ He was sold, ransomed’ and restored to his native country. Dionysius, afterwards, wishing to conciliate the Greeks, ap-  
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gized to Plato for his conduct, and entreated his forbearance; but the philosopher calmly replied, 'I have not leisure to remember Dionysius.' Anacharsis now turns his attention to the disciples of Plato. 'Who,' says he, to his friend Apollodorus, who had accompanied him to the academy, 'is that meagre, lank young man, near Plato, who lisps, and whose little eyes are full of fire?' Such was the characteristic exterior of Aristotle, as it has been depicted by Laertius and Plutarch. 'I know no person,' says Apollodorus, 'with so powerful an understanding, or more assiduous in his application. Plato distinguishes him from his other disciples, and finds nothing to censure in him but too much attention to dress.'

'He, whom you see near Aristotle, continued Apollodorus, is Xenocrates of Chalcedon, a heavy genius and destitute of every thing pleasing in his manner. Plato frequently exhorts him to sacrifice to the graces. Of him and Aristotle he says, that one has need of the rein, and the other of the spur; Plato was one day informed that Xenocrates had spoken ill of him. 'I do not believe it,' said he. The person insisted on the truth of what he had affirmed, but he would not be convinced; proofs were offered. 'No,' replied he; 'it is impossible that I should not be beloved by one whom I love so affectionately.' 'What is the name,' said I, 'of that other young man, who appears to be of so delicate a constitution, and who now and then shrugs up his shoulders?' 'That is Demosthenes,' said Apollodorus. 'He is of a good family; his father, whom he lost when seven years old, employed a considerable number of slaves in the manufacturing of swords and furniture of different kinds. He has just gained a lawsuit against his guardians, who attempted to defraud him of part of his property, and pleaded his own cause, though he is scarcely seventeen. His companions, jealous no doubt of his success, give him the nickname of serpent, and lavish other disgraceful epithets on him, which he seems to draw upon himself by the harshness that he manifests towards others. Nature has given him a feeble voice, a difficult respiration, and a disagreeable mode of utterance; but she has endowed him with one of those determined minds which are only stimulated by obstacles. His object in frequenting this place, is at once to acquire the principles of philosophy, and to improve himself in eloquence.'

These short extracts will fully justify the opinion which we have given of the work. The reader will not fail to observe how judiciously M. Barthelemy lays hold of some striking circumstance to mark the exterior appearance as well as moral quality of the persons whom he describes. And every fact or incident which he mentions is always derived from the most authentic sources, and supported by authorities which are accurately quoted at the bottom of the page. Indeed there is hardly a sentence which does not contain indications of great

reading and extensive research. To detail all the varieties of truly interesting matter, historical relations, topographical delineations, descriptions of customs, manners, opinions, biographical sketches, with high-finished and well-discriminated portraits of statesmen, generals, philosophers, orators, poets, and artists of every denomination, with which these volumes abound, would far exceed the limits of a review. The work itself presents us with a rich and luminous view of the literature, the philosophy and the arts of Greece, during one of the most interesting periods of its history. And the whole is so disposed as to combine the charm of a romance with all the instruction of a graver work. The young student can hardly peruse any performance in the whole circle of literature, by which he is more likely to be captivated with the love of Grecian lore, and smit with an enthusiastic desire of becoming acquainted with those masterly productions, from a familiar intercourse with which he will derive that pure, refined and unvitiated taste, which the works of the moderns are less likely to inspire. The style of M. Barthelemy is more chaste than that of most of his contemporaries; but the flowers of imagination are sometimes too profusely scattered in his page. His narrative is rapid, perspicuous and animated; his descriptions clear and marked by a judicious selection of particulars; and, as he is himself always passionately occupied with his subject, he communicates his own interest to the reader, who is seldom suffered to experience the sensation of languor or satiety. The translator, Mr. Beaumont of Hoxton, has executed his task with considerable ability; and he may congratulate himself on having naturalized in the English language a work which is likely to be read, while a taste for classical erudition and particularly for the literature of Greece remains.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

ART. 23.—*Two Sermons, preached in the Parish Churches of St. Philip and St. Martin, Birmingham, at the Request of the Governors of the Blue Coat Charity School in that Town; on Sunday April 26, 1807. By the Rev. John Eyton, A.M. Vicar of Wellington, Salop. 2s. Hatchard.*

WE have no doubt that the author of these sermons means well;

and that he exerted himself to the utmost to promote the interest of the charitable institution, for which he was appointed to preach. But his sermons are a sort of rhapsodical tissue which does not please us. A sermon may captivate in the pulpit, which will at the same time be very unfit for publication. The style of this gentleman is defective in perspicuity and precision; and we would advise him to rest satisfied with the applauses of his audience without exposing himself to the censure of the public.

ART 24.—*Remarks on the Arguments advanced by Mr. P. Edwards, for the Baptism, Churchmembership and Salvation of Infants, in a Work entitled, 'Candid Reasons for renouncing the Principles of Antipædo Baptism'. In Letters to a Friend, wherein the certain Happiness of all Children who die in Infancy is maintained. By Joseph Dobell. 12mo. Button. 1807.*

WHETHER baptism be practised on infants or adults, by sprinkling or immersion, we hold to be points of so little moment and so totally unconnected with the essentials of christianity, that we shall leave the advocates for the different opinions to wrangle as long as they please at the bar of theological controversy, without taking any part in the dispute.—We heartily wish that contending sects would attend only to those great essentials of religion in which they are all agreed, without regarding those points of minor consideration, about which, as long as we maintain charity and a good conscience, it is of no consequence if we never think alike.

ART. 25.—*The Importance of domestic Discipline, and Youth admonished of the Exils of bad Company. Two Sermons, preached at Newport, Isle of Wight, Dec. 26, 1806, and January 4th, 1807, by Daniel Tyerman. Price 1s. 6d. together, or single 1s. each. 8vo. Baynes. 1807.*

IF no other cause induced us to rank Daniel Tyerman in the class of the methodist preachers, his interjections which occur in every page, would inevitably convict him. On these however we shall be silent. The ludicrous matter here collected is amply indicative of the sect to which he belongs. Parents are exhorted to beware of admitting their daughters into the company of soldiers and sailors, because their leisure hours are employed in devising the readiest modes of destruction. Like their father, the devil, they go about seeking whom they may devour. It is your daughters against whom their garnished 'wickedness is directed.' We are then told that a few years ago, there was but one prostitute in Newport, 'but now there are many houses occupied for this purpose, and the streets are thronged with these deluding creatures.' We hope Mr. Tyerman is able to resist the temptations of these deluding creatures, and to practise that temperance of which he is so staunch an advocate. The society of infidels is thus described: 'Here pride is nursed with care in the garden of sensuality. Here vain glory is raised under the fructifying sun of thoughtless applause. Here hurtful passions are watered with the dews of nightly revels. Here infidelity grows

luxuriant in the cheering atmosphere of sinful mirth; and there the seeds of all are again sown, which take root without obstruction in the heart, where there is no good thing, and speedily spring up in dire diseases, furious tempers, and final death.' The sermon ends like most others of this description, with an anecdote. A young man at Bristol of profligate manners fell sick, and was converted by a dissenting minister. At the expiration of nine months however, growing tired of methodism, he went with his old companions to the public house, where he drank damnation to the methodist parson who visited him in his sickness. He soon after went to sea, a storm overtook him, the ship was wrecked, and the boy dashed to pieces on the coast of Ireland. This trumped up story in all respects resembles Tommy and Harry in the children's spelling book; which by the bye we strenuously recommend to the preachers of this denomination, as they may therein learn the elements of English grammar, of which the greater part of them are totally ignorant. How long will the understandings of the common people be imposed upon by such rhapsodies as these of Mr. Tyerman!

ART. 26.—*Baptism: being an Address to Baptists, Pædo Baptists. By Peter Edwards, Author of Candid Reason. Second Edition, 6d. 12mo. Williams and Smith. 1805.*

MR. Edwards, it appears, has been compared by his enemies to Proteus: he was brought up in the church of England, and afterwards became a baptist, and last of all an independent; and it has been insinuated that he would again become a conformist to the establishment: but he says of himself. 'I could not bring myself to say, I. P. E. assent, and consent unfeignedly to all and every thing contained in and prescribed by the book of common prayer, therefore I gave it up.' In the tract before us, Mr. E. has treated the subject without any novelty of argument.

ART. 27.—*Pleasure: its Tendency to deprave the Understanding, the Heart, and the Religious Principle. A Fast Sermon, preached at St. James's Church, Bath, on Wednesday, 25th February, 1807, By the Reverend Richard Warner, Curate of St. James's. 8vo. 2s. Cuthell and Martin. 1807.*

THIS is in the old style of all declaimers; *Ætas parentum, pejor avis*. We have frequently reviewed the productions of Mr. Warner with considerable satisfaction: of the present, so threadbare is the subject, we shall only say that it does not possess that energy of diction, which in general characterizes his other sermons: and that the price is too exorbitant for 24 pages of invective against theatres, routs, and balls.

ART. 28.—*A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, on Sunday, January 25th, 1807, for the Benefit of the Refuge for the Destitute, Cuper's Bridge, Lambeth. By the Rev. E. W. Whitaker, Rector of St. Mildred, Canterbury. Published by Desire of the Committee. 8vo. 1807.*

AN earnest, and we hope a successful exhortation to charity, in

behalf of those unfortunate wretches, who having been cast into prison on a criminal charge, are after trial, whether convicted or not, turned out upon the world destitute of money, friends, and character.

ART. 29.—*Two Sermons and a Charge. By Luke Heslop, B. D., Rector of Bothal, Northumberland, and Archdeacon of Buckinghamshire. 2s. 6d. 8vo. Longman. 1807.*

MR. Heslop is no niggard of his instructions. He has given us two sermons and a charge for as small a price as is generally paid for one: the first sermon was preached before the judges of assize at Newcastle, in the year 1805, and contains a little of every thing; the second is a visitation sermon, preached at Morpeth in 1806, and means nothing; the charge, which, we are told, was affectionately addressed to the clergy of Buckinghamshire, talks very largely about the increase of Methodism, without pointing out any means of promoting its diminution.

ART. 30.—*A Sermon, preached at the Chapel of the Magdalen Hospital, before the President, Vice-Presidents, and Governors of that Charity, at their Anniversary Meeting, on Thursday, April 23, 1807. By Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, D.D. Lord Bishop of Meath. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THE eloquence of the Bishop of Meath has been long celebrated in this metropolis. It is of such a nature as to appeal at once to the sensibility and to the reason of his congregation. The perusal of this discourse has afforded us more pleasure than did the delivery of it, which we attended, because it has proved to us, that the oratory of the Rev. Bishop is composed of more solid materials than that of many of the popular preachers, as they are called, of this metropolis, who gratify the ears of their auditors with a flimsy sort of rhetoric, which will not bear the test of critical perusal.

## NOVELS.

ART. 31.—*The Wedding Day. A Novel, by Elizabeth Isabella Spence, Author of the Nobility of the Heart. In three Vols, 12mo. 12s. Longman. 1807.*

THE volumes before us have amply justified the opinion we entertained of the abilities of this lady in our observations on the 'Nobility of the Heart.' The Wedding-day will rank Miss Spence among the first writers of this description of the present times. The story is simple, but interesting, the characters not overstrained and caricatured, but such as may be seen in the world every day and every hour. The character of Arthur is very naturally drawn, but we wish that we had more of his company; he appears only to make us regret his absence. The Duchess of Pemberton is a well wrought picture; in short, all the characters are well supported to the conclusion. What we admire chiefly in this performance is the

dialogue, which is managed with uncommon dexterity; resembling in some degree the conversations in Richardson's works. The morality of the piece is what might be expected from the niece of Dr. Fordyce: for such we understand Miss Spence to be.

ART. 32.—*Helen, or Domestic Occurrences. A Tale, in two Volumes. 10s. 6d. W. Bent.*

THE father of Helen is represented as a man of great fortune, which he makes every possible exertion to get rid of in the vortex of dissipation, and succeeds in reducing himself to his last hundred pounds by his fondness for play and attachment to an Italian lady, who is connected with a set of sharps. He quits his country, his wife and child for France, where a fit of illness brings him back to a sense of shame for his past conduct; and he lives long enough to receive the attentions and forgiveness of his amiable wife and daughter, who are left at his death with a scanty but comfortable income. Helen is engaged to be married with the approbation of her friends to a Mr. Walbrooke, who is supposed to be the son of a rich gentleman, who by an act of bankruptcy in which he was involved by a too generous confidence in others was left without the means of subsistence, and young Walbrooke of course became destitute of fortune. His supposed father soon quits this earthly stage, and Walbrooke goes to Jamaica with a packet with which he is entrusted by the dying man, with all possible expedition: The contents of this packet proved him to be the son of a Mr. Macdonald, who had been some time dead; and he is left to seek for his mother in the best manner he is able. During all this, Helen is imposed upon by a false account of her lover's death, fabricated by a female who feels herself slighted by Walbrooke's preferring Helen without fortune to herself with twenty thousand pounds. This lady's ingenuity also contrives to acquaint Mr. Walbrooke in the supposed hand of Helen that he is not to think of her any longer in any other light than a common acquaintance. This lady (Miss Logan) soon marries an Irish gambler, who squanders away her money in a few months. She breaks a blood vessel, and on her death-bed communicates the part which she has acted to Helen's correspondent and female friend. This piece of intelligence set all the respective friends to work to undeceive Walbrooke or rather Macdonald, who returns to England about the time that Helen and her widowed mother arrived from France. After a few clumsy difficulties have been thrown in the way, Mr. Macdonald finds his mother and his Helen. An uncle of his also appears, who renders their situation comfortable by settling part of his property on them, with which the tale concludes. This novel is written in a series of letters from one miss to another, interspersed with others from an Edward Thornton to a Sir George Pembroke, all equally frivolous and uninteresting.

POLITICS.

ART. 33.—*Proceedings at a general Meeting of the Catholics, held at the Exhibition Room, William Street, on Saturday, April 18th, 1807.* 2s. Harding. 1807.

THIS pamphlet contains the account of a very animated and interesting debate which took place at the above meeting. Mr. Keogh, who opened the debate, moved that the petition which had been adopted at a former meeting, should remain in the care of Lord Fingal, subject to the future disposal of the Catholic body. Counsellors Hussey and O'Gorman thought that the petition ought to be presented; and that the question ought not to be suffered to rest. The motion of Mr. Keogh was carried by a large majority.

Were we to give our own opinions on the subject we should say that as the emancipation of the Catholics will not take place till it is powerfully and generally seconded by the public opinion of the empire, the measure itself cannot be too often discussed both in and out of parliament. Every discussion will tend to remove some of the prejudices against it; to diminish the number of its enemies, and to augment that of its friends. When the measure itself is supported by the force of public opinion, when the people in general are convinced, as must ere long be the case, that the safety of the empire depends on the restoration of the Catholics to all the rights and privileges of British citizens, even the prejudices of the monarch himself must give way to the voice of his people. His present majesty, as the events of his reign so amply testify, is a patriot king; and a patriot king will always make it even a matter of conscience to sacrifice his own private opinions to the deliberate wisdom of his parliament and the unanimous wishes of his people. The empire is at present standing on the very brink of perdition, and nothing can long avert its fall, but the complete and unqualified emancipation of the Catholics, the repeal of the unnatural, unreasonable and unscriptural tests against every sect of dissenters, and the restoration of the late ministry to those places of power, from which they ought never to have been dismissed; and from which it is not probable that they would have been dismissed, if they had been less disinterested, less upright, and less wise. We are sorry to find that there are situations even in this enlightened country in which imbecility, vice and folly are the best passports to regard. But when we look at the present pensioned-list of men who are appointed to direct the helm of the state in this stormy period, we are apt to think that we see, what we had never before observed, the abstract qualities of selfishness, fatuity and ignorance personified.

ART. 34.—*Two Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country.* 2d edition. By Peter Plymley. 1s. 6d. Budd. 1807.

OUR brows have lately been so contracted by the dry discussion of the Catholic question, that we feel ourselves much obliged to our friend Peter for causing our features to soften into a smile



Peter's brother, Abraham, appears to be a popish alarmist, and this letter is intended to quiet his fears, and, if possible, to bring him to his right senses. Abraham had, somehow or other heard that the pope was landed, and that a cargo of wooden saints had been seized at Charing cross. But Peter informs him that the pope had not landed, and that no curates had been sent out after him; and that with respect to the box of saints, &c. that turned out to be nothing but a wooden figure of Lord Mulgrave in military uniform, to be used as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel. Abraham appears to have a mortal dislike to the admission of Catholics into the army, because they put a different construction from what he does on the 2d of Timothy. But Peter tells him that when we have to defend ourselves by the bayonet, we are not to consider whether it be Catholic, Presbyterian, or Lutheran, but whether it be sharp or well-tempered. Peter tells Abraham plainly, that the conscience of the king ought to be governed by the wisdom of the parliament; and that if the parliament approved the measure of emancipation, the king ought to sacrifice his private feelings of repugnance to the public good of his people; particularly when it is more than 700 to one that the opinion of the parliament was better than his own. As far as the private opinion of the king goes, it can be regarded only as the opinion of an individual; but the opinion of the parliament is the concentrated wisdom of the nation. Peter supposes that the Catholic bill would certainly have passed, if it had opened the door to trick, jobbing and intrigues. Peter seems to think as highly of the tolerance of orthodoxy, as we do ourselves; for he tells us that 'noeel in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed, as an orthodox parson when he is compelled by the gripe of reason, to admit any thing in favour of a dissenter.' Peter tells his brother that he refuses freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that his wife refuses to give a receipt for a ham or a gooseberry-dumpling, not because the flavour of her own cookery will be spoiled by the communication, but because she likes to have what her neighbours cannot obtain.

In enumerating Mr. Perceval's qualifications for prime-minister, Abraham seems to have panegymized him for being 'just to his butcher, faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the master Percevals.' But Peter seems to think that these are qualifications which may be the basis of eulogy in a private life, but that in such a situation as that in which Mr. Perceval is placed, we look for more rare and elevated excellence. A cobbler or a dustman may pay his debts, cleave to his wife, and fondle his babes; but is he therefore a proper man for chancellor of the Exchequer? We are glad to hear that Mr. Perceval possesses the private virtues; but we shall never think him equal to his station, till in addition to these, he proves himself to be a great statesman by the grandeur of his conceptions, the comprehensiveness of his views, and his disinterested zeal, in the cause of freedom and humanity.

**ART. 35.**—*A Letter from an Irish Dignitary to an English Clergyman, on the Subject of Tithes in Ireland.* 8vo. Hatchard: 1807.

This venerable dignitary appears to have his sides well larded with the fat of orthodoxy;—that is, a good Irish benefice (and perhaps a snug deanery into the bargain). We cannot be surprised therefore that he should be such a sturdy stickler for a right which causes his muscles to appear so rotund and his skin so sleek. A man's orthodoxy depends a good deal on his having a proper quantity of flesh upon his bones; which flesh, when it arises from the assimilation of tythe-beef, mutton, pork, poultry, with a suitable mixture of farinaceous aliment, which is also included in the luxury of tithes, is sure to generate a disposition to swallow the Athanasian creed, and all other creeds, which the legislature in its wisdom may impose. We shall not enter into any serious argument with this reverend divine on the subject in question, as we reserve ourselves for a more convenient opportunity, and we trust that he will reward our present forbearance with the donation of the finest pig in his orthodox sty.

**ART. 36.**—*An important and infallible Secret, discovered and developed in the Laws of Human Nature, to render the Valour of British Soldiers and the Freedom of British Citizens invincible.* Egerton, 8vo. 2s. 1807.

THE sentences of this writer are so stuffed with the incongruities of metaphor, that it is often very difficult to divine his meaning, and get at the grand secret which he professes to disclose. As far as we can see our way through the labyrinth of his tropes and figures, his meaning appears to be that the sympathetic principle is more operative among British soldiers and British citizens than among any other people in the world; and that, in the knowledge and culture of this principle the mystery which is to make us invincible resides. An army acting in unison, pervaded by one spirit and animated by one soul, must certainly be more efficient than any army twice as numerous, which is divided in sentiment and interest, and in which one common feeling of duty and attachment forms no sort of moral cement between the insulated parts. But this secret appears to have been known long before the author thought proper to reveal it; and his pompous annunciation of such a well known truth arrayed in all the frippery of rhetoric, induces us to request him, before he favours the world with the communication of another secret equally important and infallible, to be at a little more pains to tell us something that we did not know before. When we first read the title of this pamphlet we pricked up our ears, and were all attention, expecting every moment some luminous exposure to flash upon our minds, particularly when we found the author in the first page exclaiming in the throes of mental parturition, 'Having made it the constant practice of my intellectual speculation to penetrate through the mist of forms into things themselves, I have made a most important discovery,' &c. &c. But we soon found that this most important discovery no more than a *mare's nest*, which lay by the beaten path of vulgar observation.

ART. 37.—*Concessions to America the Bane of Britain; or the Cause of the present distressed Situation of the British Colonial and Shipping Interests explained, and the proper Remedy suggested.* 8vo. 2s. Richardson. 1807.

WE learn from this writer that the West India planters are very much dissatisfied with the present prices of sugar; that the market is at this moment overstocked with the commodity; and that they are very anxious that government should adopt such regulations and restrictions as may favour their command of the foreign and secure that of the home market. It is very natural that men should attend to their personal interest and advantage; but we trust that government will not forego a greater good to obtain a less; nor neglect the general good to promote that of particular individuals.—No article can long remain at a price less than that for which it can be sold; for the quantity will soon be reduced, till the price rises to a level with the value of the article. The merchants complain that the British market is allowed to be supplied with sugars from the colonies which have been taken from the enemy; but while those colonies are subject to the British government, we see no reason why the British people should not profit by the possession. The planters complain that the colonies which remain in the hands of the enemy are allowed to export their produce in neutral bottoms without any molestation; and the author informs us that sugars from these colonies are conveyed to the European market, at the rate of 8s. 11s. or 12s. 6d. cheaper in point of freight and insurance, than they can be conveyed from the British colonies. But is not our inferiority in the competition for the European market assigned to the wrong cause, and would it not remain if the permission to neutrals were withdrawn? Besides, as we are Christians, we are always happy to see the horrors of war mitigated and its pressure on innocent individuals alleviated by a policy, which we contend must be agreeable to the dictates of wisdom, if it be favourable to the interests of humanity. A narrow and selfish conduct even towards an enemy is what we never can approve. The writer tells us that the British colonies in the West Indies are subject to many distressing impediments and restrictions in their intercourse with the American states; that they are prohibited from purchasing many articles of the first necessity, and are not allowed to pay for what they may purchase in any produce but rum and molasses. These restrictions appear to be highly injurious to the islands without any adequate benefit to the mother-country. Commerce always flourishes best where it is subject to the fewest restrictions; and it appears to us that free and unrestrained exertion is as necessary to the vitality of commerce as liberty of conscience is to that of religion.

## POETRY.

ART. 38.—*An Imitation of Gray's Elegy, written by a Sailor.* 12mo. 6d. Cooke. 1806.

IN addition to the imitation, above announced, this poetic tar

treats us with an ode to Alexander, emperor of Russia, and another on the king of England's birth day. We suppose that when the place of poet laureat is next vacant, the author means to be a candidate for those bays which now flourish on the brow of Pye. As a proof how well he merits the situation, we shall subjoin the first stanza of his birth day ode; and solemnly invoke the attention of the reader to the extraordinary piece of information which is contained in the first line, to the impassioned sublimity of the seventh and eighth, and to the terrific 'Io Pæan,' which the chorus vociferates against the enemies of this '*island in the sea.*'

'There is an island in the sea,  
The seat of love and liberty,  
Where sons of Neptune night and day,  
Like wakeful Argus, watch,  
Lest Gallia, led by anarchy,  
Let slip her dogs of war, and cry  
Tantivy ho, to Britain fly,  
Her roes and does to catch.

Chorus.—But British tars, train'd up in wars,  
Direct a mighty navy,  
Which make proud Monsieurs cry morbleu,  
And Dons to cry Peccavi.'

ART. 39.—*Bonaparte. A Poem. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THIS is the saddest stuff we have for a long time witnessed. It resembles the last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage and education of one of the poor wretches who have lost their lives by the Newgate drop, which may be purchased for a penny half an hour after their execution. From the manner in which our brother reviewers have given their opinion of this performance, we fancy we hear some friend of the author exclaim in his own words 'after the perusal of this our notice,'

'Oh! what a sad, sad, sad review  
Each one a piercing dart to you,  
Each one brings anguish ever new,  
And dread affright,  
Poison and poniard, terrors due,  
Rush on your sight.'

ART. 40.—*Trafalgaris Pugna; the Battle of Trafalgar, a Latin Poem, with a literal Translation in English Prose; by Juvenis. 4to. Wolstenholme, Minstergate, York. 1807.*

THIS Poem, we are told, was submitted to the perusal of several gentlemen of the first literary fame in both universities, and their unanimous approbation has induced the author to publish a few copies of this juvenile essay.

Unless these gentlemen of literary fame intended a quiz upon Juvenis, we think the reputation of the universities will suffer considerably in the opinion of every reader of 'the Battle of Trafalgar.'

But it would be an insult to suppose that any serious approbation was given, and the literal translation subjoined confirms this our opinion. The utility of the translation however will not be doubted, as the Latin is unintelligible. This might probably induce the above-mentioned gentlemen to be so unanimous in their applause, since *omne ignotum pro magnifico est*.

ART. 41.—*An Olio*. 4to. Meyler, Bath, 1807.

THIS poem in honour of Cloacina, is decorated with a most ridiculous frontispiece, pretended to be discovered on the walls of the grottoes of Thebes in Upper Egypt. As it would be impossible for us to describe this drawing without putting modesty to the blush, we shall content ourselves with giving the inscription, which is said to have been in Greek characters, and thus translated:

‘ Approach with awe this kind concealing shade  
To dire necessity a temple made :  
And whilst with modest care you pluck the rose,  
Be silent, circumspect, and veil the nose.

Criticism on such a subject would be a waste of time.

ART. 42.—*Specimens of an English Homer, in Blank Verse*. 8vo. pp. 30. Payne. 1805.

IN every undertaking of ambition, it is usual for men to propose to themselves a certain perfection, and to fix on some rival candidate for similar honours, whom it will be sufficient for their glory to surpass. Achilles was the model of Alexander, and Dr. Williams,\* archdeacon of Merioneth, has stimulated the present anonymous author to attempt a translation of Homer in blank verse. Let him be contented with the praise of having excelled his prototype; but let him rejoice in the caution which has prompted him to conceal the secret of his name, and relinquish all hopes of becoming a competent translator of the prince of poets. This gentleman seems to found his principal claim to success on having preserved the *Homeric manner*, of which, as is observed by Blair, they can have no conception, who are acquainted with him in Pope’s translation only. By the same writer *fire* and *simplicity* are defined, (and our author accepts his definition) to be the two characters of the Homeric poetry, and these invaluable attributes we are invited to trace in the pages before us. Of simplicity there is indeed a liberal store. We do not mean of the genuine, majestic, and dignified simplicity of the original Greek, but of the affected, creeping, bald insipidity of the prosaic Cowper. Every one will allow that ‘well-greaved Greeks,’ ‘well-zoned nurse,’ ‘well-walled town,’ ‘Pallas Minerva,’ ‘Phœbus Apollo,’ who is elsewhere called the ‘Far-darter,’ are faithful versions of the words of Homer. The same may be said of ‘the son of Atræus, Agamemnon,’ which constitutes nine-tenths of an English heroic line. But it requires little taste to see that the happy and

\* See Crit. Rev. December, 1806. Vol. I. p. 358, where our notions of all the English versions of Homer were given at some length, and also of such a translation as seems still to be a desideratum.

comprehensive flexibility of the Greek, defies a literal translation into the wordy diffuseness of our stubborn language.

We do not recollect that the '*Homeric manner*' requires the violation of grammar in the substitution of the substantive for the adjective, or participle, as the '*swift-foot dogs*,' '*swift-foot Achilles*,' &c. nor yet that the reader should be compelled to lay the principal emphasis of a line on insignificant words, as, '*not so*,' '*nor*,' '*thus*,' &c. &c.; and if the translator can count with his fingers, he will find that some of his verses have a syllable too much.

Minerva is designated by the general term of '*bright-eyed goddess*,' which is to be wondered at in a translator, whose only possible merit consists in being literal. Brilliancy is by no means the characteristic of the eyes ascribed by Homer to that deity, though it may without impropriety be applied, as is also done by our accommodating author, to those of Briseis.

So much for the simplicity of Homer. We leave the reader to judge what portion of his fire this writer has transfused, from the following specimen, which is one of the best in the book.

'He spake. The trembling sire obey'd, nor aught  
Replied, as by the loud-resounding sea  
Onward he mov'd; but, somewhat thence withdrawn,  
With many a votive prayer he thus invok'd  
Apollo, whom fair-hair'd Latona bore:  
—“God of the silver bow, O hear me! Thou  
That Chrysa guard'st, and Cylla's favor'd soil!  
Thou that in Tenedos rul'st! Sminthean, hear!  
If e'er thy honor'd temple I have deck'd  
With blooming wreaths, and on thy altars burn'd  
The fat of bulls or goats, O hear my prayer!  
From thy avenging arrows may the Greeks  
Suffer, for all these tears they wring from me!”

Thus spake he supplicating. To his prayer  
Phœbus Apollo bent a favouring ear;  
Then from Olympus' heights, breathing revenge,  
Descended; from his shoulders hung his bow,  
And well-compacted quiver; as he urg'd  
Furious his course, the arrows at his back  
Clank'd with his every motion. Lowring dark  
As night he came, and from the ships aloof  
His station took; then as a shaft he shot,  
Dire was the twanging of his silver bow.  
The mules and swift-foot dogs he first assail'd,  
Then, 'gainst the host launching his fatal darts,  
Smote them. Incessant blaz'd the funeral fires,  
Frequent around, as nine days thro' the camp  
His vengeful arrows sped; on the tenth morn  
The general populace Achilles call'd  
To council, by the white-arm'd goddess mov'd,  
Juno, who deeply mourn'd when she beheld  
Her fav'rite Grecians dying on every side.—

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 43.**—*Observations on the Preparation, Utility and Administration of the Digitalis Purpurea, or Foxglove, in Dropsy of the Chest, Consumption, Hemorrhage, Scarlet Fever, Measles, &c. including a Sketch of the medical History of this Plant, and an Account of the Opinions of those Authors who have written upon it during the last thirty Years.* By William Hamilton, M. D. Physician, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Illustrated by Cases. 8vo. 6s. Longman. 1807.

AS the digitalis possesses such active properties it is to be wished that its administration should be confined to those practitioners, who have formed themselves for practice by habits of reading, and that those, who act simply by routine and imitation, should entirely abstain from its use. How much is the good to be done by it is greatly disputed, but no one doubts that it is capable of effecting in injudicious hands a great deal of mischief. Little has been added, notwithstanding all that has been said about it of late years, to the judicious precautions laid down by Dr. Withering, in the treatise which so greatly introduced it to public notice. But as Dr. Withering's dissertation is out of print, we think the profession is under obligations to Dr. Hamilton for having made this plant the subject of a particular work. The medical reader will here find condensed within a reasonable compass every thing, or nearly every thing that has been written on this medicine, since it has occupied a place in modern practice. Though his praises of its virtues are, in our opinion, ample enough, he has avoided the extravagances into which some noted writers have fallen; as Beddoes and some others of the same stamp, who on the strength of a few imperfect trials, trumpeted it over the whole kingdom as a specific in consumptions, Hydrothorax is the disease in which Dr. Hamilton most recommends it; and over which it has certainly some beneficial influence.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 44.**—*The Beauties of the Edinburgh Review, alias The STINK-POT of Literature.* By John King, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London; and of the Medical Societies of London and Paris. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Symonds. 1807.

THE *haut-gout* of the above title so powerfully affected our noses, that we instantly laid down the book in order to get rid of the smell,

**ART. 45.**—*The Apprentice's Guide; being a clear and comprehensive Statement of the Duties of Apprentices towards their Masters; together with occasional Advice to both Parties, and to Youths in general.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Champante and Whitrow. 1807.

IN the present prolific age of literature, we wonder that neither patriotism nor interest should have sooner suggested the utility of a work like the present. It is with great pleasure that we recommend to the public attention, a work, not indeed laying a claim to literary

distinction, but calculated in an eminent degree to promote the interests of society. In a trading country like ours, the early discipline of apprentices, who are afterwards to constitute so large, so useful, and so respectable a part of the community, is of obvious and incalculable importance. It would not be easy to conceive a work more likely to effect that desirable end than the one before us. It is written in plain, unambitious, but correct, language, which, while it cannot be misconceived by youths of the lowest order, will not offend or mislead the taste of those who are destined to the higher and more enlightened walks of commerce. It contains a compendious but comprehensive statement of the various and relative duties of apprentices and masters. Nothing of importance seems to us to have been omitted, at the same time that its judicious conciseness, will prevent its fatiguing the patience, or perplexing the memory of the juvenile reader. A parent, on binding his son to an apprenticeship, cannot present him with a more truly valuable offering; and every master will find his account in insisting on its being perused with attention, carefully preserved, and frequently referred to. The rapid and extensive sale which we have heard that it has already experienced, is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which it is held by those whom it concerns; and we have been informed that many of the principal attorneys of the metropolis have adopted the plan of putting into the hands of youths, at the time of signing their indenture, a pamphlet which they may constantly consult for a knowledge of their duty, instead of delivering the dull and customary lecture, which is heard with indifference, imperfectly understood, and speedily forgotten.

ART. 46.—*The British Farmers Cyclopædia, or complete Agricultural Dictionary, including every Science or Subject dependant on, or connected with improved modern Husbandry: with the breeding, feeding, and management of Live Stock, the modern Art of Farriery, Cure of the Diseases of Dogs, the management of Bees, the culture of Fruit and Forest Trees, of Cyder, of malt Liquors and made Wines. Embellished with forty-two Engravings. By Thomas Potts. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. in boards. Scatcherd. 1807.*

THE utility of the present work will be questioned by none, its execution by few. To us, who have made agricultural pursuits our study and our amusement, it appears an excellent compendium of all the works, which have been published on this subject. To the wealthy farmer, the expense of forty or fifty pounds in the purchase of a few necessary books may not be an object, but to others, whose means are more limited, though their desire for information may be equal, such a sum presents an insurmountable obstacle. The present work however obviates this difficulty, and though at first view three guineas and a half appear a considerable sum for one volume, yet it must be recollected, that the engravings, which are coloured, are very numerous and well executed, the paper is of the very best kind, and the type uncommonly clear, these things considered, expense is comparatively small. We have therefore no hesitation in recommending it to the library of every farmer, who is desirous of distinguishing himself in his profession.



## ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE numerous testimonies of unsolicited approbation, respecting the impartial conduct of our Review, which we have lately received from all parts of the country, have determined us to make new and more vigorous exertions to merit the favour which we have obtained. We have accordingly made such arrangements, as will better enable our critical industry to keep pace with the rapid notions of the press. We are far from wishing to draw any invidious comparisons between ourselves and our competitors; but we believe that even at present, no other Review is superior to our own in an interesting variety of matter, or in the early notice of new publications.

Our political and our religious principles are, we trust, such as will secure us the steady support of the good and wise, of every sect and party in the United Empire. In politics we maintain the pure principles of the British constitution; and in religion, the unsophisticated doctrine of the New Testament. We are the friends of all who are the friends of truth, of their country, and mankind. No bad book has ever been commended by us, because it was written by our friends; nor any good book been reviled, because it was the production of our enemies. We will continue to distribute impartial justice both to friends and foes; and not only an elaborate criticism, but a pure morality shall preside in our decisions. Such is the plan which we will prosecute with unabating perseverance; and according to the degree of the execution, will be our share of the public approbation.

In future we shall enumerate at the end of each number, the principal articles which will be reviewed in the next; and to the Appendix, we shall subjoin a summary of politics, principally domestic, for the last four months, and a compendious history of literature and science during the same period.

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A list of articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next number of the Critical Review.

Young's Natural Philosophy.	Lord Byron's Hours of Idleness.
Wheatley on the Principles of Commerce.	Burnett's Present State of Poland.
Spence's Britain Independent of Commerce.	Hammer's Hieroglyphics.
Bardsley's Medical Reports.	Sample's Tour through Spain and Italy to Constantinople.
Batler's Revolutions in the Empire of Charlemagne.	Ritchie's Life of Hume.
Janson's Stranger in America.	Hall's Travels in Scotland.
	Florian Jolly's Elementary Course of Sciences.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. E. must be in an error. His work was never sent to us.

*Erratum.*—In the note to p. 279 of the last number, for vol. 10. read vol. 4. p. 337.

N. B. The Appendix to the present volume of Critical Review, will be published on the first of next month.

THE  
APPENDIX  
TO THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

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VOL. XI.

No. V.

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ART. I.—*Precis d'Idéologie, &c.*

*A Summary of Metaphysics, in which some generally received Errors are corrected, and several new and important Truths established: presented to the Academy of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Arts of Turin, by P. Labouliniere, corresponding Member of that Academy, and Secretary general of the Prefecture of the higher Pyrenees. 8vo: Imported by De Conchy, 1805.*

THE talents and ingenuity of the Abbé de Condillac have long been acknowledged both in this country, and on the continent; and his metaphysical writings have tended more than those of any other author, with the exception perhaps of professor Stewart, to impart an attracting charm to the dry discussions of pneumatology. His analysis of the formation of our ideas presents a rare instance of philosophical dexterity, and a felicity of illustration which communicates apparent strength even to his most doubtful positions. M. Labouliniere, in the essay before us, has adopted the plan of the author of the *Origine des Connaissances*, and followed him step by step, at one time quoting whole passages, and at another correcting the errors into which his accomplished preceptor has, in his opinion, fallen. But we are not to regard him merely as the critic of Condillac; for other writers of equal celebrity are subjected to his strictures: his work in fact comprehends not only a view of the intellectual, but also of the active powers, and professes to contain in the limits of a moderate octavo a summary account of a subject which has employed the pens of the learned of almost every

APP. Vol. II.

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age, and which still, perhaps, offers a wider field for discussion than any other branch of science. We would not be understood to discourage such attempts to simplify and abridge our knowledge; but we must be allowed to examine if the success of this effort has been equal to its boldness.

The essay of Mons. L. as the title page states, was presented to the academy of sciences, &c. of Turin, and in the following address to that body, he has related the circumstances which gave birth to this production, and the views with which it was undertaken.

‘It was in a manner in the bosom of this academy that I matured the ideas which I now publish; it was under the eyes of several of its members that I first sketched the outline of this memoir. The formation of a literary lyceum at Turin which took place in the beginning of the year X, and in which I filled, during the short period of its existence, the chair of moral philosophy, was the epoch and occasion of the following work. It was then that I contracted with myself that engagement, which I now fulfil. He who would arrive at absolute and undisguised truths, ought to divest himself of all relative ideas, and not be terrified beforehand by the consequences which fanaticism or mistaken piety would deduce, from those notions which he derives from established facts. Without doubt, an improper use may be made of imperfect truths, to establish pernicious maxims upon uncertain or merely probable data; but that which is demonstrated can only add to our knowledge, lessen the dominion of error, and contribute to our present or future happiness.’ (p. 7.)

Such are the pure and philosophical intentions of this writer; and thus does he hold forth the hackneyed defence of singular doctrines, that truth can never be injurious to the real happiness of mankind. To this assertion we perfectly agree, although we must confess at the same time, that we cannot divest ourselves of a more than ordinary suspicion of opinions, which appear strong in argument but dangerous in practice. A little hesitation can never be productive of bad effects, but precipitancy will infallibly ruin the best interests of philosophy and truth. Our author, however, seems to stand very little in need of any such defence, for he has avoided with some care a number of dangerous points of discussion; and where he does venture on doubtful ground, it is with a degree of trepidation and want of firmness, which renders him an easy prey to every hostile attack. We must premise that the author seems to have been ambitious to communicate to his work a popular character, and hence he has been led to discuss the several subjects which fall under consideration in a more diffuse and flowery style than the matter

is calculated to admit, or the legitimate objects of the writer require. In reviewing the various powers of mind he has not neglected to state their nature and effects, and has even performed the very unnecessary task of informing us what we should be without them. In illustrating the functions of the several senses he has expressed himself in the following manner :

‘ I suppose him (man) in the country during the beautiful season of the year. The freshness of morning invites him to walk forth, the desire of marking nature as she awakes in all her simplicity induces him to anticipate the dawn : he wishes to enjoy the rising of the star of day, and to see his first beams spread themselves from one end of the horizon to the other, and gild the numerous productions which enrich a fertile soil. The enamelled green of these vast meadows, the delightful assortment of shrubs in this thicket, the silver mirror of this lake which the æephyr gently agitates, agreeably affect his eyes. The melodious song of the linnet which the thick foliage conceals from his view, the murmur of this limpid stream whose flying waters present the images of succession and eternity, strike his ear delightfully. The balmy odours of these flowers, which nature has carefully adorned with the richest colours, gratify his sense of smell. The sweetness of these fruits pleases his palate. The freshness of the moist leaves affects his hand agreeably. This bath in which he displays the agility of his limbs causes a delicious sensation over the whole surface of his body.’ (p. 43.)

The sources of our ideas are divided by M. Labouliniere into three classes ;—the external senses,—the internal impressions which take place in the different organs of the body,—and the reaction of the sensorium upon itself. Although we must admit, that he has at least expressed himself in a way somewhat novel, we cannot add that the ideas which he suggests possess the same character. With regard to the internal impressions, which the author seems to consider as a discovery peculiar to himself, we recognise in them very old acquaintances, which we had been accustomed, along with many writers of eminence, to employ as the means of explaining the growth of the appetites and desires. The same ground which our author traverses has been trod by our countryman Darwin with an ingenuity and grace that leave the French philosopher very far behind. Mons. L. conceives that the internal impressions sufficiently account for most of those actions which have been termed instinctive : and Dr. Darwin has actually explained upon this principle, a multitude of circumstances which are particularly observable in young animals. But, we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion that no ingenuity which has yet been applied

to this subject has succeeded in disproving the existence of instinct as a separate principle. Much indeed has been done to narrow the bounds of this unphilosophical faculty; yet there still remains a mass of facts which compel us to acknowledge it. Our author in a subsequent part of his work, has declined the question of materialism, alledging that he has no distinct conception of the essence of matter: but virtually he admits that he is a materialist, and in what he terms his third species of perceptions he farther confirms this, by referring them to the reaction of the sensorium upon itself. What he understands by this internal activity of the brain, we are at a loss to conceive; nor do we suppose that by this species he means any thing more than the ideas of reflection of Locke.

Among the intellectual powers, our author has given a distinguished place to attention; and he seems to regard it with a degree of partiality which argues any thing but a mind of a truly philosophical cast. The value and importance of this faculty is readily acknowledged, but we cannot consider it in any other light than as a power of directing the faculties of the mind. In other instances where no voluntary effort is made, and the object of consideration rivets upon it the powers of the mind, the term attention no longer expresses a faculty, but a state of the faculties. To express it generally, so as to include both of these cases, attention is an active state of mind at one time produced by the voluntary exertion of the individual, at another by something strongly attractive in the object of contemplation. Memory, according to our author, is no other than attention accompanied by a sentiment of anteriority; comparison is reduced simply to the same faculty; and judgment, which is the necessary consequence of the operation just mentioned, is still another form of attention; or to use the author's own words, 'judgment is the necessary consequence of comparison, and therefore comparison includes judgment, and consequently there is nothing more in judgment, as in comparison and memory, than an attention given to impressions.' (105) We sincerely wish that this precious logician had lived in the days of the syllogism, when we might have refuted him scientifically by the rules of the major and minor; but in these modern times, we believe it is only necessary to state his reasoning that its absurdity may become apparent. Among the discoveries of our author in pneumatology, we may rank his singular opinions on the subject of comparison. We have been always accustomed to believe that the mind in this operation, contemplates two objects at once; but Mons. L. informs us that the human intellect cannot attend to more than one object at the

same time, and then illustrates comparison by a simile, which if it does any thing, explains the very converse of his own proposition :

'The mind,' says he, 'is modified in a certain manner by the first impression which it receives, and it is probable that this modification would be permanently retained if no fresh impression occurred to modify it anew. Now will not the effect which succeeds these new impressions, be a necessary resultant, the nature of which is determined by that of the impressions which have been communicated; in the same manner as takes place when bodies are impelled by different forces?' (P. 103.)

Perhaps a more unhappy illustration was never hazarded, for the author seems to have forgotten that the forces, in the mechanical experiment to which he alludes, are co-existent at the moment of the second impulse, and that a part of each impelling force remains in the resultant, as long as the body continues to move. To increase our wonder and render the oddity of our author's opinion still more remarkable, he has introduced into his work a very clear and able statement of the arguments in opposition, by the ingenious M. Daube, which we think are calculated to overcome all his objections.

The chief particular in which Mons. L. conceives that he has improved upon, and corrected the author of the *Traité de l'Origine des Connaissances Humaines*, regards the first formation of our ideas of an external world ; a subject that has been productive of so much doubt and difficulty, that some philosophers have even rejected it as a mere chimera of rude imagination. Condillac, in a happy moment, conceived the idea of representing a hypothetical figure, lifeless and without sense, which he should gradually gift with one organ after another ; thus analysing, step by step, the powers of perception, after a mode at once novel and ingenious. While this statue possesses only smell, taste, vision, and hearing, the sensations which they convey, seem, according to that author, mere modifications of its own being. It is sunk in a reverie, in which every object that strikes the sense, seems to exist only in its own mind. But, no sooner does it acquire the sense of touch, than a new world is exposed ;—it finds that it is no longer the only being in existence, but surrounded on all hands by a multitude of objects, which furnish continual employment for the exercise of its powers. Our author takes much pains to shew, that it is not touch, which communicates the idea of an external world, but the power of motion, by means of the sensation of resistance, to which it gives birth. And we do not hesitate to admit, that the

sense of touch if never exercised, except by the application of bodies to the surface of the hypothetical figure, must stand exactly on the same footing with the other less perfect senses : but Condillac never gifted his being with the sense in a state so imperfect ; nay our author has himself quoted passages in which that writer strongly expresses the importance of motion in the exercise of touch. The superiority of this sense over every other seems in a great measure to depend on that power which we possess of managing and directing it : the other senses indeed are in some respects under our controul, but there is no organ besides that of touch, which we can apply with the same readiness to such a multitude of objects. If we are to admit the reasoning of Condillac with regard to the first formation of our ideas of an external world, the quality of resistance is without doubt that of all others, which seems best calculated to produce this notion. But the subject must ever remain in some degree obscure, since it is an idea nearly coeval with our existence as sentient beings ; the notion, however, is so strongly rivetted in the mind, that we cannot doubt of its truth ; although we are reduced with Dr. Reid to refer it to an original principle of human nature. Our author has shewn considerable ingenuity in the developement of his ideas upon this subject, particularly where he points out the mode in which we become acquainted with our own corporeal frames : we see no reason however for believing, that Condillac entertained opinions very different from those which are here laid down.

On another point, M. Labouliniere has been more successful in marking and correcting the errors of the guide whom he follows : Condillac has attributed the idea of extension to sight, and at the same time has expressed himself with a degree of confusion and inaccuracy in regard to it which our author very properly notices. He has likewise clearly shewn the inconsistency of that writer, in ascribing to simple vision the formation of the ideas of immensity and infinitude ; which we cannot conceive should ever arise from the mere perception of light and colours, unconnected with the notions of extent or distance. Having thus admitted some of our author's strictures, it is but just to state, that he has rejected without any obvious reason a very beautiful piece of analysis, in which Condillac traces the origin of the notions of dimension and figure : the favourite doctrine of Mons. L. in regard to the importance of motion hurries him away, and makes him forget that the statue of Condillac was not meant to be always a motionless trunk.

'The statue,' says our author, 'learns very soon to judge of extent by the eyes, nor is it long before it comes to judge of figures in the same manner, for by directing the eyes from one part of a coloured surface to another, it must inevitably arrive at different points, which limit this surface, and by the mental addition of the different boundaries of this colour we arrive at the idea of figure.' (p. 135.)

In the passage just quoted, and in his remarks on the mode in which we judge of extension by the eyes, he has expressed himself in terms which would lead us to suppose that he was not by any means fully aware of the manner in which touch enables the eye to distinguish figure. Yet this is a subject on which so little discrepancy of opinion exists that we cannot conceive he should imagine that vision alone, and unassisted by any thing but the bare belief of the external existence of objects, should communicate the notions of figure.

The speculations of our author, on the subjects of cause and effect—the existence of deity—and the reality of the soul independent of the body, are more entitled to the name of description than of reasoning. The overflowing of rivers, tempests, and thunderstorms are all called in to shew how the negro chief and 'the industrious conqueror of the soil of fertile Egypt' would acquire their first notions of a cause. The origin of the doctrine of spirits and angels is also accounted for; but we observe no attempt to point out the real nature of cause and effect, or to prove that there exists a deity, or that the soul is in essence different from the body. An abridged view of the critical philosophy of Kant, from a work by M. Villers, closes the discussion of the intellectual powers.

In the account of the active powers, which the latter part of the volume before us contains, we meet with little that is new or ingenious. The great question of liberty and necessity is considered in a very superficial manner; we cannot however refrain from quoting a passage, which we think presents a very just view of the subject.

'What then is this liberty? It is the power of doing that which in the circumstances in which we are placed, appears to us the most convenient, the best adapted for our welfare, and the most proper to attain the object at which we aim: it is the power of acting in consequence of the determinations which are dictated to us by a certain chain of ideas and intellectual operations, the connexion and succession of which observe a certain order. Our ideas, in one word, regulate our will, and there exists between knowledge and action, the same association as between cause and effect. The chain of our sentiments is formed of continued links inseparable one from ano-



ther, which taking their origin in sensibility, pass to attach themselves again to that great centre of intelligence.' (P. 311.)

Such in fact is the real extent of mental liberty, nor does it essentially differ from the point to which the arguments of the enlightened necessitarian immediately tend. Perhaps no subject has been productive of more wrangling, or has led to more ridiculous absurdities of assertion, than that which we are now considering. The dangerous consequences which have been conceived to flow from the necessitarian doctrine of the agency of motives, have induced some writers, and those of no mean eminence, to hazard such positions as seem at once repulsive to the dictates of common sense. They have even gone so far as to assert that we often act without any motive whatever; and adduce this as a proof that we are free agents. It appears difficult to discover with what propriety that can be called our act which we have performed without a motive; even in madness we are still regulated by some inducements to action, although these indeed are not such as can always be readily discovered. It has been well observed that the whole œconomy of society is built upon a firm belief in the agency of motives. If we are not persuaded of the universal influence of motives, to what purpose is it that laws have been enacted, or on what principle are we to regulate our conduct in life? Whither is it, we would ask the friends of free agency, that they would lead us when they argue that we often act without a motive? they in fact set aside the exercise of reason, and reduce us to a level with the inferior animals.

## ART. II.—*Geist der Zeit, &c.*

*Spirit of the Times*, by *Ernst-Moritz Arndt*. 8vo. 1806.

LITTLE commendation can be passed on the spirit of the times in which we live.—Science in so many instances degenerates into a scanty and superficial stock of diversified information, that modesty which is accompanied with the feeling of an important destiny, and the difficulty of fulfilling it, is superseded by the pretensions to a proud superiority of knowledge and of sensibility. Thus the egotism, which a refined sensibility so much promotes, is augmented rather than diminished. From the neglect of the individual relations springs a total loss of character, which is seen in little as well as in more important things, in domestic occurrences as well as in those political events which determine the fate of

nations. All this is acknowledged to be the prevailing defect of this enlightened age. Such is the picture of it which is exhibited by the author of the present work. But it is not sufficient to join in the cry against the compassion of the present times, to constitute the censor, who contributes to our instruction and improvement. It is of importance to know from what principles he proceeds, who delineates his contemporaries, what view he takes of their defects, and what are the directions which he gives in order to extricate poor humanity, or, if he be not philosopher enough to identify himself with the whole human race, at least a few favoured individuals, from the mire in which all are sunk. On an accurate examination of our moralists we shall find that they are for the most part dissatisfied with their contemporaries, because they can suggest no other escape from the destructive errors of the times than by plunging still deeper in the abyss. For the exaggerated pretensions to a superior sagacity he knows no other remedy than the promise of wisdom more sublime; for the increase of egotism only a general philanthropy, which, under the colour of philosophy, renders the malady past cure. Such are the censors who readily excite the attention of the public. Their apparent corrections do not touch the vitiated favourite, but rather foster his propensities; and thus we may see how works on the vices of the age, which are written in a fashionable style, and are themselves replete with the imperfections of the times, become favourites with the public and excite approbation. He, on the contrary, who endeavours to promote a real reformation on a rational plan, is sure to be contemptuously rejected by the multitude; no book can attain general approbation which forcibly depicts the vices of our times and recommends the proper remedy. How far the author of the present work has done this, will be seen in the course of the examination.

The principal purpose of the author is a representation of the political crisis in which we are situated. But since this, as he has sagacity to discern, proceeds from the general spirit which the culture of modern times has produced, he commences his work with some considerations on this subject. In describing the present times we are naturally led to compare them with the past. M. Arndt contrasts the moderns with the people of antiquity. It has been often remarked, that among the Greeks and Romans, individuals were furnished with more frequent opportunities of distinction, and with a wider field for the display of all their talents and their powers, than among us. This is true when we speak of the most eminent men in the most distinguished situations, at particular periods of the celebrated republics in

Italy and Greece. There was only a short period in which the philosophy of the Greeks was, as M. Arndt affirms, intimately interwoven with their civil conduct. As soon as philosophy was cultivated as a science, the effects were, as might be expected, a mixture of good and evil; and he who is acquainted with the sectarian philosophy of the Greeks, from the fragments of it which remain, knows that their speculations were as far removed from ordinary experience or practical utility, as our own. The author enumerates those paths of literature, which had the greatest influence on the public mind, and of which some are more particularly considered. He begins with the philosophers. Of that host of abstract writers and teachers, who have arisen in Germany since the time of Kant, and have caused not only such consumption but such a waste of brains, the author says in a language not a little bombastic and obscure, 'Without reserve or moderation they mounted into themselves and into things; but nevertheless there was beauty in their flight; and it would be better for the human race if many would follow their adventurous career.' Thus according to the author's notion the best way of curing an infection is to render it general.

Of the theologues the author speaks, in such a mass of incongruous imagery and with such elaborate obscurity, that it is difficult to conjecture what he means. He remarks that protestantism, which vindicates the claim of every individual to independence of opinion, has led to the solution of all religious continuity, but that a return to catholicism will be attempted in vain; when he utters this forcible exclamation; 'though there is yet no medium, remember that *every thing is old or new*.' What are we to understand by this, when the author had just said, that a return to the old was impossible, and that the new is good for nothing?

In his remarks on the historians the author repeats the common comparison between the ancients and the moderns to the disadvantage of the last. But as history is, more than any other branch of literature, fitted to operate on the practical sentiments of mankind, it is worth while more attentively to examine the author's reflections on this subject. M. Arndt says that the great historians of antiquity were infinitely superior to all the writers of modern times. The cause of this is not, according to the author, as is usually affirmed, the greater freedom which they enjoyed, or the greater actions and events in which they were engaged, but 'the high destiny of events and of men, the godlike independence of every individual of the antient world inspired a confidence in their powers, and infused a life and simplicity into their

narrative, which modern times can neither appreciate nor explain. Two hundred, nay even fifty years ago men wrote history without feeling that their labour was to any purpose; there was a connection and sympathy with the living world. It is the characteristic of this author, and perhaps of many of his and of our own countrymen, to make a gorgeous display of high-sounding terms; or in a cloudy pomp of diction to darken the rays of sense. Among the inimitable models of antient history, M. Arndt classes Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Diodorus and Dio Cassius. Modern times may certainly produce works which, in solidity of thought and taste of composition, are no way inferior to these remains of antiquity. The work of Gibbon is superior to the learned labours of every ancient writer who has reduced the documents and accounts of an earlier period into a philosophical and political history. In domestic history, Hume and Robinson will bear a comparison with Livy; their narrative is as well digested, as interesting, as instructive as his. But M. Arndt will not permit us to place any but Müller's History of Switzerland in a rank of parallel excellence with the elevated historians of antiquity. But, why should not a modern, who possesses a talent for historical composition, and who devotes his whole life to the pursuit, produce a work which may rival the productions of Thucydides, Sallust, Tacitus, or Polybius? Who were these writers whose pictures of their times excite such glowing admiration? Thucydides, Sallust, and Tacitus, were in the rank of political pre-eminence; Polybius had at least passed his life with those who were. And when they had no share in the events which they relate, they nevertheless speak like men who had advised and acted in similar transactions. The tone in which we speak of other men is modified by the station which we ourselves have occupied. Compare Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh, with the other narratives of his life. The Memoirs of Sully contain a more lively picture of courts than those of Suetonius. Cardinal de Retz's account of the intrigues of his times, introduces us to an acquaintance with the actors in the scene, as Cicero's letters, with the state of parties in ancient Rome. In the eighteenth century there are indeed circumstances which prevent that sublime aspiring of the mind which characterized the beautiful times of antiquity. A man, who has been formed in the trammels of modern politics, will not, even in the highest situations, display those sentiments, by which a grandeur of manner is produced. Favourable external circumstances are not alone sufficient to produce grandeur of view and sublimity of feel-

ing. Both arise only in great souls, which are rare at all times. But the species did not perish with the Romans. In what ancient writer is what the author, with his usual turgidity, calls the '*demon in men, and the holy contention of the soul with an overwhelming fate*' more forcibly and beautifully described than in Clarendon's account of the death of Lord Falkland?

To that elevation of character and favourable state of circumstances, which are necessary to the production of a great writer, we must add the power of diction and the charm of style. Much depends on the expression. The serious brevity of the Roman language enables every word to lay hold on the mind and heart, and communicates a certain grandeur and dignity to the narrative. The pliancy of the Greek language accommodates itself to every form; and gives a visible existence to every shade of thought. To this we may add the extreme perfection and purity of taste which prevailed in the best periods of Grecian and of Roman literature. But, since the distinguished persons of those times set a far greater value on the culture of the taste and the perfectioning of the style, than is usual with the moderns, we may from these considerations, readily conceive how some works might be produced by the ancients which unite all the excellencies of composition; and why *others* in which perhaps equal talents have been employed, are in certain particulars, superior to the productions of the moderns.

Under the chapter entitled '*our times and our contemporaries*' we are presented with a rhapsody of forty pages of which it is difficult to penetrate the meaning. But the sense, as far as it can be extricated from the perplexity of ideas and mass of words in which it is entangled, appears to be, as follows: The progress of monarchical power, the endless wants of modern governments have produced a systematic oppression under which the spirit and dignity of man are lost. The pains, which are necessary to supply the diversified wants of life, exhaust all the powers of the individual. The sources of many virtues are left dry. The external appearance, which is still left by a destructive despotism, is substituted for the reality which is seen no more. A vain parade usurps the place of pleasure; whence arise a general vacuity of thought and feebleness of mind; fashion begins to usurp the moral government of the world, and to make every thing really noble and beautiful disappear. Religion, science, art, patriotism and virtue are exhaled in air. This terrible feature of the times is beheld with emotions of alarm, even by those who unconsciously contribute to the production. The mixture of some rays of penetration with a mys-

terious obscurity, of a false pathos, humour, wit, with an occasional insipidity of expression, characterise the work of M. Arndt; and are perfectly in unison with that taste which prevails in the fashionable literature of the day. The author opens his detail, with an apostrophe to that gift of speech by which men are distinguished from the brutes. "*Rede, ohne dich würdet wir stumm. u. s. w.*" "*O speech, without thee we should be dumb, &c.!*" One specimen of the author's manner may suffice for more. It is in fact not quite so easy a matter to make a good book as the writers of Germany and of England seem to imagine. For this purpose it is not merely sufficient to pour what we think upon paper, though our thoughts may not be bad in themselves. The art of composition must necessarily be added to produce a perfect work. It is not merely that miserable perfection of style which consists in making words run into fluent periods; but it is the real art of writing; which is seen in *clothing* every thought in a becoming diction, in striking and determinate expressions, in clear connection, luminous arrangement, forcible and well selected imagery without any lurking incongruity. The thought should arise from the diction entire and pure: the ideas should be so disposed, that the reader, charmed by the beauty and fitness of their succession, should follow the thread which the writer affords, perfect his ideas and complete his details. In the writers of our time who seek to shine by singularity, the intelligent reader is continually occupied in correcting the false and the deformed, and in removing the obscurities of the diction in order to penetrate the sense.

In the latter half of his work, the author exhibits successive pictures of the most celebrated nations of ancient and modern times, which are followed by a political and moral view of the present situation of the world. His observations on Greek and Roman history are very superficial. The mode of exhibiting a general and characteristic picture of nations and times has always something attractive, if the writer, in presenting such a gallery of pictures, know how to lay on his colours and vary his light and shade. Correctness of detail is not of so much importance. When we embrace whole centuries at a glance, we readily seize what is sufficiently prominent to employ the imagination. The rapidity of the representation leaves no leisure for the examination of particulars; but hence it cannot make any durable impression. The impetuous and desultory declamation prevents the cold interposition of the judgment. Amid the multiplicity of images, unintelligible expressions are overlooked; but

the striking thoughts, of which this work contains a great number, glide off from the surface, without making any deep or permanent impression. On some historical characters the author makes some good observations; as on the czar Peter I. and on the insipid and common-place descriptions of this extraordinary man; but of whom we can form no just idea without a constant reference to the people from whom he sprung. We have next a characteristic exhibition of the empress Catherine, which is as superficial and turgid as Voltaire's delineation of the czar Peter. The author gives a general view of the Prussian monarchy under Frederick II. of his influence on his own and our times, and of the spirit which animated his administration. The contemporaries of this great man, who, by a powerful impulse gave a new direction to the streams of events, were too much attracted by the interest or spectacle of the moment to form a correct judgment of his genius and his reign. The succeeding generation can better see, what he was, what he designed and what he did; for while recent occurrences engage a more lively interest, we can contemplate the past with more impartial eyes.

The author concludes with a description of the political situation of Germany and France. It is worthy of observation that the ordinary capacities, knowledge, and abilities of every description, which at present perform every thing, never succeed in producing grandeur and energy of character. Nor is the composition of M. Arndt well calculated to have this effect; for had Demosthenes addressed the people of Athens, or Cicero the senate of Rome in the way that this writer does the princes, nobility and statesmen of our times, their auditors would either have slunk away or fallen asleep. The author effuses his vehement displeasure at the state of public affairs in a wild stream of vitiated eloquence. Striking remarks and expressions are here and there mixed with a mass of incongruous imagery, hyperbolical figures, impetuous eruptions of sensibility in an ill construed phraseology. But, in this respect the author characterises the spirit of the times, as well as many of the defects which are the theme of his reflections.

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AKT. III. — *Andeutungen zu vier und zwanzig vortragen, &c.*  
*&c.*

*Sketches of four-and-twenty Lectures on Archaeology delivered in the Winter of 1806, by C. A. Böttiger. Dresden, 1806. 8vo.*

THERE are few things so well adapted to contribute to the

happiness of those who are placed in stations of life, which are elevated above the wants of the first necessity, as the study of the fine arts, which are exhibited in the beautiful remains of antiquity. The present work of M. Bottiger is no superficial performance, but one which evinces deep research and various erudition. This writer defines archaeology to be the knowledge of antient works of art, so as to include not only those, which are more particularly denominated classic, but also the antiquities of Asia and of Egypt. He briefly describes the different degrees of initiation in the study of archaeology, which belong to the amateur, the literati, the artist, and the connoisseur; and he exemplifies the difference by shewing the different lights in which these several persons view the same monument of antiquity. The author next describes the mode of prosecuting the study of archaeology, in which he celebrates the genius of Winkelman, to admire whose works is to have already penetrated into the sanctuary of ancient art. In the fourth and fifth lectures the author conducts us from the pagodas of India, westward to the confines of Persia, with the unicorns and sphinxes in half relief on the walls of Ischelmihar, and thence to Babylon, Palmyra and Balbec. From vi—xi we are occupied with the antiquities of Egypt. The author notes the epochs of Egyptian art from Sesostris to Psammeticus; from the Ptolemies to the conquest of the Romans; and from Sylla to Adrian: here we meet with some good observations on the sphinx. All the gods are delineated by the hieroglyphs of beasts. Where a human figure, or even a figure only with a human head is seen amid the imagery of the Egyptian temples, only a being or person is disguised who ministers in the service of the gods; thus the sphynx was a symbol which often lay in long lines before the temples, and exclaimed to those who went in, "powerful and wise is the Divinity." All the human forms on the capitals of Dendera present no heads of Isis, but are attendants on the ministry of the priests. Thus the colossal figures before the temples, as of Memnon, are representatives of the priesthood, which are sometimes delineated sitting down, at others standing up. The symbolical T which they hold in their hand, and which, according to the most probable interpretation, has been taken for an hieroglyph of the Nile, is considered by the author as the Lingu of an earlier period, which was afterwards followed by the peculiar worship of the Phallus. In the obscurity in which the subject is involved, that explanation appears the most probable which is furnished by Zeiga de Obel, p. 440, who regards it as a symbol of universal



empire : and thus this hieroglyph, which is so often employed, is easily explained in all the compositions in which it appears. Nothing relative to the archæology of Egypt is here left unnoticed ; every thing has been diligently collected from the information and discoveries of a remoter period to Palin's explanations of the hieroglyphics on the monument of Rosetta, and Cadet's rolls of papyrus, to which are subjoined such literary references as render these lectures a comprehensive and well-arranged repository of archæological literature. Lectures xii, xiii, describe the archæology of Etruria ;—the architectural monuments, bronze-casts, reliefs and cut-stones. This dark field of research has never been so well elucidated as in the information which is here conveyed. Count Caylus established it as a maxim, that, what is neither Egyptian nor Grecian in the style of beauty, nor Roman in the style of a later period, must be reckoned Etrurian ; and though Heyne and Winkelman perceived that this conclusion was too general, yet in this work, Etrurian art was first circumscribed within those limits to which after numerous enquiries it is proved to belong. For if we ascribe every thing, that is stiff and dry in the arts of design, to the Etruscans, an inconceivable gap will be occasioned in the history of the Grecian art ; but if we consider what is supposed Etrurian, as the *old Greek style*, the perplexity and confusion disappear. The art was indeed partly invented in Etruria, but it was there prosecuted by Grecian artists, and we can no more regard it as Etrurian than we can reckon the portraits which Holbens painted in England as the English school.

The xivth lecture introduces a treatise on style and manner, of which the excellence is seen in the outline which is exhibited : style is the sensational character of a work of art. 'The requisite of style in a work of art is beauty.' This last proposition is obscure, and true only, if we allow to the author that the character which both the master and the whole nation imprint on the work, should not be called style, but *manner*, and consequently cannot properly be said either of the Egyptian, the Etruscan or the Grecian style. But it is better to adhere to the common use of terms ; and to employ the words style and manner in their ordinary acceptation. The word *style* is used, a) in reference to the sensational, b) the imitative ideal, c) to the nation, d) to the age, so that the word *manner* is reserved for that peculiarity which the artist imparts to his performance. We may image beauty unmixed and pure in its greatest possible sensible perfection, or with a predominance of grandeur and sublimity on the one side, or of pleasure and grace on the other. Hence the

author says that there are three kinds of style which come under the denomination of sensational; a) beauty in its highest purity, *'lo stile bello,'* the rule of Polycletus with the expressions of Scopas; the Helen of Zeuxis. b) It passes into the grand and elevated, *lo stile sublime e grandioso*, the Jupiter and Pallas of Phidias, the colossals on the *monte Cavallo*. c) It runs into the charming and agreeable, *lo stile grazioso*, the Medicean Venus, the Apollo, the Hermaphrodite. In respect to the *imitative* we have the ideal and the portrait style. In respect to the national style, we have that of the four artist-nations, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Etruscans, and the Greeks. In respect to the style which is characteristic of the age, we have the most antient, the antient, the middle (of the most blooming period) and the modern Greek; and thus in every nation as far as they have followed the steps of antiquity. Thus all the relations would be enumerated in which the word style is employed; and by continual reference to which, in the following treatise of archæology all confusion would be avoided.

The archæology of Greece next follows; it is discussed in the XIVth to the XXIIIrd lecture. In this part the matter is more copious and detailed. After a geographical view of the Greeks in Asia Minor and the islands, in lower Italy and Sicily, and in the mother-country, two epochs are expressly fixed of pure Grecian art. I. The most antient and the antient style in two divisions; a) from Homer to Balarchus 719 before Christ. b) The age of Cræsus to the Persian war. II. Art in its sublimity and beauty; which concludes with the age of Alexander the Great, after which we behold the period of imitative and degenerate art. But the history of Grecian art might with more advantage be divided into four epochs: I. epoch; the most antient and antient style. II. The sublime and beautiful style. III. The beautiful and lovely style; the age of Alexander the Great. IV. epoch, the imitative and the degenerate style. The Alexandrines. *Græco-Romani*.) The author proves that the two middle epochs of the sublime and beautiful, and of the beautiful and lovely style, which comprehend the united beauties of the Grecian art, should be classed under six periods, to each of which a first-rate artist belongs, as the precursor of the rest. The god-period of Phidias; the gymnastic youth-period of Polycletus; the athletic period of Myron; the Bacchanal and satyr-period of Scopas; the dancer and courtesan-period of Praxiteles, and the ideal portrait and battle-period of Lysippus. Thus we have a space of two hundred years from Phidias to Lysippus, which comprehends all the excellence of ideal art. Only those works which have the suffrage of antiquity, as the principal

of each master and his scholars, are mentioned and characterized, with a continual reference to the probable imitations, which are still preserved.

The age of Pericles is vividly delineated. The author exhibits the great architectural undertakings of this period; the Odeum, the Parthenon, the Propyleum, with those two specimen of the sublime-ideal which Phidias produced,—his Minerva and his Jupiter. Here the author remarks that among the Greeks, four female forms might be exalted to the ideal; the youthful fair of Doric or Ionic birth; since among the Doric Greeks, the unmarried women enjoyed a greater degree of liberty, wore a lighter and more airy dress, with a double tuck (which the ancients called *δωπλάσιον*). The Ionic women wore a long flowing drapery, at most, with only an exposure of the arms, since the females of Ionia and of Athens were wont to live more retired. (*ιωνίζουσιν*). The representative of all the Doric virgins, is the huntress Diana, in short and light drapery; the decorations of the Ionic and Athenian ladies are preserved in the Athenian Canephoraë, and in many beautiful statues of the muses; a form between both, was, in a later period, allotted to the dancers and bacchanals. b) The matrons, the Argive Juno, the Ceres, the imperial dames, the Cybele of a later period, the Fortuna, Pudicitia, Pietas. c) The courtezans. The Phryne, Cratine, Campaspe led Praxiteles and Apelles to the form of Venus. The *virago*; Minerva, when the author ends with a learned treatise on the three statues of Pallas, which were executed by Phidias, with reference to the beautiful images of Pallas at Dresden and the Pallas of Velletri. He then treats at equal length of the Olympian Jupiter, of the preparation of ivory, and of the school of Phidias.

When the sublime ideal was neglected, Polycletus confined his exertions to elegance, and the department most suited to the attainment, the gymnastic, juvenile figures of beautiful youths and boys, which occasions a dissertation on the gymnastic discipline of the ancients, and its influence on the arts and on the softer sex. The author shows what is meant by *the rule* of Polycletus, which he exhibited in his celebrated Doryphorus, of which Pliny says :

‘Doryphorum fecit et quem canona, artifices vocant.’

The lecture on Myron, and the athletic statue-period is copious and satisfactory. Every one talks of Myron's cow, but he, who reads this lecture, will form a more just idea of the extent of his genius and ability. The master-piece of

Scopas was the raving Bacchanal, in which the highest expression of frenzy was united with the highest perfection of female beauty. Praxiteles finished a complete set of ideal deities; in which, by an infusion of tenderness and grace, he gave the highest charm to the sublime creation, in his Diana, his Bacchus, Satyr, Peribætus, and Eros, but more especially in his Venus, which he first ventured to exhibit in a naked form, and in his group of Niobe. The portrait-statue most properly marks the period of Lysippus; he formed indeed statues of the gods, among which that of Hercules was his favourite; but he was distinguished by his union with the intrepid hero, who, at that time, excited the surprize and admiration of the world; and to him and his associate hero, he devoted the excellence of his art. In mentioning the ideal of Alexander, the author notices the controverted question, whether we have the genuine form of this ideal; the author has spared no pains in the elucidation of this subject, and he notices the recent opinion of Visconti in the Museum Napoleon of Louis Petit-Radel. We expect to see every possible light thrown on this subject in a dissertation in which M. Cousinerey has been long employed, agreeably to the medals of Alexander; and still more in the iconography of Visconti, which is so anxiously expected.

The XXIVth lecture embraces the last epoch, or the imitative and degenerate art; first among the Greeks; the successors of Alexander, the Lapidæ, Seleucidæ, kings of Pergamus. The colossal taste is discussed; in which, with the more familiar, we have accounts of more rare occurrences; as, the colossal hearse of Alexander, four stories high, on which a thousand statues and pictures were exhibited, and which was drawn by sixty-four strong mules. We are likewise made acquainted with the great silver bowl which contained 600 metretes (each metretes equal to 106 pints) which was drawn by 600 men, which appeared in the feast of Bacchus at Alexandria under Ptolemy Philadelphus, in a procession composed of the same monstrous curiosities. The author notices particulars, which admonish us of the propensity to the colossal in our time. Next comes the period, when taste degenerated into the effeminate, when hermaphrodite figures, and voluptuous groups were multiplied. Rhodes is named as being at this period the richest repository of the arts. The arts among the Romans are briefly dispatched; but the age of Hadrian excites particular attention. This brevity proceeds from the narrow limits to which the author had confined himself, since the great architectural works of the Romans at other times merit our attention and our praise.

The history of the arts, which is a most essential part of archæology, is also discussed in the four and twenty lectures, as appears from these outlines, at considerable length. In order to finish the course of archæology, these lectures should be followed by another set which embrace the museography, or considerations on the contents of the existing galleries of art, according to a particular arrangement. A third division of the subject should comprehend painting, with the Mosaic arts. A fourth would be occupied with the cut-stones. 'It is not easy to determine,' says the author, 'whether medals should form a particular department of the arts or be considered only as an auxiliary to the rest, particularly to sculpture, to which they properly belong; in more than one respect they are the most useful and the least uncertain of all archeological pursuits.' In a course of instruction a general and complete view should be exhibited of medals, aptly and chronologically arranged, otherwise the use and the pleasure of seeing them employed as an auxiliary science cannot be felt. Every friend of antiquity and of the arts must rejoice that M. Bottiger has begun an undertaking which he is so well qualified to execute.

ART. IV.—*Coupe d'œil sur les Revolutions, &c.*

*A Sketch of the Revolutions of medical Science, and Considerations on its Reform. By J. C. Cabanis, Member of the National Institute, the Medical Society at Paris, &c. &c. Imported by De Boffe.*

THIS work is the offspring of that extraordinary period in which the human mind was in a wonderful state of exaltation when all its energies were called into action, and the soundest minds were carried away by the irresistible vortex of popular enthusiasm. Amidst the agitations of the early periods of the French revolution, and the wreck of ancient institutions which accompanied it, it cannot be denied that a strong impulse to renovation and amelioration had seized on the minds of the most enlightened part of the French nation. Public instruction, that article of the first necessity in civilized communities, occupied much of the thoughts of the most eminent members of the legislature. Garat, in the years 1794-5, to whose department this object belonged, had formed a comprehensive plan for the improvement of all the branches of education. Connected with Garat by ties of private friendship, M. Cabanis informs us that he communicated to him his views respecting the application of analytical methods to the study of medicine, and in consequence

of his entreaties he was induced to commit them to paper, with a view of immediate publication. But his work swelling under his hands as he collected and digested his ideas, he at length conceived the plan of simplifying medical science by indicating the methods best calculated to direct the study of each of its branches, and to prefix to the whole an introduction containing a rapid sketch of the revolutions of medical science, and to describe succinctly the general principles which should direct its reform. This introduction is the work before us, the declining state of the author's health forbidding the hope of accomplishing his original design.

Previous to entering on his immediate subject, a preliminary question is introduced, which, if answered in the negative, would render the whole discussion nugatory. It is, *whether the art of medicine itself is founded on a solid basis?* It cannot be denied that many philosophers have regarded medicine as a system of deceit, founded principally on the weakness and credulity of mankind; and that some very enlightened physicians, by confining its powers within very narrow limits, have given great countenance to this opinion. M. Cabanis has not in this place discussed this question at full length, but refers us to another work, 'on the Degree of Certainty to be ascribed to Medicine,' in which he has detailed at length the arguments on each side of the question. The line of argument which he has pursued consists in shewing that the art of medicine, depending on the observation of palpable phænomena, their order and relations, in order to trace the progress of any particular disease, we have no occasion to know in what consists the essence of life, or that of the morbid cause. This in truth applies to the whole of natural philosophy, and doubtless establishes the utility of the medical art, that utility being in a thousand instances apparent from direct and palpable observation. But the question on which medical philosophers themselves are much disagreed remains untouched; we mean the degree and extent of this utility. Nor do we think that any data have been hitherto laid before the public, by which they may be enabled to form a just and impartial decision upon it. Exaggerated pretensions and inflated declamation on the one hand, on the other invectives equally unjust and satcastic taunts have been the weapons employed by the respective disputants. In a contest so conducted we look in vain for the sober results of dispassionate enquiry.

Having answered this preliminary question, M. Cabanis proceeds to take a view of the origin and progress of the science, of the most celebrated schools in which it has been cultivated, and notices particularly some of its most eminent

teachers and improvers. In this view he has seemed more solicitous to fascinate his readers by the eloquence of his descriptions and the beauty of his pictures than to supply them with a sober detail formed of materials of unquestionable authority. The æra of Hippocrates is the earliest which affords authentic documents for the history of medicine; and even the greater part of what has passed from one writer to another concerning the life of this great man has been proved to be fabulous by the most judicious critics. But M. Cabanis has not scrupled to amuse us with these fables, conceiving, perhaps, that though the truth of them may not bear the scrutiny of a critical research, they at least prove the reverence with which the name of the father of medicine was regarded for a succession of ages. But we cannot approve of this sort of pious fraud; and think that the narration of gross and palpable fictions is very much misplaced in a work, which professes to have for its object the reform of the science by introducing more correct methods of analysis into its elements. But we must acknowledge that in the following passage he has judiciously characterized the spirit which pervades the genuine works of the Grecian sage.

‘Good sense, joined to the faculty of invention, is the distinguishing characteristic of a small number of privileged men: (I mean that good sense, which soars above prevailing opinions, and the decisions of which anticipate the judgments of ages). Hippocrates was of this number. He saw that too much, and yet not enough had been done for medicine, and he accordingly separated it from philosophy, to which they had not been able to unite it by their true and reciprocal relations. He brought the science back again into its natural channel—that of rational experience. However, as he himself observes, he introduced both these sciences into each other, for he regarded them as inseparable; but he assigned to them relations which were altogether new. In a word, he freed medicine from false theories, and formed for it sure and solid systems: this he with justice said, was to render medicine philosophical. On the other hand, he elucidated moral and natural philosophy, by the light of medical science. This we may, with propriety, call, with him, the introduction of the one into the other. Such, then, was the general outline of his plan.

‘The true philosophical spirit, with which Hippocrates was animated, is fully displayed in his history of epidemics, and in his books of aphorisms. His epidemics form not merely beautiful descriptions of some of the most severe diseases, but also point out in what points of view observations upon them should be made; how we may arrest their most striking features, without bewildering ourselves, and without misleading and fatiguing the reader or hearer, by useless details. His books of aphorisms have, in all ages, been regarded as

models of grandeur of conception, and precision of style. Through the whole of them, we may remark that truly universal method, the only one which is adapted to the mode in which our intellectual faculties are exercised; and which, in every art, and in every science, by making the principles flow naturally from the observations that have been collected, transform the deductions from facts, into general rules;—a method, which has been only very lately reduced to a systematic form, and which, in former ages, could only be guessed at by a few men of comprehensive minds.

This new spirit of improvement, that was introduced into medicine, resembled a sudden light which dispels the phantoms of darkness, and restores to bodies their proper figure and natural colour. By rejecting the errors of former ages, Hippocrates learned more fully to avail himself of the useful part of their labours. The connection and dependence, both of the facts which had been observed, and of the conclusions which were legitimately deduced from their comparison, were now perceived with a degree of evidence which, till then, had been unknown. All the discoveries were certainly not yet made, but from that moment, inquirers began to pursue the sole path which can conduct to them; from that moment, if they had been able to preserve themselves from delusion, they would have possessed sure means of estimating, with precision, the new ideas which time was destined to develop; and if the disciples of Hippocrates had understood his lessons well, they might have laid the foundation of that analytical philosophy, by the aid of which the human mind will be henceforth enabled to create to itself, as it were, daily, some new and improved instruments of advancement.

Thus, then, this great man, far from banishing from medicine that true species of philosophy, with the aid of which it cannot dispense, extended, on the contrary, the advantages which they may derive from each other, by determining the limits that separate them, and uniting their general principles and particular doctrines, by the only relations that are really common to them.

Passing from the school of Cos, that of Cnidos, of which we have no other account than what is contained in the Hippocratic writings, the Pythagorean or Italian school, and the state of medicine at Rome, with the systems of Asclepiades, Themison, and finally of Galen are rapidly presented to our view.

The narrative is lively, and rendered interesting by ingenious, and sometimes by solid and useful reflection. But it displays more of vivacity than of learning, of which indeed a single page of Leclerc contains more than the whole volume of M. Cabanis. It is extremely deficient too in that respect upon which, from its title, we should be led to expect it to be the most copious. By the *revolutions* of any science we understand principally the changes of opinions and doctrines which mark the different eras of its cultivation. But we cannot say that the student will collect from the pages of



M. Cabanis any important information, on the doctrines and practice of the ancient writers. This is, however, a subject of the greatest interest; for after all the attempts to eradicate the doctrines by the introduction of more refined theories, many of them have descended even to our own days; they are interwoven in the very language which is in daily use, of the import of which we must have very inadequate conceptions, without being acquainted with the original ideas which it was intended to convey.

From Galen, M. Cabanis passes to the epoch of the Arabians. We think that the writers of the fourth century, Oribasius, Aetius, Alexander of Trelles, and Paulus Ægineta, should not have been wholly passed over in neglectful silence, for though they were principally compilers, yet they are not, particularly the last, without original matter. The same objection is also true of the Arabian writers, who were mostly merely translators of the works of Hippocrates, Galen and Aristotle.

From this dark period we pass with pleasure to the dawn of a brighter day. Chemistry began to be cultivated, and Paracelsus, however absurd in his theories and extravagant in his pretensions, rendered some real services to science, and employed either with more boldness, or more judgment than his predecessors, some medicines of acknowledged efficacy. Literature flying from the east to the barbarous domination of the Turkish hordes, was revived in Italy, and was thence diffused over Europe. Medicine assumed its rank among the sciences. The works of Hippocrates were taught, illustrated, and commented upon along with those of Plato; and in Italy, France, and Germany, the schools began to assume a new character. A countryman of our own, contributed in no small degree to the revival and diffusion, as well of the science which he particularly professed, as of classical literature in general. He is noticed by M. Cabanis in the following words:

‘Linacre went to Italy to procure the knowledge, which at that time there were not the means of obtaining in England. He became the disciple of Demetrius and of Angelo Politian, and lived in the strictest intimacy with that assemblage of men of learning, whose fame had induced him to quit his native country; and when he came back to England some years afterwards, loaded with the most honourable spoils, his return was distinguished by a marked public service. Linacre prevailed upon King Henry VIII, to whom he was principal physician, to found the college of physicians of London; a respectable institution, which, even at the time of its establishment, was productive of real benefit, and has since continued to increase in splendor and utility. Linacre was president of it

at its opening, and exerted his utmost endeavours to promote its welfare; and in order to associate his name still more closely with the advantages which he expected to accrue from it to his country and to the art, he bequeathed his own house to the college, with the intention that it should continue to be the place of its meetings, and the scene of all its labours.

But the reverence which we pay to the ancient masters is due not merely to their antiquity, nor to the venerable and beautiful language in which their doctrines are clothed. In Hippocrates we admire the manly and philosophic spirit which, disdaining the superstitions of the times, worshipped only at the altar of nature and truth. It were a despicable prejudice to deny that a portion of the same spirit has descended to animate the writings of some of the moderns. To the genius of Stahl M. Cabanis does ample justice. He took a philosophical view of the human frame as a whole, animated by a living principle, by the influence of which all the actions of life are regulated. If he denominated this principle the soul, it is probable that he used the term rather in a negative than in a positive sense, and it is at least as intelligible as the *nervous power, sensibility, vital principle* of our modern schools. Van Helmont, under the still more obscure denomination of Archæus, acknowledged the same principle. He also has the merit of being the first who demonstrated the influence of the epigastric organs upon the rest of the system. Some obscure hints of this influence are to be found in the writings of Hippocrates; but he seems to have noticed it merely for the purpose of observing the narrow limits within which he supposed it to be confined. We have no doubt of the general correctness of the views suggested by this theory, and think it too much neglected by English physicians. In continuing his review of modern writers we are surprized to find Sydenham placed anterior in order to Harvey; and we are led to infer from it that he thought him anterior in time; though we cannot charge the author from any thing that he has said, with so gross an anachronism. Of the former of these two great men it is justly observed,

‘ The practice of Sydenham effected a real revolution in physic. It was the triumph, not of a transcendent genius, who reforms every thing by bold and general views, but of an observer, who investigates with sagacity, who conducts his researches with skill, and who is always guided by a sure method. The theories of Sydenham were, it must be acknowledged, contracted, or even erroneous; and beyond the sphere of his experience, in which his natural penetration supplied the place of all other talents, his ideas were, in general, very limited; but no physician ever exerted so beneficial an influence on

that branch of the art, to which all the others are subservient on its practical application; and in this respect no one was ever more deserving of the title of restorer of true medical science.'

If the ideas of this great and good man, out of the sphere of his own profession, were more confined than we should expect to find them, it may be readily accounted for, without supposing him destitute of talents equal to the acquirement of any branch of human knowledge. But he seems to have understood more than any other modern, the true and legitimate object of the medical art, and the sort of knowledge which is most necessary to its successful cultivation and improvement. The time and labour therefore which he bestowed upon the observations he has transmitted to us was infinite; his patience was inexhaustible, his industry indefatigable. He might well then be absolved for paying less attention to sciences, the relation of which to medicine was obscure and remote, and if he has occasionally spoken of them in terms which shew the little account he made of them, he did but evince a just contempt for a set of men who strive to conceal their ignorance of real medical science by making a parade of the skill in arts, which can be considered only as auxiliary and ornamental. This is a generation of men which is at all times abundant. How many have we in our days who are (as they would make us believe) able chemists, great naturalists, profound anatomists, in short, any thing, to conceal from the world the dangerous secret, that they are no physicians. If the theories of Sydenham seem low and jejune when compared to the refined and metaphysical subtleties of our modern schools, let us consider that he himself laid but little stress upon them, and that at least they had equal if not superior merit, to those of his contemporaries; that his *concoction*, his *fermentation*, and his *disputation* were intended only to express the analogy between the secret processes, which are carried on in the human frame, and common operations, which are presented to us daily; an analogy, which they do not unaptly represent; and finally, let us above all consider that he never bent his practice to this theory, but conformed his theory to this practice. We much doubt whether a hundred years hence, the plain and unvarnished opinions of the honest Sydenham will not have an equal value with most of the dogmas at present in vogue, specious as they are, and founded, as their favourers would have us believe, on something like the basis of demonstration.

After paying a just tribute to the vigorous and comprehensive mind of the learned and laborious Boerhaave, to the sagacious Hoffman, and to the eloquent and penetrating

Baglivi, M. Cabanis concludes the first part of his work with an account of the present state of medical education. The observations however are entirely general. We were in hopes of gaining some information on the present or recent condition of the schools of medicine in France. A short note containing an intimation that the republican government had organised some medical schools, particularly those of Paris and Montpellier, is all that we meet with on the subject.

The third division of the work is occupied by general views on the subject of medical education. The object of this art being practical, those who exercise it are exposed to the common causes of error, which interfere with the conduct of human life. The principal of these may be comprehended under two heads, false judgments, and defective language. The first *most affects* the individual in his private capacity, the second is the grand obstacle to the communication of knowledge. When the objects of our contemplation are in their nature complicated, and still more when their constituent elements are essentially fugitive, indeterminate, and variable, we become inevitably exposed to both these sources of error. The objects of medicine unfortunately possess these characteristics, more strongly perhaps than those of any other science whatever, and hence we have an adequate account of the great imperfections which have pervaded, and doubtless still pervade medical classifications, whether they regard the subjects of the science, namely human diseases, or the instruments of the art, that is to say, the applications used in the treatment of diseases. Entirely to overcome them is a task which will probably be found superior to the human faculties. To diminish the evil, and to make some approaches toward perfection can be effected only by a steady pursuit of two objects; we mean, by the accumulation of correct and solid observation, and by the adoption of a language simple, precise, comprehensive, and sufficiently copious to express without redundancy all the necessary ideas. M. Cabanis has well pointed out the many obstacles which we have to encounter in this attempt.

‘How much experience in observation,’ he remarks, ‘how much sagacity is required for distinguishing in a disease the primary and essential phenomena that characterise it, the phenomena to which all the others are merely accessory or consequent! How great skill and discernment are necessary for appreciating the influence which the latter have on the original disorder, and for ascertaining the modifications they produce in it, even while they remain entirely subordinate! How much presence of mind and attention are requisite for following all the variations of symptoms in order not to be deceived by the different appearances which the disease may assume in its different stages, or by the changes which its natural character,

or new and unusual combinations of symptoms, or the influence of external circumstances may cause it to experience ! Add to this the embarrassment, which the investigation of the remote or proximate causes cannot fail to occasion to an accurate observer.'

What then is to be done for the improvement of an art, which, in refined and luxurious ages, is esteemed one of the greatest necessity ? The views of M. Cabanis are solid and judicious ; but he seems to us to dwell too much on vague generalities, and not to bring his reasonings to bear with sufficient force on the point in question. We look forward through every page to the objects of our research, but find ourselves at last nearly in the same place as when we set out. A particular section is given to an ' Exposition of the Processes of Philosophical Analysis, as applied to Medicine.' In this section are unfolded, with great correctness and perspicuity the different methods of investigation applicable to the various branches of human knowledge. The *descriptive method of investigation* is that which applies to natural history ; the objects of chemistry are subject to the *method of investigation by analysis and re-composition* ; phenomena occurring in a series in successive portions of time are assigned to the *historical method of investigation* ; and finally, when we contemplate the relations existing between our own conceptions, and deduce the series of truths which flow from these relations for this purpose, we employ the *deductive method of investigation*. Medicine is connected, more or less intimately, with each of these methods ; and no one should aspire to the rank of an improver of the science, who is not competently versed in each, and well acquainted with their distinct and proper boundaries. But in the great concern, which gives to the science all its real value, in the treatment and cure of diseases, the *historical method*, which joins to the *descriptive method* likewise, claims the first and the highest attention. To understand what is passing before his eyes is impossible, unless he is familiar with the *history of diseases* ; that is to say, with the phenomena of the diseased subject, their order and succession. To communicate to others the knowledge he has himself acquired is an object of still greater importance, since without it the science must necessarily be at a stand, and all improvement must perish with the inventor. It is however an art so rare, that excellence in it may be justly assumed as a standard of genius of the first order. That the ancients have left us descriptions that may be deemed models of their kind is allowed by all competent judges. But candour, we think, must force us to admit that they were not without great defects, and that the industry of the moderns has greatly supplied the chasm which they have left. With the *method of analysis and re-*

*composition*, medicine is but remotely connected, though *it may be elucidated* and directed to new discoveries by *the historical method*; and in its turn it often becomes a necessary guide to the latter. In what way the *method of deductive investigation* is applicable to medical science, M. Cabanis has not, as far as we can find, attempted to explain, though he has dwelt at some length on its essential properties. It is obvious, however, that its legitimate object is the arrangement of facts and the improvement of language. In these distinctions M. Cabanis, we need hardly say, has taken for his guide the writings of Condillac, particularly his *Langue des Calculs*. We must repeat our wish that we had seen more clearly and distinctly its utility and application.

We have received by far the greatest pleasure from the fourth chapter of Mons. C.'s work, which contains reflections on the various branches of medical research, Anatomy, Physiology, the relations of Medicine and Moral philosophy, Pathology, Semiotics, and Therapeutics, Hygiene, Surgery, Materia Medica, Chemistry and Pharmacy, Botany, and lastly Veterinary Medicine. On the subject of anatomy, which, it is certain, may be perfectly understood, without a single grain of true medical knowledge, we shall transcribe the following sentiments, to the justice of which we completely subscribe :

‘Though physiological anatomy be more limited in the sphere it embraces, than the anatomy of description, yet it is still less so than what may be called therapeutic anatomy. The illustration of the different vital functions, as founded upon the mere structure of the organs which perform them, has already made some progress, and bids fair to make further advances. But we are less in want of anatomy, properly so called, than of a good collection of observations upon the living system. We are well acquainted with the organization of several parts of the body, respecting the uses of which we are intirely ignorant. The experiments that we might be disposed to institute in order to ascertain the functions of these parts, are in general very difficult; some of them, even, appear to be impossible, at least with our present means of research: and with respect to that branch of anatomy which I have termed therapeutical, and which admits of frequent application to practice, it is confined within very narrow limits. The contrary opinion, which has become very prevalent, originates, perhaps, both from the prejudices of ignorance, and from that sort of learning which is acquired by laborious and repulsive studies. The structure, situations, and connections of the different viscera, the distribution of the principal trunks of the blood-vessels and nerves, the form and disposition of the bones, the insertions of the muscles, the expansions of the tendinous membranes, and, perhaps, also some other particulars equally easy to learn, ought to be all familiar to the physician. Perhaps, we may venture to add, that, even in surgical operations, a minute

knowledge of anatomy is very rarely of use. For a confirmation of this assertion, I might with confidence appeal to the candour and discrimination of the most enlightened surgeons.'

The third section on the relations of medicine and moral philosophy prove the writer not to have confined his observations within the narrow routine of his art, but to have taken an enlarged and philosophical view of human nature, and to have entered deeply into the springs which regulate the conduct of the moral man. That many of the irregularities and crimes, which violate the peace and derange the harmony of human society, are the offspring of propensities arising from the physical constitution of man, and which can be wholly subdued by no other means than by effecting physical changes in his constitution, is a truth, the evidence of which is the stronger the more deeply it is considered.

'In the different asylums which have been instituted for the reception of lunatics, in those, too, which the legislators appropriate to the confinement of criminals, whose errors are but a species of insanity, you may find numerous proofs perhaps still more striking of those constant relations between the physical and moral constitution of man. From their inspection you may learn, that criminal habits, and aberrations of reason are always accompanied by certain organical peculiarities, manifested in the external form of the body, in the features, or in the physiognomy. And you must remark that these two species of disorders are frequently blended, and are always more or less intimately connected together. I confine myself purposely to the most striking examples the subjects of which are constantly before our eyes, and may be therefore so easily examined.'

We wish that the truth of these observations was impressed upon the minds of legislators, and upon all to whom are entrusted the correction of morals, and the institutions devoted to the peace, order and happiness of human society. They would see, that scourgings, imprisonments and executions, are far from the most efficacious instruments for the controul of human passions; and that these outrages on humanity must always prove vain, and for that very reason, a needless and criminal addition to human misery, when set in opposition to the irresistible propensities of human nature. By the establishment of these salutary and important truths, medicine with its kindred sciences, (for to them the establishment of them pertains) will have abundantly redeemed the honour it has sometimes lost, by the occasional fallacy of its pretensions and the more frequent inertness of its means.

In the sciences of pathology, semiotics, and therapeutics, the doctrines of which, when combined, form the real practical part of medicine, M. Cabanis takes occasion to de-

clare his preference of the descriptions of the antients, to any of those which have issued from the pens of the moderns. He conjectures even that a physical reason may be given for this superiority, which he is inclined to attribute to the inhabitants of Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Hellespont, possessing a superiority in natural penetration, over those of the northern or western parts of Europe. Few will be inclined to agree with him, either as to the facts or the inference he has drawn from them. We are more willing to assent to the excellence of a method, in practice among the Greek physicians, and which we should be glad to see introduced into modern discipline, as far as the habits of modern life would permit it. The ancient physicians in the greatest repute carried their pupils along with them to visit their patients, and thus accustomed them to observe nature in its different aspects; to follow it in all the changes which it undergoes; to foresee the results of its spontaneous efforts, and to calculate the effects of remedies. It is obvious that our attendance on hospitals and clinical lectures, are but imperfect imitations of this practice, and in many respects much inferior to it. Were it the custom for every practical physician to take two or three pupils into his own house, to be both the witnesses and assistants of his own practice, we are persuaded that the art would be better taught, and the interest both of the instructor and of his patients might be promoted. Of *chemistry*, M. Cabanis has given an opinion similar to that already pronounced on the subject of anatomy. Its alliance with the practice of physic is but remote. It is no doubt useful and necessary that a practitioner should possess the knowledge of the changes, which the different sorts of food or medicine may undergo, in consequence of their admixture with the different substances they meet with in the stomach, but these changes are less various or important than is commonly imagined; and even if they were more so, it would still be very difficult to ascertain them with accuracy. He is inclined, therefore, very nearly to subscribe to the sentiment of Stahl, who, in his own day, was more competent than any other man living, to speak decisively on the subject. He bluntly pronounced, '*Chemiæ usus in medicinâ nullus, aut fere nullus;*' and what was true then, we are inclined to think, is by no means so false now-a-days as is commonly imagined.

The fifth chapter of the work treats on the accessory branches of study, comprehending natural history, mechanical philosophy, mathematics, philosophical methods, moral philosophy, the arts and belles lettres, ancient and modern languages. Some of these subjects are so intimately



connected with those which have preceded them, that the most essential remarks have been anticipated in the former chapters. What is said on each, shows the same correct judgment, and the same enlightened views as distinguish the former parts, and more particularly the last chapter. But we do not find any thing to which we wish particularly to call the attention of our readers.

We certainly feel justified in recommending this work to students of medicine and those who have, in the exercise of their art, higher views than the emolument they derive from it. Considered as a work of learning, we think it has but feeble claims to commendation; and we suspect that with all his apparent admiration of the monuments of antiquity, M. Cabanis is principally acquainted with them through the medium of modern translators or commentators. Even with regard to the works of our English Hippocrates, our venerable Sydenham, a particular passage gives us reason to think that he has contented himself with using some second-hand authority instead of going to the fountain head. We mean an assertion, we find in the 12th section of the second chapter, that in his *Treatise on acute Diseases* (a title, by the bye, which is not applicable to any one of Sydenham's works) he mentions, as a proof of the excellence of his method, the circumstance of its having received the approbation of his illustrious friend, Mr. Locke. Such a passage we do not recollect, nor do we believe that it exists in any genuine edition of Sydenham's works. But, making allowance for those blemishes, the student will find, besides the historical part, some practical assistance to his studies, a correct estimate of the relative importance of the different branches of medical science, and a truly enlarged and philosophical view of the relation between the medical profession and the best interests of the human species.

In the extracts we have made from this work we have used the translation of Dr. Henderson, who has performed the office of translator with elegance and fidelity, and who has enriched his edition with some valuable notes, in which he has corrected several errors into which M. Cabanis had fallen in the text. Dr. Henderson's edition is printed for Johnson.

**ART. V.—***Novum Testamentum Græce. New Testament in Greek. By D. J. Griesbach. Vol. II. Containing the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles, with the Apocalypse. Second Edition, with Additions and Improvements. Half in Saxony. 8vo. Payne, London. 1806.*

AFTER a lapse of ten years since the publication of the first volume of this truly classical edition of the Greek Testament, we have to congratulate the public on the appearance of the second. The delay, which has taken place, has been favourable to the correctness of the present volume, as it has given the editor more time to extend his researches, and to take advantage of every help, which the progress of Biblical literature has supplied. Most true is what the editor says in the preface to the present volume, that there is no book in the whole compass of ancient literature, which, in the narrow space of two 8vo volumes, contains such an exuberance of various readings, with such a multitude of authorities for each, without fatiguing the patience of the reader by the notice of trivial differences or an idle parade of names. In revising the text and determining the superior excellence of any reading, the author has followed those canons of criticism which he prefixed to his first edition; and which the learned of all countries have ratified by their unanimous approbation. In his edition of the Gospels the editor had observed that the manuscripts, the versions and the fathers might be distributed into several classes, in which he remarked the traces of different ancient revisions; and in this volume, says Griesbach, they will be convinced of this, who will peruse the notes, which are subjoined to the text, without any narrow prepossessions; and will attentively consider the authorities which are adduced either for or against the more important variations. In the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of Paul, the MSS A, B, C, and others of the same family shew, as it were, the genealogical extraction of the authorities. But in the catholic epistles, and in the Apocalypse, which were either little regarded or totally rejected in the Christian world during the four first centuries, and which were consequently seldom transcribed, the author was destitute of the same facilities to enable him to discriminate the ancient revisions of the text.

Former editors of the New Testament seem to have considered it as a sort of sacrilege to make any alterations in the text, even though those alterations were approved by the rules of sound criticism, and sanctioned by the evidence of the best and oldest manuscripts. It was not considered, that the same rules of criticism and the same calculations of

probability in favour of the truth or falsehood of any particular reading in a classic author were applicable to the writers of the New Testament; and that to retain a reading, which was evidently spurious, merely because it had been long received, was to shew a greater regard for antiquity than for truth. If the various readings had not been so numerous as to refute the assertion, we should probably have heard it contended by the advocates for inspiration, that the text of the New Testament had been preserved free from any alteration by a miraculous interposition. But there are no books in which various readings so much abound, which may arise from this circumstance, that there are no books which have been so much copied, or to which so strong and general an interest has been attached; and they have consequently suffered not only from the common errors of transcription like other books, but in many cases (as in that of 1 John V. 7, 8) from premeditated alterations, interpolations, or omissions, to serve the purpose of a particular sect, and to multiply the arguments in favour of some particular opinion.

Christians of all denominations appear to us to be under the highest obligations to the venerable editor of this incomparable edition, for the fidelity and diligence with which he has collected from former editions, from MSS. versions and the fathers, every reading of any moment; for the sagacity and judgment with which he has noted the different degrees of authority which are due to each; and for the enlightened impartiality with which he has expunged from the text those readings which were evidently spurious, and introduced others which, after the most mature deliberation and the most unwearied research, he deemed more deserving of reception. In the text of the former edition, where there were two different readings, between which it seemed difficult to decide the preponderance of proof, both were retained; and it was left to the reader to determine the preference: but in the present edition that reading only is retained which appeared to the editor the best; and the other is, as usual, thrown into the margin. Thus for instance in Rom. XII. 11. *καὶ* is inserted in the text and *καὶ* printed in the margin. In 1 Tim. III. 16, *ὁ* alone appears in the text. In the present edition we sometimes find a quite different reading from what appeared in the text of the former edition, and the reading of the first edition is lowered to the margin. The editor has paid great attention to the punctuation, on which the sense so much depends.

In an appendix at the end of the volume we have a very learned, judicious and comprehensive dissertation on 1 John V. 7, 8, in which the author has given a condensed summary

Of all the authorities for, and against, the disputed passage *ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ*, &c. to *ἐν τῇ γῇ*. This interpolation, which has been abandoned with so much reluctance and after such an obstinate conflict, by the advocates for the Trinitarian hypothesis, is to be found only in one Greek manuscript belonging to the library of Trinity college, Dublin; and which manuscript was written so late as the 15th or 16th century; and altered from the readings of the Latin Vulgate. It was not inserted in the first and second editions of Erasmus; nor in the editions of Aldus, Gerbelius, Colinaeus, &c., nor in the versions of Luther which were published in his life time, nor in several which were printed after his death. It is omitted in the ancient versions and in all the Greek fathers, who were not likely to have lost sight of such a formidable weapon in the heat of theological hostility; if they had been acquainted with its existence they would certainly have wielded it without any mercy against their heretical opponents. Nor can we suppose that the orthodox fathers of the Latin church would have neglected such a powerful engine of refutation on one side and of conviction on the other. But, unfortunately for them, the passage was not known, till that trusty gentleman, Vigilius of Tapsus, at the conclusion of the fifth century, found it reposit in the archives of his own brain; from which he very conscientiously introduced it to the world as the genuine production of the apostle. This said Vigilius is reported to have been very dexterous in the science of literary forgery; and with equal modesty and truth to have published works in the name of Athanasius, Augustine and other holy men. Nay, there is good reason to believe that, if it had not been for the *incorruptible honesty*, combined with the powerful inventive faculty of this Vigilius, the creed, which is ascribed to St. Athanasius, and which, from its *unrivalled clarity, unclouded perspicuity and forcible logic*, is so well fitted to support the infallible egotism of every orthodox establishment, would never have been brought to light; and consequently many might yet have remained to be taught that they will be everlastingly buried in an ocean of ignited sulphur for not believing what *must command assent, because it can never be either explained or understood*.

After the age of Vigilius, who, notwithstanding the services which he had rendered to the church, could not be saved by the prayers of the orthodox from dying like other men, the passage concerning the *three witnesses*, &c. which he had bequeathed as a legacy to the lovers of that creed in which there is the least sense, was foisted into the Latin MSS. of the New Testament, till it found its way into one solitary Greek transcript where it was discovered by Erasmus, who introduc-

ed it into his third edition, '*ne sit causa calumniandi*,' lest the orthodox should find fault with the omission, though he suspected at the time that the words were a spurious derivation from the Latin. Of 132 MSS. says Griesbach, which have been examined by the learned, not one contains the 7th verse; and he dares confidently to affirm that there is no Greek MSS. extant in any library in Europe, with the exception of that above mentioned, in which this gross interpolation is to be found. In short, the accumulated sagacity, diligence and zeal of the orthodox advocates for the text have been able to adduce so few arguments in favour of its genuineness, and those so impotent, fallacious and superficial, that Griesbach, at the conclusion of his admirable dissertation, asserts that, if such arguments were deemed sufficient to give credibility to any reading where there was such a weight of evidence on the other side, every criterion of truth or falsehood in any critical question would be lost, and the whole text of the New Testament would be exposed to uncertainty and doubt. There are six hundred readings, which are universally acknowledged to be in the highest degree futile and untenable, which yet he says that he could support with a greater weight and cogency of proof than the orthodox can produce in favour of this spurious verse which they have so pertinaciously maintained.

In his edition of the New Testament Griesbach has been accused of endeavouring to favour a particular set of opinions, and of adopting those readings which make most in support of a preconceived hypothesis. But those who will peruse the excellent canons of criticism, which he has prefixed to his first volume, and who will examine how far he has been governed by them in the settlement of the text and the execution of his work, will be convinced that the charge is false; and that the editor, instead of being biassed in his decision by his partiality for any sect, has been governed only by an enlightened and disinterested love of truth. In fixing the text Griesbach has been directed by the best, most ancient and most approved manuscripts; and if the readings of these manuscripts be found most favourable to the Unitarian hypothesis, those who are styled orthodox, instead of blaming the partiality of the editor, might with more justice condemn the authority of the scriptures. Instead of leaving the genuineness of any reading to be determined by the preponderance of evidence in the best, most ancient and most approved MSS. shall we refer it to the dogmatical assertions of the blind advocates for what is called orthodox belief? Is the name of orthodoxy to supply the want of evidence, and to give to the impotency of falsehood the stability of truth?

Christianity is a highly rational religion; its reasonableness, as the great Locke long ago observed, is the most forcible argument in favour of its truth; and we have little doubt that the more the text of the christian scriptures is examined by the rules and explained by the light of sound criticism, the more it will be found that THOSE SCRIPTURES CONTAIN NO DOCTRINE WHICH IS CONTRARY TO REASON.

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ART. VI.—*Memoires et Lettres du Marechal, &c.*

*Memoirs and Letters of the Marshal de Tessé, containing secret Anecdotes and historical Facts during Part of the Reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. 8vo. Paris, 1807. London Deconchy.*

THE subject of these memoirs made no mean figure in the brilliant court of Louis the XIVth, and was employed in several situations of trust and consequence by that monarch.

Jean-Baptiste-René de Froullai, comte de Tessé, was born in the year 1651. He was soon introduced into public life by his uncle, the comte de Froullai, who had a post of honour in the household of the king. At the age of eighteen he entered into the army, and served in the war of 1672, when the French monarch invaded Holland, and on the Rhine in 1677 and 1678, under the orders of the marechal de Crequi, in which campaigns he distinguished himself on several occasions. Several wounds which he received bore a strong testimony that he was not fearful of exposing his own person to the hazards of war. A family connection secured to him the patronage of the minister Louvois. Through his influence he obtained in 1686 the chief command of the province of Dauphiny, having previously received from the king the appointment of *mestre de camp general* of dragoons.

The year 1685 was distinguished for the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the barbarous resolution, which was taken, to constrain the sectaries to abjure their religion by the force of military executions. The atrocious cruelties, by which this inhuman project was supported, are well known. The count de Tessé, to please his superiors, became one of the instruments of this design. But in this enterprise religious zeal had not the smallest influence upon his mind; on which account, probably, he did not give way to the same excesses as many others indulged in. The following letter, which he wrote to Louvois, pretty clearly develops both the state of his own mind, and that of the minister on this occasion.

'My Lord, I promised you, in the last letter I had the honour to write, that apparently the success of our conversions would equal our expectations. I this day perform my promise; not only has the whole city of Orange been converted in a single day; but the states have taken the business into deliberation, and even the gentlemen of the parliament who seemed disposed to show a little pertinacity, have come to the same resolution, four and twenty hours afterwards. All this is managed very quietly without violence or disorder. There are none but the minister Chambrun, the patriarch of the country, who refuses to listen to reason; for as to the president, who seemed to aspire to the honour of martyrdom, he and all the rest of the parliament, would have turned Mahometans, had I wished it. I send you the form of the deliberation, and the abjuration of each individual. I cannot conceal from you, that these good folks have proposed to me some most extravagant articles of faith. One of the least so, and hardest to get over, was the necessity they thought themselves under, of putting the king's name and authority into every line, to exculpate themselves, to their own prince,\* by the appearance of constraint. You will see that I have not suffered a syllable of this to stand. As to points of faith, the bishop of Orange is satisfied; but I thought it my duty to be very stiff, and not to suffer the royal authority to be spoken of in other terms. At all events, the king should regard whatever is done with these people, like drawing out of a poor country all that is possible.'

The sentiments of disgust which naturally arise from such a letter on such a subject, we can with difficulty suppress. The following anecdote shows the spirit which animated these zealous military apostles. A detachment of dragoons had been sent to a village, to convert the inhabitants. The poor people all in a fright declared their readiness to abjure. On this promise De Tessé withdrew the detachment. 'I much fear,' cried a captain, provoked at losing the booty he expected, 'I much fear, general, that these wretches are only laughing at us, for as yet they have not given us time to instruct them.'

The war, which followed the league of Augsburgh, gave the count still higher employments, and enabled him to display the versatility of his talents. He served in Italy under Catinat, and gained great reputation by his successful defence of Pignerol against the armies of the allies. But he contrived to obtain an appointment still more favourable to his future fortunes. Dexterously insinuating himself into the se-

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\* The prince of Orange, stadtholder of the United States was the lawful sovereign of this little principality, which Louis kept in possession of, under the pretence of sequestration, but which was not regularly ceded, till several years afterwards.

erect intercourse which was carried on during the first years of the war between the French court and that of Turin, he at length was appointed negociator, and in 1693 brought to a conclusion a treaty between the two powers, by which he detached the duke of Savoy from the cause of the allies. One of the articles of this treaty was a marriage between the duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis, and the eldest daughter of the duke. De Tessé thus obtained a powerful protectress in the person of the future duchess of Burgundy, who was bound to him, as having been the instrument of her own elevation.

But to serve and to ingratiate himself with his master, the count did not confine himself to the mere duties of his station, or to the employment of the ordinary instruments of corruption. His residence at Turin gave him access to the comtesse de Verrue, mistress to the duke of Savoy, a woman who employed his credit to gratify her ruling passions, which seem to have been avarice and ambition. Her history is singular. Married in very early life to the comte De Verrue, and introduced at court, she inflamed the heart of Victor Amadeus himself at that time a very young man. She perceived his passion; and communicating her discovery to her husband and mother-in-law, beseeched them to secure her from its consequences by sending her into the country. They treated her warnings as visionary, and even made her home uncomfortable by the contempt she experienced. But by the assistance of an uncle of her husband's, the abbé de Verrue, she escaped to France, and entreated the protection of her father the duc de Luyne. He would have taken her to Paris, but the abbé, a man who had been employed in several embassies, and who was at that moment a minister of state, opposed so many obstacles to his design that he returned to Paris, leaving her, as he conceived, in the safest hands, at the waters of Bourbon. The old fox no sooner saw the father's back turned than he gave the reins to an infamous passion, and attempted the honour of his niece. Repulsed with merited indignation, he took her back to Turin, loaded her with injuries, and widened more than ever the breach between herself and her family. In a situation so distressing, deprived of the support of her own family, persecuted by her husband's, no wonder that she accepted the refuge offered her by yielding to the solicitations of an enamoured sovereign.

With the duke she lived for twelve or fourteen years. But she seems not to have been better contented as a mistress, than she had been as a wife. Though she possessed much power, and employed it (with little scruple, it has been said, as to the means) to amass much wealth, she was unable to obtain the complete confidence of her lover, and was therefore on



ly trusted by halves. This circumstance, joined to the temper of the duke, which was naturally deceitful, sour, and tyrannical, made her life uncomfortable, and at length she took the singular resolution, which perhaps the mistress of a prince never did before, of secretly eloping from him, and of going to live at Paris, under the protection of Louis XIV. This protection the king extended to her, and she continued to reside in the French capital till the period of her death, living in a stile of great splendour and magnificence.

With this female De Tessé formed a secret connexion, and by it was enabled to render himself very useful in promoting the political views of his master. Two of her letters which the count communicated to the king, are to be found in the correspondence here published. They are written in the fascinating and seductive tone, which women so well know how to employ towards those whom they wish to attach to their interest; but they do not prove that the intercourse that subsisted between them sprang from any other source than friendship, or, to speak more justly, than the feelings of mutual interest. De Tessé wished to serve his patron; De Verrue wished to obtain one, and for that purpose made no scruple of betraying the secrets of the petty prince who was her lover, to procure the favours of a powerful monarch.

The peace of Ryswick in 1697 gave but a momentary calm to the European powers. The grand alliance created under the auspices of William III, to prevent the aggrandizement of the house of Bourbon, took place in 1701, and gave rise to a general war, which continued more than 10 years. Previous to the breaking out of this war, De Tessé was employed to observe the temper of the changeful Victor Amadeus. We find some letters which he wrote to Louis on the subject of this mission, which display to much advantage the talents of the writer, who united the art of amusing his master by the liveliness of his details, to that of serving his interest by his penetration and intrigue.

The occasion of the formation of the grand alliance had occurred the year before by the French monarch's acceptance of the will of Charles the 2d of Spain, in favour of his grandson the duke of Anjou, afterwards Philip the 5th. A memoir of De Tessé is extant, which seems to prove that this will was not the offspring of French intrigue, but arose from the spontaneous choice of the deceased monarch.

Italy still continued the scene of the count's activity. He was second in command of the French army, and after the unfortunate campaign of 1701 had the chief command in Mantua, which he preserved, after having sustained from the imperialists a blockade of six months. He expired to

the chief command of the French army, and, to obtain it, he did not scruple to calumniate the character of the respectable *maréchal de Catinat*, a man who had been his friend and benefactor. But though he succeeded in procuring the *maréchal* to be displaced, he did not reap the rewards of his treachery, the *maréchal de Villeroi*, a man very inferior to *Catinat*, succeeding to the command. A letter written by *Catinat* to his brother on the subject of his disgrace gives a pleasing view of the firmness with which he bore mortifications, which however could not but touch him most sensibly.

Camp of Antignato, August 22, 1701.

‘I have received, my dear brother, your letter of the 12th, in which you inform me of all that is said against me on the affairs of Italy. I have done my best; the events are disagreeable, but it would require many pages to explain the causes of our disgraces, the motives which have occasioned them, and the faults which have been committed. I will say no more on this subject. I am well persuaded of the interest you take in my present condition. War is not always attended with success: it is a trade in which fortune bears a great part. What gives me the most uneasiness in this melancholy posture of things, is the great consequence it may have on the general affairs of the state. I yesterday received one letter from the king, and another from M. de Chemillart, (minister of war) announcing the departure of M. Villeroi. This gives me no concern, and I am disposed, with the greatest sincerity, and from the bottom of my heart, to contribute my cares, my labours, and the knowledge I have of the country, to re-establish the glory of the king, and the reputation of his arms. I love my master and my country. These objects are the dearest to me in the midst of my disgrace, and the discontent which the king has expressed at my services during this campaign; in him I perceive some tokens of his goodness rekindling, that I may not be wholly oppressed; of this I am properly sensible. Adieu, my dear brother; I have said enough on this unhappy subject.’

In some other letters of *Catinat* to his family, we meet with the following passages:

‘If you well knew the circumstances of this campaign, you would see a very natural chain of events, which have conducted me to my present misfortunes and disgrace; the opinions of others have contributed to it as much as my own. That reputation, which it has cost me so much toil to rear, is now blasted. My own conduct has been candid and direct. Prudence and rectitude are what depend upon ourselves; in other points fortune preserves her empire; and the proper consequences do not always follow from the best dispositions.—I have represented to myself the reasons which have induced the king to send the *maréchal de Villeroi* to Italy. I believe he has done very right. I am particularly pleased with his old friendship for the

prince de Vandémont. This good correspondence will perhaps more stimulate the prince's activity, than any zeal of his own. I conquer my feelings for my disgrace, in order that I may have my mind more at liberty to execute the orders of M. de Villeroi; which I shall do to the utmost extent of my power. *Malice would indeed be shocked, if, on this subject, it could read to the bottom of my heart.*

These traits evince a philosophical spirit worthy of Epictetus himself. This conduct, and his whole subsequent deportment justifies Voltaire's panegyric in the *Henriade*:

Catinat reunit, par une rare assemblage,  
Les talens du guerrier et les vertus du sage.

We cannot resist the pleasure of giving our readers another trait of Catinat, which showed a magnanimity, not excelled by whatever we have been instructed in our youthful days to admire in the heroes of ancient Rome.

It happened that the chevalier de Tessé, brother to the count, died precisely at this period. The count, having no occasion for the services of a man who had been the chevalier's secretary, discharged him. This man had been employed to copy the dispatches which had inculpated the *maréchal*; and, being discontented, he came to offer him his services, promising, as a motive to engage his acceptance of them, that he was able to disclose to him the most secret plots of his enemies. But Catinat rejected him, saying, *if the man was honest, he would not propose to betray the secrets of his masters; but as he seems to be a knave, I will have nothing to say to him: of what use can his discoveries be to me?*

If we have suffered ourselves to be diverted from the prominent characters of these memoirs, by the pleasing contemplation of a virtuous and well regulated mind suffering under unmerited disgrace, the well known words of Seneca must be our apology. *Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciet intentus operi suo, deus. Ecce par deo dignum: virum fortem cum mala fortuna compositum. Non video, inquam, quod habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.*

The next campaign (of 1702) was very nearly inactive on the side of Italy. The count continued to serve under the command of the duke de Vendôme; and towards the end of the year was created a *maréchal de France*, a reward to which his active services seem to have given him a just title.

The year 1703 was distinguished by the defection of the duke of Savoy from his alliance with Louis the 14th. The conduct of the duke is a singular proof of how little weight are the nearest domestic connections among sovereigns, when set in opposition to political interests. He was closely connect-

ed by blood to the French monarch, and had married two of his daughters to Louis's grandsons, so that one of them was at this moment the wife of one of the competitors for the Spanish throne. And yet he violated his treaties and exposed his dominions to no small hazard in order to assist in dethroning his own daughter. But it must be confessed, that his situation as a feeble prince, forced to take a part in the struggle between two mighty monarchies, was singularly difficult, and may perhaps account for the apparent caprice and inconsistency of his conduct. Louis struck the first blow by disarming the Piedmontese who served with his forces. The duke retaliated upon all the French that fell into his power; and the animosity was so great, that each side violated the sacred rights of legation, by imprisoning at their courts their respective ambassadors.

The count (now the *maréchal*) de Tessé had little opportunity of signalizing himself during this campaign, nor the greater part of that which succeeded. The chasm, which is caused by this dearth of important matter, is supplied by the account of a domestic negociation, in which the principal part was played by a man whose character was marked by eccentricities equally whimsical and odious. This personage was Ferdinand Charles, or Charles IV. duke of Mantua.

This prince had married, in 1671, Anna Isabella de Gonzagua Guastalla, who died in 1703, himself being at that time 51 years of age. He was desirous to marry again; and among others *Mademoiselle d'Enghien*, daughter of the prince of Condé, was proposed. De Tessé thus describes the duke in a letter to the prince of Condé.

‘ I pass to the *article* of your letter, in which you speak of his most extraordinary serene highness of Mantua, the best man in the world, and the most attached to the interests of the king, but at the same time one of the most singular. He is a perfect voluptuary, and one who will do any thing to procure an imaginary pleasure, the possession of which disgusts him the moment it is obtained. If he hears of a handsome courtesan at Naples or Sicily, he stirs heaven and earth to obtain her. If he is informed of the beauty of the women at Cephalonia, he will dispatch an envoy there. Now that he is occupied about women with whom his engagements must be a little more serious, he is agitated by the same emotions. I don't know who has put *Madame d'Arembergh* into his head, a lady whom he has never seen. Immediately after the death of his duchess, he became passionately fond of *Mademoiselle d'Eibeuf*, because he had been told that she is tall. In his first warmth he wrote about her to the prince and princess de Vaudémont, who answered coldly, that they knew not whether *Madame d'Eibeuf* had any other engagement for her daughter, and as they neither would nor could enter on such a busi-

ness, without giving an account of it to the court, they should be guided in their conduct by his majesty's orders.'

The following extracts of a dispatch from his serene highness himself to his envoy at Paris, show how justly the maréchal had appreciated his character, and is a truly comic representation of his own mind :

'As to the marriage, we instruct you, that we will do nothing without the consent of his most christian majesty. We will speak of five princesses who have been already named. First, the princess of Condé, who would suit us well for the nobleness of her blood ; but her diminutive stature being quite contrary to our taste, we are doubtful whether her person can be made agreeable to us. As to the princess d'Elbeuf, she is represented as rich and handsome : and we are informed of the highness of her connexions. We understand that the princess d'Arshot unites beauty and modesty to a correct judgment. As to her portion, we know it to be small, and we have received the necessary documents of her nobility. The princess d'Armagnac, we are told, is handsome : she has had a very careful education ; she possesses all the qualifications suitable to a woman of her rank ; we know her alliances, and are assured that her portion is not great. We will say nothing of the princess of Conti, who has been a widow a long time, since you inform us, that she has no thoughts of leaving France. We repeat to you, that never, no, never will we come to a decision without seeing. It is a favour that cannot be refused us, and the most christian king, governed as he is by the rules of justice, will not refuse the desire we have to throw ourselves at his feet, considering the consequence it is of to us to explain to him personally our sentiments and our urgent need of his royal protection. To make use of the justest phrase in the world, we will tell you that rather than not see the spouse whom heaven shall destine for the repose of our mind and person, we will chuse a cavern and a desert. Again we repeat, that never, no, never, will we take a wife without the consent and protection of his majesty. These two points then must be united in the present important business.

To return to the business of our marriage, you will comprehend that we expect with anxiety the ulterior information which we have charged you to obtain : we are waiting also for the pictures, but without losing time : since our resolution of visiting France is perfectly fixed, you must begin to speak on the subject to the marquis de Torci, and to settle the manner in which we shall be received, persuaded as we are that the services that we have rendered to his majesty the christian king give us a claim, first that his majesty will deign to consent to allow us the honour of throwing ourselves at his feet, and moreover, that he will deign to grant us distinctions still greater than those which were granted to our most serene father of pious memory. Act then according to our views, without deferring it from day to day ; since time flies, and our marriage ought necessarily to be hastened.

‘ In this respect, we well know it is impossible to refuse us a princess to our own inclination, or to propose one to us, who would be otherwise; for in this case, we would rather renounce the design of marrying again. But we repeat this can never happen; and since that we can ourselves confer nobility upon a woman, if her blood should not be royal, and since, moreover, by the grace of God, our state is such that a great portion is not necessary to us, it remains only to think of taking for spouse a princess who has been well brought up, and who is perfectly to our taste, that we may pass the remainder of our days in happiness and contentment.’

So far it is sufficiently farcical, from a man who was surrounded with mistresses, towards whom he literally observed all the odious precautions of eastern jealousy. The princess d’Elbeuf had the misfortune to be at length fixed upon to procure the duke’s *happiness and contentment*. We cannot help transcribing the picture this ill fated woman has drawn of her own wretchedness, since it reads a feeling lesson to parents who sacrifice the comfort of their children at the shrine of ambition. This picture is drawn in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, three or four years after her marriage.

‘ As I flatter myself, madam, that I still preserve some place in your thoughts, and that you continue to me the same goodness, which you have shewn me from my infancy, I venture to lay before you the inmost secrets of my heart, on my present condition, and the part which my misfortunes compel me to take for my personal security. I intreat you to communicate to the king, what I am about to relate to you; for I cannot be contented with my own conduct, if it has not his approbation and yours. You know, madam, my misfortunes, but you are ignorant of their whole extent. I know not if, without having proved them, it is possible to conceive them, and I can myself hardly believe the excess of the ill-will which M. the duke of Mantua bears me; it is so terrible, that I have every thing to fear from it without exception. His conduct cost the former duchess her life, after one and thirty years of patience, without her virtue and merit, which were admired by all the world, making the smallest change upon him; and if she held out so long, she possessed a thousand advantages which I do not. She was an Italian; she was of service to him by entering into his affairs; a favour of which he has not thought me worthy; she was attacked by a disease, which promised a more speedy termination than happened; and she had a large property to bequeath. Not only has he continued to me the ill course of conduct begun with her, but he has given into enormities so frightful, that I cannot relate them. The least of them is to have broken all the promises he made me of changing his course of life, and all the stipulations of my marriage contract; almost from the moment of our union. I have received from him only marks of estrangement, of hatred, of contempt, and of ill-will; without reckoning those of the worthless people who surround him, and who vie with each other for the honour of ridding him of a wife, who

is disagreeable to him, and for whom he has only sentiments of aversion. This it is which has made me take the resolution of attempting by all means to retire to a convent in Lorraine; that I may not be burdensome to his majesty, and to put him to no inconvenience; as I know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that in addition to the different sorts of oppression with which I am menaced by M. the duke of Mantua, his intention is, as soon as he arrives at Venice, to place me in a convent at Padua, where I shall be exposed to finish my calamities, by every attack that can be made on my honour and life.

I will venture to assure you, madam, that my sole consolation is having endeavoured to render my own conduct irreproachable; that he himself can find no other fault with me than being his wife, being French, being too much praised and pitied by the whole world, though I speak to God alone of my wretchedness, and I dissemble them to everybody, who has no power to redress them.

I had resolved, madam, to carry my patience to the utmost limit, but I perceive myself not only useless to the interest of the king, but rather regarded with suspicion in every thing of that nature; besides there is no further hope of succession, nor of his return towards God nor towards me, since he equally fears both the one and the other, and there remains no further hope of him, in any of those who know him the best, and who are most capable of judging of his discourse and sentiments. Mon. and madame the princess of Vaudémont can testify, madam, the truth of all that I have had the honour to relate to you. I hope that however cruel is my present condition, and however bold the resolution I have formed, the same Providence which conducted me hither, in spite of my own forebodings and repugnance, (having sacrificed myself as a victim to filial duty) I hope, I say, that that same Providence will aid my escape so that I may be an object of pity, and not of censure. I request from the king's goodness and yours, madam, all the secrecy which so delicate an affair demands. For God's sake, madam, let no one form a suspicion, not even my mother, since not knowing either the time or the manner in which I may execute my design, the slightest suspicion may cost me my life, which, I assure you, madam, shall be ever filled with the tender veneration and perfect attachment with which I have ever regarded you, &c.

Madam Pompadour, who will have the honour to deliver this letter to you, madam, will take the trouble to convey your answer to me, if you will please to give it her, without saying any thing of the business, of which she is uninformed. Let it be speedy, I conjure you, madam, for the delay of a single day may be very prejudicial.

When we consider that this unhappy lady was not above twenty-two, when she wrote this moving description of her situation, our indignation cannot but be roused against the barbarian (whom De Tes-é calls 'le meilleur homme du monde') who was the cause of her sufferings, nor can we help feeling an equal abhorrence of a state of society, which, to support

the vanity of family pride, exacts such dreadful sacrifices of individual happiness. Fortune, however, soon delivered her from her persecutor; for, after the battle of Turin, in 1706, the duke was deprived of his states, and put under the ban of the empire; and he died two years afterwards at Padua, poisoned, it was said, by a woman whom he loved, and who was corrupted by the court of Vienna. The duchess returned to Paris; but was disappointed in her hopes of friendship from madame de Maintenon. She fell ill in 1710. The old hag used the following unfeeling expressions on the occasion in a letter to the duke de Noailles: 'The duchess of Mantua is dangerously ill; she would not do amiss to die; she is both embarrassed and embarrassing: in this case of what use is her lying?' She took her advice; for in a few months she died, at the age of 25.

In 1705 the *maréchal de Tessé* was appointed to succeed the duke of Berwick in the command of the French troops in the service of Spain. Berwick had gained much success by his good conduct and activity, but was removed, as not being obsequious enough to the duke de Grammont, the French ambassador. The allied powers were besieging Gibraltar, and the siege not proceeding with success, the *maréchal* went himself to superintend it. He wrote many letters to the prince of Condé, explaining the cause of their ill success, which betray even at that time the feebleness of the Spanish government. The besiegers were in want of powder, artillery, men; so that when they had made a breach in the works they could not take advantage of it, and there was no squadron to prevent the besieged from receiving supplies. 'Short, foolish are the best, you will say. Why do you not raise the siege?' The answer is curious, and betrays the wretched prodigality of ill advised measures and misplaced economy.

'There is a piece of difficulty in this business. All the artillery has been brought by sea, and cannot be taken off by any other method. This place is a *cul de sac*, encircled by mountains for a league all round, over which it is impossible for any carriage to pass; so that either to continue the siege or to raise it, a squadron is absolutely necessary; and this either cannot or will not be sent.'

In the end the long expected squadron put to sea, it was dispersed by a storm, and beaten by the English fleet under sir John Leake; fresh succours were thrown into the place, and the siege was finally raised, after it had proved the tomb of the greater part of the besieging army. The *maréchal's* letters on this event are very interesting, and his memoirs on the affairs of Spain, and the causes of the inefficiency of the Spanish councils, show great sagacity and intelligence.



The remainder of the year was passed in a petty warfare which produced no events of consequence to either party. Lord Galloway at the head of the English and Portuguese laid siege to Badajos. De Tessé dexterously relieved it, and considering that he commanded inferior forces, the *maréchal* seems on this occasion to have surpassed in skill the English general.

The events of the year 1706 were very disastrous to the French arms, and severely mortified the pride of their monarch. In Flanders Marlborough gained the famous battle of Ramillies, and in Italy, Prince Eugene obtained a signal triumph at Turin. Nor was his general De Tessé more fortunate in Spain. The great body of the Spanish nation seems to have detested the French connection, and insurrections (called by the French rebellions) broke out against the government in 1705 in various parts, particularly in Valencia and Catalonia, where the Archduke Charles had been received with enthusiasm, and where, besides some places of inferior consequence, Barcelona, though furnished with a garrison of 5000 men, had submitted to the arms of the confederates. Early in the campaign of this year the French made a great struggle to retake Barcelona. Charles himself commanded the troops in person. The *maréchal de Tessé* served under him. The *maréchal* thought that the presence of the king only injured his cause. He wrote of him to the minister of war in the following terms : ' He will never open his lips. Act well or ill, it is all one, he thinks ; but it is as if he did not think at all. After this campaign, trust me, that his presence is more hurtful to his service, than if he stayed at Madrid.' Some great errors were committed in the course of the siege. The inhabitants were enthusiastic in the cause of the archduke, an enthusiasm kept up by the priests and monks, who themselves partook of it. Among these monastic heroes the capuchins were particularly remarkable : they adopted the singular mode of tying their beards with coloured knots of ribband, and thus adorned marched to battle and fought, with the greatest desperation. The besiegers were themselves besieged by the peasantry, and to compleat their disasters, their fleet was forced to fly before an English squadron of superior force. Under these circumstances the *maréchal* determined to raise the siege, abandoning stores and artillery to an immense value, and leaving their sick to the humanity of the gallant Lord Peterborough, a nobleman whose generosity has been equally extolled by friends and enemies. The *maréchal* lost much credit in the eyes of the public by the miscarriage of this enterprise, and this with the other misfortunes of the year gave occasion to an infinite number of lampoons. The following

to the severest of all upon the monarch himself, for the ironical keenness of the satire.

A Louis XIV.

Vous avez effacé, grand Roi, toute la gloire  
Des héros de l'antiquité;  
Et toute la postérité

A de quoi s'occuper en lisant votre histoire;  
Mais Villeroi, Tallard, la Feuillade, et Tessé  
En Espagne, en Piémont, en Allemagne, en Flandre  
Ont fait plus que César, et le grand Alexandre:  
Ils vous ont effacé.

The misfortunes of this year exposed the French monarch to the insult of an invasion of his southern provinces in the summer of 1707. Louis was not influenced by his ill success at Barcelona to withdraw his confidence from the *maréchal*, to whom was given the important trust of saving Toulon, which was the object aimed at by the invaders. He succeeded in this high trust to the perfect satisfaction of his master; but the allied powers wiped away in a degree the disgrace of their defeat, by taking Suza in the face of the enemy. This was the termination of the *maréchal's* military career. Whether that he was disgusted with the service, in consequence of the contradictions he had experienced, and the criticisms which had been made on his conduct during the campaign, which was, notwithstanding, the most brilliant action of his military life, or that his enemies had destroyed the good opinion which Louis XIV. had entertained of his talents for war, by reproaching him with the facility with which the imperialists had escaped from Provence, and the subsequent loss of Suza, whatever were the secret motives, he was never placed again at the head of an army.

But in losing his military command, he did not lose entirely the confidence of his master. The year following we find him ambassador extraordinary at Rome, with instructions to form a league in that country against the emperor, a project of which he was himself the author. But at that time the imperial arms being all-powerful, the holy father was obliged to submit to circumstances, so that the *maréchal's* mission proved fruitless. He wrote two letters to the sovereign pontiff on this occasion remarkable for the tone of bitter irony in which they were couched. In one of them he observed, 'that though prayers had been offered for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the counsels which followed seemed dictated rather by the spirit of Satan.' Such a phrase greatly scandalised the devotees, and was cruelly severe upon a wavering old man, acting under the influence of intimidation.

This was the last important post which the *maréchal* filled under Louis XIV. That monarch died in 1715. He was but little employed during the regency of the Duke of Orleans. He was appointed to accompany Peter the First of Russia about Paris and its environs in 1717, and conducted a negotiation between that monarch and the French court, which, however, as it came to nothing, is at present very little interesting. In 1722 he quitted the court and withdrew himself to the repose of a country house; but the following year he received a flattering proof of the consideration in which his talents were held, by being selected to go to Madrid on a mission of great importance, in quality of ambassador extraordinary. Though Louis XIV. had put a grandson on the Spanish throne, his successor found himself unable to exercise more than a partial influence on the Spanish councils. The *grandees* were refractory, and Grimaldo, one of the principal ministers and a great favourite of Philip V. was thought to favour English counsels, and to be a pensioner of the English government. It is curious to remark the same charges against the English with which we have been stunned in our own days by the agents of Buonaparte. Their commercial monopoly of the trade to the Indies, the influence of their gold, the tyranny of their navy are the subjects of heavy complaints. May they long continue to be so, since her commerce and her riches are the natural offspring of liberty, justice and integrity. The *maréchal's* mission seems not to have succeeded; though he received from the Spanish court many marks of personal esteem and respect. Soon after his return to France he died, on the 30th of May, 1725, at the age of 74.

Before we conclude we think it right to give our readers a specimen of the *maréchal's* style of writing. The following is a letter to the duke de Vendome, on the conquest of Barcelona in 1697.

Camp at Comines, 19th August, 1697.

'To day, my lord duke, we have rejoicings for the success of an enterprize, the most difficult and most glorious of the present age. The honour and glory of it are entirely due to your highness. Your patience, your virtue, and your heroic courage have surmounted difficulties, which equally alarmed your servants, your dependants, those who love your person, and those who love the state. In each of these relations my heart partakes of the joy of which your highness must be sensible; but confounded as I am among the crowd of those who are attached to your glory, permit me, my lord, to express the singular and lively interest I felt in your personal preservation. The eternity of your name and reputation gave me little or

no concern, but for your life I was under great alarm. I have the honour to be, with a respect proportioned to the attachment I have ever professed, my lord duke, your highness's very humble, &c."

These memoirs contain matter which will be read with interest by those to whom the military and political concerns of past times are an object of curiosity. If the marechal himself was not one of those elevated characters, which commands our esteem for his virtue, or our admiration for very extraordinary endowments, still the documents which remain of him set him much above the level of ordinary men. The severest judgment must allow that he possessed talents, judgment, penetration, bravery, and that he filled a distinguished and honourable career with as few stains upon his character as could be expected from one, whose days were passed in courts, and to whom the pursuits of ambition was the great business of life.

ART. VII.—*Histoire du Donjon et du Chateau de Vincennes, &c.*

*History of the Fortress and Castle of Vincennes from their Beginning to the Epoch of the Revolution; containing some interesting Particulars relative to the Princes, Kings, Ministers, and other celebrated Personages who have inhabited Vincennes; and to the Prisoners who have been confined there principally during the Reigns of Louis XIII, Louis XIV. and Louis XV; with an historical Summary of the civil Wars, in which the principal Prisoners of the Fortress signalized themselves, from the Reign of Charles V. till the Epoch in which this State-Prison was suppressed. 3 Vol. 8vo. Paris, 1807. London. Imported by Deconchy Bond-street.*

THE castle of Vincennes, which was the scene of so many horrors in former ages, has lately been restored to its pristine celebrity, as a place of infernal cruelty and revenge, by the murder of the unfortunate duke d'Enghien, which took place at midnight by order of the present merciful ruler of the French. The wood of Vincennes is situated about a league to the east of Paris. In this wood the French kings had at a very early period built a chateau or mansion for the sake of enjoying the pleasures of the chace. This was for a long time their favourite abode; the place where they sought solace and recreation. But after the lapse of several centuries it was converted into the tremendous receptacle of misery and despair. While it continued to be the residence of the kings it had all the appearance of a fortress. The great tower contained

the ordinary apartments of the king, of the queen and of their children; the other towers were inhabited by the princes and nobles of the court. A draw-bridge defended the entrance, and a deep foss, flanked with stone, rendered it difficult of access.

The fortress, which is the most antient part of the structure, is composed of nine towers of massy strength and stately height; these are surpassed by a tenth called **THE TOWER**, which was the royal residence. Some of these towers are open to the weather, and crumbling in decay. **THE TOWER** is surrounded with a separate foss, which is forty feet deep, twenty wide, and flanked with stone. This stone-wall is carried perpendicular, but with such a cornice or rather bend at the top that a man cannot pass it without turning himself upside down: so that any person who got into the foss and was without any help from without, would be as securely immured as in the towers. **THE TOWER** is a square with a turret at each end; it is four stories high; with arched ceilings. Each story has a large square hall in the centre, with four small apartments at the corners, which served for bed rooms, or closets, and afterwards as receptacles for prisoners. The great halls are each vaulted with a gothic roof supported by a single pillar; the four small closets are also vaulted with stone, and communicate with the common hall. In the reign of Louis XI. a cruel and superstitious prince, the fortress of Vincennes was first habitually used as a prison of state. Cardinal Richlieu, who ruled France with sovereign sway, during the nominal reign of Louis XIII. made frequent use of this fortress to gratify his tyranny and caprice.

When the fortress of Vincennes was converted into a state-prison, the entrance was protected by two draw-bridges which were rarely let down; of these one afforded a narrow path-way to foot passengers; and the other was intended for carriages. On the other side was a wall of uncommon height and strength with only one entrance, guarded by two sentinels and three gates. That, which communicated with the tower, could neither be opened on one side nor the other, without a turnkey and serjeant of the guard. These massy doors led to the apartments of the prisoners; the interior door consisted of a double plate of iron; and each was fortified with two bars, three bolts, and enormous weights to prevent its hanging a-jar. Every door opened across that which came next, so that the second served as a barrier to the first, and the third to the second. The walls of these captive cells were sixteen feet thick, and the arched roofs thirty feet high. The apartments themselves were somewhat less than those of the Bastille, and a little less gloomy. Nevertheless these sombre

habitations were enveloped in eternal night, the dim panes admitted only a feeble glimmering of light, and the inlet to this was intercepted by double and sometimes triple bars of iron. Hardly any air could find its way into the rooms. At night the soldiers retired into the fortress; the bridges were drawn up; the gates were all locked and barred; and the keys deposited with an officer, who was specially entrusted with the charge. Guards were posted so as to command every corner of the fortress. A patrol passed every half-hour under the windows, and night and morning before the opening and shutting of the gates, made the circuit of the foss, where even the turnkeys were not suffered to pass without leave. All these precautions did not seem sufficient to satisfy the jealousy of despotism. The sentinels without, had orders to keep the eyes of passengers off the fortress; and from break of day they were incessantly vociferating, '*Passez votre chemin,*' 'Go about your business.' The central hall on the first story of the great tower, was applied to the purposes of torture. The cavities in the stone are still visible, where these unfortunate persons were fastened to rings in the wall. In these recesses, almost excluded from air and light, some wooden truckles are at present remaining, to which they were chained who were permitted to taste a moment of repose. As tyranny is never wanting in the forms of religion, and can, when it will suit its purpose, be as orthodox as the most intolerant priest in Christendom, a chapel was deemed an essential requisite in this tenement of despotism. Hither the prisoners were made to repair for their devotions, during the performance of which, they were barricaded in a sort of cell, inclosed with a double door. The staircase was winding, narrow, and impeded with a constant succession of doors. Two hundred and sixty-five high steps at length conducted to a platform of magnificent workmanship, which commanded an extensive and delicious view, of which the charm was probably heightened by contrast with the horror, the darkness, and the captivity below. When we survey the fosses, the towers, the double and triple gates plated with iron, we cannot but contemplate with horror and surprize the jealous precautions of despotic power. We behold in every bar and wall, the unceasing agitation of its suspicious fears, and the elaborate contrivances of its unrelenting hate; while we cannot but admire that insate aversion of confinement, and love of liberty, which have caused the ingenuity of the captive to surpass that of his oppressor, and to escape notwithstanding such accumulated obstructions from this cheerless abode of misery and despair.

Among the persons who were successful in making their escape, the author mentions the duke de Beaufort, in the year 1648. The duke had been suspected of a design to assassinate cardinal Mazarin, which led to his imprisonment. He had been a prisoner five years, when he found means to elude his guards and recover his liberty. The duke had interested one of his guards, named Vaugrimaut, in his favour. Vaugrimaut procured cords and other necessities for his escape, and facilitated a correspondence with his friends at Paris. On the 31st of May, 1648, about noon, when the guards were at dinner, five resolute and robust accomplices, in the pay of the duke, approached the foss, at a point which had been agreed on for the purpose. Fifty horsemen were stationed near. On the day appointed, the duke descended into an exterior gallery, where he was permitted to walk. Vaugrimaut, who used to dine with the other guards, made some excuse for his absence, and went to rejoin the duke in a gallery where he was walking with an officer of the guard, named Laramée, who never lost sight of his charge. On leaving the guard room, Vaugrimaut took the precaution of shutting two or three doors which communicated with the gallery, which he secured with bolts. He then in conjunction with the duke, made a sudden attack on Laramée, whom they instantly gagged and bound hand and foot. Vaugrimaut descended first, and alighted without accident; the duke followed, but the cord by which he came down, was too short for the purpose, so that he had to drop at the distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground. He was for some time rendered senseless by the fall, which alarmed the five men who were standing on the other side. But, when he came to himself, he passed a cord round the middle of his body, and was drawn to the top of the foss by the help of his associates. He was immediately mounted on a horse, and lost no time in making his escape. The duke remained for some time in concealment, till the troubles of the Fronde enabled him to return to the capital, and to revive the hopes of his party. In 1662 he made his peace with the court. He was present at the siege of Candia in 1669, but was made prisoner in a sortie by the Turks, who cut off his head. The duke de Beaufort, is asserted without any proof to have been the *man in the iron mask*, who was confined in the island of St. Marguerite.

Cardinal de Retz was kept for fifteen months a prisoner in the castle of Vincennes. He was at first, either owing to the orders of the court or the spontaneous inhumanity of his keepers treated with great severity. He was kept without fire for fifteen days during the coldest season of the year. The

man to whom the charge of his person was principally committed, seems to have taken a pleasure in aggravating his misery. He robbed the cardinal of his linen, clothes and shoes, so that he was sometimes obliged to lay in his bed for eight or ten days at a time, for want of clothes to put on. To try the patience of his prisoner, he once began to dig a small piece of ground of a few yards square, in the court of the castle; and, when the cardinal asked him what he was going to do with the ground, he replied 'to sow asparagus, in order to regale your eminence some three years hence.' Notwithstanding the vigilance of his guards, the cardinal found means to elude it by a superior share of subtlety and penetration. He kept up a regular correspondence with his friends, notwithstanding the frequent change and number of his guards. The cardinal might have made his escape, and some of his friends had prepared the way for the execution, but his timidity would not suffer him to make the attempt. The cardinal was however some time after removed to the castle of Nantz. Here he at last was brought to the resolution of profiting by the active exertions of his friends to assist him in his escape. Having lulled the vigilance of his guards by the temptation of wine, two of his faithful domestics let him down by a rope from the battlements of the terrace, where he was permitted to walk. When he had got to the ground, he was immediately mounted on a horse; but the cardinal was so alarmed, that, losing all power of managing the mettlesome steed, he was thrown off, and dislocated his shoulder in the fall. He was again mounted, and proceeded in the utmost consternation and dismay. During the first twelve miles, he did not utter a single word, though his attendants made every effort to keep up his spirits, and preserve his resolution. But he could not be brought to open his mouth till he reached the boat where the duke de Brisac and the chevalier de Seigné were waiting for him. After crossing the Loire, they had proceeded for two leagues on fresh horses, without the cardinal having expressed the least sense of his pain, when on a sudden he raised the most piercing shrieks, and declared that his agonies would not suffer him to continue his journey. He was taken from his horse, and placed on a bank near the high road. He was afterwards conveyed to the house of a M. de Lapoise, whose mansion was surrounded by a double moat. After he had been five hours in bed, the house-keeper informed him that a party of horse had been seen in the neighbourhood. The terrified priest instantly begged to be concealed in some place where he might most certainly elude the search of his enemies. He was accordingly let



down by a trapdoor, into a dungeon under a tower, and furnished with a small supply of bread and wine. Here he was almost up to his knees in water and mud; and had for nine hours no very comfortable residence. But, at eleven at night, he set out to return to Beaupreau, the seat of his friend the duke de Brisac. He had not gone a league, before he again uttered the most piercing moan, and was obliged to be left on the ground, till he was conveyed to a neighbouring farmhouse, where he remained concealed in a hay-stack, from eight in the morning till five in the evening. When night began to set in, the farmer summoned the cardinal from his place of concealment, and placed him on a horse behind one of his servants, by whom he was safely conveyed to Beaupreau, the seat of the duke de Brisac; and afterwards to Montargu where they met the duke de Retz, the brother of the cardinal. Here the cardinal's arm from which he had suffered such intolerable pain, and which had been injudiciously treated by a surgeon, of the duke de Retz, was found black as ink from the shoulder to the elbow; and he continued a cripple for the remainder of his life. In order to avoid the pursuit of the court, the cardinal afterwards retired to Bellisle, which then belonged to the duke de Retz. In his passage to that place, he was alarmed by the appearance of some suspicious vessels, which obliged him to put back to the shore, where he hid himself in the ruins of an old church, and remained buried under a heap of tiles and rubbish from noon till eight at night. When the cardinal and his friends reached Bellisle, they were afraid of having to sustain a siege against the government; and accordingly embarked on board a fishing smack in the disguise of sailors, and after having narrowly escaped being taken by a Barbary corsair, they arrived at Sebastian in Spain. But as they came here without any passports, which were then necessary both by sea and land, and had besides such a suspicious appearance, they were told by the officers of the port, that it would be well for them if they were not hanged the next morning. But happily the cardinal was known to the baron de Vatteville, the governor of Guipuscoa, through whose interest he obtained whatever he desired. But all he demanded, was a galley to convey him into Italy. After having experienced another hair-breadth escape in the form of shipwreck, he reached the capital of the holy see, where he only remained about three months, till the death of Pope Innocent the tenth. Weary at last of travelling in various disguises, over Germany and Holland, &c. and sighing for repose after such a long series of adventures, the cardinal entered into a treaty with the court; and consented to the entire re-

renunciation of the archbishopric of Paris. When he secluded himself from the world, his first care was to discharge the immense debts which he had contracted ;—he parted with his large estate, and reserving to himself only a moderate annuity, very honestly abandoned the remainder to his creditors. Out of the income which he still retained, he is said to have been generous to his friends. Such were some of the vicissitudes which marked the life of cardinal de Retz. Adversity, as is usually the case, seems rather to have promoted than repressed his amiable qualities.

In the third volume of this work we have a very interesting account of the imprisonment, escape and adventures, of Henry Maseres de Latude. Latude, in the twenty-third year of his age, hoping to make his fortune without farther trouble, contrived a stratagem to interest Madame Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. in his favour. This did not succeed ; and he was punished for his folly and presumption, by being successively confined in the Bastille, at Vincennes, Charenton, and Bicetre. The deception which Latude endeavoured to practise on Madame Pompadour, and which gave rise to the misfortunes of his future life, was the following : He informed this lady who, then, ruled Louis XV. with more than sovereign sway, that two strangers, whose conversation he had overheard in the garden of the Thuilleries, proposed to poison her by means of a powder which she was in the habit of using, and which was to be conveyed to her in a packet by the post. After writing to Madame Pompadour an account of this conspiracy, he obtained an audience of this lady in her apartments at Versailles, where he gave her new assurances of his zeal. The marchioness, touched with gratitude offered him a purse of gold ; which he strenuously refused. the appearance of his disinterestedness, wrought still farther on the lady's sensibility ; and she desired him, when he went away, to leave his address with her secretary. Latude returned to Paris, elated with the success of his plot, and flushed with hope. The packet arrived, and the marchioness immediately ordered an experiment of its poisonous contents to be made on divers animals. But the powder proved quite innocuous ; and poor Latude, who was indulging all the gay anticipations of hope, soon found an officer of the police at his door, who conveyed him in a fiacre to the Bastille. Here he was subjected to the strictest search ; his clothes, money, papers, jewels were taken from him, and he was invested in a suit of rags, which many a wretched captive had worn before. He was conducted to an apartment in a corner-tower ; two iron doors were shut upon him, and he was left to his own reflec-

tions. The next day he was examined by the lieutenant-general of police, M. Berrier, who was interested by the candour of Latude, and saw nothing in his conduct which merited any severity of punishment. He promised to exert his interest with the marchioness de Pompadour to procure his liberty, but found her inexorable to his request. Latude was afterwards lodged with another prisoner, named Joseph Abuzaglo, by birth a Jew, who had been detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the court of London, and thrown into the Bastille. Abuzaglo appears to have possessed some estimable qualities; but as he had a wife and children with whom he was prevented from maintaining any correspondence, he bore his confinement with less fortitude than Latude. They mutually promised that he who should first obtain his liberty should incessantly strive to procure that of the other. After a lapse of about four months two turnkeys entered the apartment of the prisoners; and one of them told Latude that he had received orders for his discharge. But he had hardly passed the threshold, before he learned that he was to be removed to the castle of Vincennes. Thus despair succeeded in a moment to the anticipation of freedom and of happiness. He learned that Abuzaglo had a short time after this been set at liberty; but thinking that he should soon be forgotten by his companion, Latude felt but little interested in the news.

Latude soon after fell sick in his new prison. M. Berrier came to console him, but the despair of procuring his liberty long retarded his recovery. The glimmering possibility of making his escape at last roused him from his torpor, and restored the activity of his enterprising mind. He every day saw an old priest walking in a garden belonging to the castle, who was confined there on a charge of Jansenism. The abbe de Saint-Sauveur had permission to go and dispute with this prisoner as often as he pleased; and he often embraced the opportunity. The Jansenist was also wont to act as a schoolmaster to the children of the officers in the castle; and the abbé and the children used to go backwards and forwards without exciting any particular observation. At the time when the Jansenist was taking his walks, Latude had permission, from the interest of M. Berrier, to walk in an adjoining garden for two or three hours at a time for the benefit of his health. Two turnkeys used to come to his chamber and conduct him below; one day, being resolved at all adventures to escape, the door of his apartment was hardly opened before he flew down the stair case, and was at the bottom, before the turnkeys thought of pursuing him. He barred one of the doors behind, in order to cut off the communication with the turn-

keys while he executed his purpose. He had four sentinels to pass; the first was stationed at the gate which led into the court; he knocked; the door is opened; Latude eagerly asks for the abbé Saint-Sauveur. 'Our priest,' says the sentinel, 'has been waiting for him in the garden for these two hours.' Latude pursued his course with the same velocity; at the extremity of the arch below the clock, another sentinel was in his way. He inquires how long the abbé Saint-Sauveur had been gone? the man answered that he knew nothing about the matter, and let him pass; the same question was put to another at the other side of the draw-bridge, who said that he had not seen him, but expected to see him soon. In a transport of joy he goes up to the fourth and last sentinel, of whom he makes similar enquiries, and is suffered to pass without farther observation. It was on the fifth of June 1750, that Latude made his escape after a detention of nine months at Vincennes. He struck off into the corn-fields and vineyards; and deviated as much as possible from the high road till he arrived at Paris. Here the sanguine and ill founded expectations of Latude again proved fatal to his liberty. He imagined that the marchioness de Pompadour would be interested in his favour, if he made her the object of his confidence and the depositary of his secret. He prepared a memoir to the king, and which after stating his assurance of the generous forgiveness of Madame Pompadour and his trust in the mercy of the king, he finished by pointing out the place of his concealment. Such confidence should have procured his pardon; but, instead of this, he was immediately reconducted to the Bastille. He was however told that this was only to discover the mode of his escape from the castle of Vincennes, that the other prisoners might be prevented from following his example; or that they might know whether any blame attached to the fidelity of his guards. Latude ingenuously confessed every thing relative to his escape; but this did not procure his enlargement; he was thrown into a deep dungeon, and exposed to a severity of treatment beyond what he had hitherto experienced. Berrier appeared anew to sooth his regrets and alleviate his distress. He ordered that the food of the prisoner should be the same as before, and that he should be supplied with books, pens, paper and ink. Latude made the best of these resources to alleviate his chagrin, but at the end of six months his patience forsook him, and in a moment of bitterness, he had the imprudence to write the following lines in one of the books which were lent him;

Sans esprit et sans agremens,  
 Sans etre ni belle ni neuve,  
 En France on peut avoir le premier des enfans;  
 La Pompadour en est la preuve.

As all the books which were lent to any of the prisoners were scrupulously examined when they were returned, one of the turnkeys no sooner observed this writing in the margin than he instantly shewed it to the commandant, named John Lebel. This incident could add little to the horrors which Latude experienced; but it contributed to their prolongation. He was confined for eighteen months in his dismal dungeon, before M. Berrier dared to place him in a less wretched part of the prison. He also procured permission for him to have a servant in his room; this offer was readily embraced by Latude.

The domestic, who was accordingly engaged in the service of Latude, proved to be a kind sympathising creature, who made every effort to diminish the miseries of his situation. But the air of the prison was soon found pernicious to the health of this faithful menial; and his master was the sad spectator not only of his sickness but his death. The generous and humane M. Berrier now procured another companion for Latude, who was almost of the same age with himself, guilty of a similar crime, and the victim of a similar persecution. This unfortunate companion of Latude was called d'Alégre, who had been immured for three years in the Bastille for the crime of having given a little wholesome admonition to the mistress of the king, who had been long accustomed to nothing but the servility of adulation. This young man was quite dejected by the pressure of his sufferings, while Latude preserved his intrepidity and resolution, and meditated a new and bolder project of escape. We shall make no apology for detailing at length the execution of this singular adventure, in which that love of liberty, which is an innate principle of our nature, surmounted obstacles which seemed insuperable by the genius and fortitude of man.

Latude could not hope to make his escape through the gates of the Bastille, as the multiplied obstacles rendered it a physical impossibility. His only hope centered in reaching the top of one of the towers, and in thence contriving the means of a descent. There was indeed in the apartment of the two friends a chimney which ran up the side of a tower, but, like all those in the Bastille, it was fortified by gratings and bars, so as in some places hardly to allow a free passage for the smoke. If they could even reach the top of this tower, they had afterwards to encounter an abyss of two hundred feet deep; at the bottom of which was a foss, commanded

By an exceeding high wall, which they would still have to scale. Besides this they had neither tools nor materials proper for the purpose; they were narrowly watched every hour of the day and of the night. But these dangers and impediments served only to stimulate the enterprising genius of Latude. Beneath the flooring of his apartment, he found that there was an empty space of about four feet; this cavity, by means of squares dexterously removed and replaced again, was to serve as a receptacle for the materials, with which his escape was to be accomplished. The prisoners had in their apartment a folding table, which was joined by two iron hinges; by continued friction of these on the stone, they formed a couple of tools, which were principally employed in detaching the iron grating in the chimney, and in raising a square of the floor. In a trunk which Latude was still suffered to retain, he had a considerable stock of shirts, handkerchiefs, towels, drawers, stockings, &c. Of these they set about unravelling the threads, in order to form lines. They separated the single threads and tied one to another, and made of them a certain number of balls, each containing fifty threads of sixty feet in length. They twisted these into a cord of fifty feet long, with which they formed a ladder of twenty feet. This served to support them while they were employed in removing the bars and projections of iron in the chimney. This took them above six months of continual toil, and during the operation they were obliged to put themselves into the most torturing positions, and seldom came down without bloody hands. The iron bars were fixed in a very hard cement, which they were obliged to soften by moistening with saliva the holes which they made. They thought themselves happy when in the space of a night they had removed a quantity of cement hardly exceeding the breadth of a hair.

They next occupied themselves in constructing a ladder of wood, which was necessary to mount from the foss to the parapet, and from the parapet into the garden of the governor. This was to be five and twenty feet high. To this purpose they devoted some of the billets which were allowed them for firing, which were from eighteen to twenty inches long. Out of an iron candlestick Latude formed a sort of saw, and he ground a small piece of steel into a knife; with this saw, the knife, and the two instruments which were formed out of the hinges they cut the billets into shape. These they contrived pegs and joints to fasten together, as well as holes for the staves. For the ladder was formed of only one upright piece in the centre, and the staves were fixed across, and fastened by pegs. The ladder had twenty staves of fifteen inches each; and as the central piece was three inches wide, each stave projected

six inches on each side. In proportion as they finished these preparations they concealed them in the cavity beneath the floor. They next engaged in the formation of the ladder by which they were to descend from the top of the tower, which could not be less than one hundred and eighty feet long. This they formed by unravelling their shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, handkerchiefs, and in short all the linen or silk which they had in their possession. When they had got together a sufficient quantity of balls, they employed the night in twisting the threads into a cord.

Round the towers of the Bastille there was a projecting ledge of three or four feet, from which the long ladder by which they were to descend, would hang loose and fluctuate in the air; and this was sufficient to cause the best organised head to turn giddy with fright. In order to obviate this inconvenience and prevent either of them from falling off and being dashed to pieces, they formed a second rope of about three hundred and sixty feet in length, by which they might be better secured in their descent. They afterwards made several other smaller ropes in order to attach the ladder to the breech of a cannon, and for other unforeseen emergencies. The fifth of February 1756 was the day that they fixed for their escape. Latude filled a leathern portmanteau with a change of dress for himself and his associate, and with two cramps of iron, in order to force a way, if it should be necessary, through the wall which separated the foss of the Bastille from that of the gate Saint Antony through which they were to pass. They had no sooner supped than Latude first mounted the chimney, and after being almost stifled with soot and grazed to the quick in several parts of his body, arrived at the top. He then let down a cord to which d'Alegre attached the portmanteau, which was drawn up without any difficulty, and thrown on the platform of the prison. Latude drew up in the same manner the wooden ladder, and irons which they had provided in order to pierce the wall of the foss if it should be necessary. D'Alegre now ascended the chimney, and rejoined his companion; and they both alighted on the platform of the Bastille. They fastened the long rope ladder by one of the ends to the frame of a cannon, formed the rest into a ball, and let it drop gently to the ground. Latude now fixed the long cord round his body, and passed it over a sort of pulley without a wheel; so that d'Alegre gradually loosened it in proportion to his descent. Notwithstanding this precaution, Latude fluctuated in the air every step he took; but he succeeded in reaching the foss without any accident. D'Alegre next let down the portmanteau, &c.; and then began to descend himself, which he did with less diffi-

culty, because Latude held the end of the ladder with all his strength; which prevented it from vacillating so much as before. When the two companions had both got to the bottom, they heard a sentinel walking at a few yards distance from where they stood. Instead of mounting the parapet, and escaping by the garden of the governor as they first designed, they proceeded directly to the wall which separated the foss of the Bastille from that of the gate Saint Antony; and went instantly to work with their irons in order to force a passage through to the other side. In the spot in which they were thus employed, they were up to their armpits in water; in which they remained during nine hours, till they were exhausted with fatigue and benumbed with cold. They had hardly begun to loosen the stones of the wall, than they beheld a patrol walking about twelve feet above. The lantern, which he held in his hand, threw its glare on the spot where they stood, and they had no other means of eluding detection than by dipping their heads under water. This manœuvre they were obliged to repeat every half hour.

At length, after incredible exertion, which nothing but the ardent hope of recovering their liberty could have enabled them to undergo, they had perforated a hole in the wall, which was four feet and a half thick, large enough for a man to pass. At this moment they forgot their sufferings and their toils, and their hearts beat high with joy; but as they were passing the foss Saint Antoine in order to get into the road to Bercy, they had still to encounter fresh perils and toils. They both fell into an aqueduct, which ran in the middle, which was ten feet deep in water and two in mud. Nothing but the vigorous activity of Latude could have saved them on this occasion. He seized his companion by the hair of his head, and thus forced him to the other side. Just as the clocks struck five, they had passed the foss and got into the high road. Transported with joy they embraced each other, and knelt down to return thanks to the Supreme Being, whose mercy had conducted them through such an extraordinary tissue of perilous adventure. They next proceeded to change their dress; and began to feel all the torpefying effects of cold to a degree beyond what they had experienced during the nine successive hours in which they had been engaged in making a breach in the wall, and above their middle in the water of the foss. After having eluded the vigilance of the police for some time in Paris, d'Alegre travelled to Brussels in disguise, whither he was soon after followed by his friend; but Latude had no sooner reached this capital of the then Austrian Netherlands than he learned that his associate in misfortune had been arrested and sent to Lisle.



He was deeply affected by this news, and made the best of his way into Holland, where he experienced the utmost indigence and distress; which were indeed occasionally relieved by the compassion of particular individuals, such as Providence seems to sprinkle over every part of the world, as the instruments of his benevolence in alleviating the wants and the misfortunes of his creatures. But even in Holland Latude was not free from the persecution of Madame Pompadour, or the vigilant intrigues of the French police. His letters were intercepted, his retreat discovered; interest was made with the government of Holland to have his person secured; and the poor sufferer was again lodged in the Bastille. Irons were placed on his feet and wrists, and he was confined in a dungeon with only a handful of straw for his bed. For forty successive months he was detained in this miserable situation. The cell in which he was placed was much infested by rats, which he contrived at last to domesticate and tame. The account which is given of this attempt is curious and interesting; but we must refer our readers to the book itself for the details. Suffice it to say that this constituted the only source of amusement which Latude experienced during the long period of his captivity. In 1764 Latude was again removed from the Bastille to the castle of Vincennes, from which he once more made his escape, but his ill fortune, as usual, soon followed on the heels of his good; he was again arrested and again doomed to experience the loss of that liberty which he loved, but of which he had tasted so small a share. He was afterwards transferred by the orders of M. de Malesherbes, who had been induced to believe that he was mad, to the hospital of Charenton, which at that time served as a receptacle for lunatics. Here he had the misfortune to hear of his old friend d'Alegre, whose sufferings had actually deprived him of his reason. Latude procured an interview with him; he fell on his neck and wept; but d'Alegre had lost the power of recollection. He pushed away his old companion with a look of horror and surprise. I am Latude, says his friend, who assisted you in escaping from the Bastille, do not you remember me? With a ghastly stare and tone of terror, d'Alegre replied, 'Non ! je suis Dieu !' 'No ! I am God Almighty.' This was too much for the sympathising Latude; his heart was ready to burst with grief; he sighed, and hurried from the spot. On the 5th of June, 1777, Latude was set at liberty by an order of the minister Amelot, but the demon of despotism had not yet ceased to trouble his repose. He had set out for Montagnac his native place, but was again arrested in his way and immured in the prison of the Bicetre, where he was kept for

years on bread and water, and did not fully recover his liberty and independence till the year 1784, after a total period of five-and-thirty years of misery and imprisonment. The baron Breteuil obtained for him a pension of about sixteen pounds a year from Louis XVI. This trivial indemnity for the tyranny and injustice which he had experienced was increased in the beginning of the revolution in 1789. Such is the singular history of Latude, which cannot be regarded as devoid of instruction or of interest. It shews what almost insuperable difficulties may be overcome by the mind, when all its powers are directed to one object and resolutely bent on the execution. His escape from the Bastille, compared with the accumulated difficulties which he had to encounter, and the slender means which he possessed for the purpose, the terrors of the undertaking, and the courage which he displayed must be regarded as a singular instance of the most heroic enterprise and adventure. His example may well be employed to inspire hope in the desponding, constancy in the wavering, and resolution in the timid. It shews how much physical suffering may be endured by the body, where it is inhabited by an energetic mind, the vigour of which seems to increase in proportion to the oppression which it has to sustain, the difficulties which it has to encounter, and the perils which it is required to brave.

ART. VIII.—*Beyträge zur beförderung der Humanität, &c. Help to the Promotion of Humanity, and particularly of a pure Benevolence between the different Sects of Christians.* By P. J. H. Hoogen. First vol. 8vo. Duisburg. 1805.

ART. IX.—*Die Volksschulen, &c.*

*National Schools not ecclesiastical, but political Institutions, with a particular Reference to the Prussian Provinces in Westphalia.* Views, Hopes, and Wishes of a Catholic Teacher of Religion. 8vo. 1805.

ART. X.—*Ergymüthige untersuchung, &c.*

*Free Enquiry into the Provincial Schools, as an Affair of State, by a Friend of Truth.* 8vo. Quicklinburg. 1805.

WE shall include the notice of these three works in one article. The subject of education, and the discipline and management of schools, have, happily for our times, begun to excite general interest; and, as might be expected, have

encouraged a host of writers of all descriptions to employ their pens on the occasion. The author of the first work says that 'the improvement of institutions for public instruction will no where meet with fewer impediments, than where the most complete religious toleration is the principle of the government.' He cherishes the hope that the Prussian government, which has long been a pattern to others in this respect, will not be backward in exhibiting an example of this improvement. 'In such a state,' says M. Hoogen, 'the diffusion of knowledge can excite no alarm. That illumination, which is the result of moral and useful instruction, is the support of the state, and of the general welfare.' The author clearly discerns with what this illumination should begin, and whither it should tend. He does not recommend an unreasonable and sudden burst of light, or any rash and frivolous change. He does not wish to profane what is holy, nor to degrade what is serious. He is not anxious to turn religion into a cold and lifeless system of ethical prudence; he is rather studious to elevate the true dignity of man, and to make all citizens wise enough, under the guidance of religion, to do their duty and be morally happy. Such illumination can certainly never be too general; and the attempt to promote it can be opposed only by ignorance and malevolence. The most terrible consequences may arise from the want of such popular instruction. In order to promote this, it is the duty of all religious teachers, to be unwearied in inculcating religious toleration. It is only where this prevails that religious establishments can be permanently improved. This must prepare the way for the moral illumination of the people. The public instruction of the country should be a legislative provision for every citizen; considered as a mere matter of state, and independent of all sectarian or ecclesiastical opinions. The author exhibits a warm and faithful but not exaggerated picture of such a separation; and he proceeds to remove the difficulties which stand in the way of their union. Many of these difficulties lie, alas! in the teachers themselves, by whom the beneficent views of the government should be executed. 'The present system,' says he, 'of popular education is a moral enormity.' We have then a description of a catholic and a protestant school, as they are usually conducted. We find some very valuable remarks on the use of the Bible in schools. For the young he recommends only a small portion suited to their apprehension; for the catechumens and older scholars, a useful extract containing every thing which is instructive and important to the whole body of christians; and which may promote the practice of christi-

unity. The christian instruction, which should be delivered in such schools, should imprint on the hearts of the children of all denominations, the general principles of christianity, independent of all doctrinal distinctions. The second essay breathes the most comprehensive charity. It begins with shewing how, in opposition to the doctrine of Jesus, which embraces every moral excellence that can adorn, exalt or perfect rational man, which connects the whole human race as the children of one common father, recourse has been had to the arms of terror and of persecution, which, instead of promoting its diffusion, have defeated the beneficence of its operations.

The knowledge of God, says the author, or religion, is the best source of human happiness. The whole creation breathes the feeling of joy. Even the gospel is the clear expression of a social, consoling, and exhilarating benevolence. The founder of christianity came to re-establish the neglected and forgotten dignity of man, to dry up the tears of misery, to dispel the slavery of fear, to effect the kingdom of God in every heart on the basis of the most perfect religion of which man is capable. Humanity in its purest sense is its name. Jesus laid the ground-work of human reformation in the principle of reason, as it came from God, and of truth, as it could come only from heaven; and his unvitiated doctrine will never cease to be accompanied with the genial flame of faith, hope and love in the breast of man. The christian religion has a principal reference to the internal constitution of man. Its object was to establish the sovereignty of truth in the soul. The external form of christianity is so wisely contrived, that it will adapt itself to every political constitution. It is a law addressed only to the conscience and the heart. It interferes not with any civil regulations; and there is no modification of civil government which may not be benefited by its presence in the heart. All political incorporation tends only to vitiate and debase the christian doctrine. The more any particular form of it is connected with temporal distinction, profit, or advantage, the more the doctrine itself must lose its spiritual influence on the heart and life. For christianity is not a religion of outward form, but of inward peace, integrity, and joy. To attach interested consideration or political difference to any particular form, is to abstract the attention from the essence of the doctrine, and to make the moral excellence of the conduct subordinate to the hypocritical profession of the lips. Religion is a principle in the heart swaying the affections and the life; and to view it in any other light, or to teach it as something more or something less than

this, is to neglect its practical efficacy, to depress it into the dregs of hypocrisy, or to sublime it into the fumes of superstition.

The author of the 'Free Enquiry,' asks 'what our states have hitherto done to promote popular instruction?' The answer contains an account of known and familiar events with complaints of failures and abuses which have often been repeated, and with many good wishes expressed in a flat and insipid diction. The author had his eye more particularly on the Prussian states; with the schools in which, with their defects and recent improvements he seems to be but imperfectly acquainted.

These works, whatever may be their merit, prove that the great object of popular instruction and national schools occupies the attention of many persons on the continent; and that the moral and intellectual culture of the people has attracted the notice of governments, which were once but too indifferent to such consideration. If the bill which Mr. Whitbread lately introduced into the house of commons should pass into a law, this country will exhibit a plan of national instruction, which will deserve the imitation of every civilized nation in the world.

ART. XI.—*Portugisisk Resa, beskrifven i Bref till, &c. &c. Travels in Portugal, in Letters to a Friend; by C. J. Ruders. First Part. 1805. 8vo. Stockholm.*

THIS volume contains fifteen letters, in which the author describes his voyage from the coast of Sweden through the Sound to Portugal, his stay at Lisbon, and his excursions into the country, particularly to Setubal and Cintra. The style of buildings in these parts of Lisbon which were erected after the earthquake are strikingly contrasted with the remains of the ancient city, in which we meet with narrow and crooked streets, where the high and miserable houses have windows of lattice more often than of glass. The English fashion predominates in the dress. The common people wear in winter and summer a long wide mantle without sleeves. The author complains of the badness of the weather, the insecurity and filthiness of the streets, and the multitudes of dogs and beggars with which they are infested. Even the amusements of the children here prove what most occupies the imagination; one of their most frequent games is confession and absolution. A person of German extraction, of the name of

Muller, a Danish missionary and pastor to the Lutheran chapel, who could not manage to live upon his salary, entered into the Portuguese service; and was, on his feigning to embrace the catholic religion, made translator of foreign dispatches, member of the academy of sciences, and *censor librorum regius*, with the title of captain in the navy which confers the highest rank. Portugal is indebted for no small share of its civilization and improvement to Pombal, who ruled every thing under king Joseph, but who lost his influence, when the present queen assumed the government. He was to Portugal what Peter the First was to Russia. There were indeed many of his useful institutions which did not survive his fall; but the knowledge which he diffused, the direction which he gave the sentiments and manners, and the impression which he made on the national character, will hardly ever be effaced. His eldest surviving son by the Austrian countess Daun is a member of the council of state; the younger, who possesses few talents, lives in retirement. The Portuguese live in general very frugally; but among them there are some who know how to vary the pleasures of the table. The author vindicates the Portuguese against many unreasonable censures and accusations, and particularly against some of our own countrymen. The prince of Brasil promised his wife not to order any criminals for execution; this contributed only to increase the outrage and insecurity. The author describes many of their festivals, particularly the *das festa do Corpo de Dios*, of St. Anthony, St. Joseph, John the Baptist, and the Irish St. Patrick, &c. &c. During the illness of the queen, the ministry with the prince of Brasil administered the government; but on the 19th of July 1799 this chief declared for the regent, and the secretary of state for the home department, José de Scabra da Silva, received his dismissal with leave to remove twelve miles from the town. In a former period, Pombal had sent him to Africa, as a punishment for the disclosure of some important secret. He was accused of venality and corruption in his office; and even in distributing his spiritual promotions he paid little regard to knowledge and to character. He introduced a monk who was at play with him to a foreign minister in these words; 'Cast your eyes on this fat priest, who knows only how to eat and play at whist!' The bull fights, which are here described, are seldom attended with fatal consequences. The author is copious in his theatrical details. The Italian theatre has the preference. The queen forbade the appearance of women on the stage; their parts were accordingly supplied by men in female attire, which had a pernicious tendency. At present three actresses have obtained

permission from the prince to assist in the theatrical performances. And we are furnished not only with a description of the theatre, but of the most celebrated actors and dancers, with a review of many of the dramatic productions, with extracts from some. On the national theatre all the characters are performed by males. The author describes the wretched condition of the poor, which is principally owing to the numerous feasts and holidays, which tend to produce habits of idleness and to relax the sinews of industry. At Cintra the author describes the sensations which he experienced in the language of the young Anacharsis in Greece; "It is happy for a traveller to have acquired a stock of sweet and vivid emotions, of which the recollection will renew the feeling in every succeeding period of life, but which he cannot share with those who, having never experienced the same, are always more interested in the recital of his pains than of his pleasures."

**ART. XII.—*Coup d'Oeil sur l'Hollande, ou Tableau de ce Royaume, &c.***

*A Glance at Holland, or a Picture of that Kingdom in 1806. 2 Parts. 8vo. pp. 470. Paris 1807. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE history of the origin, progress, decline and fall of Holland is that of all other nations which more immediately interests Englishmen. The similarity of the two countries in the important principles of religion, in extensive commerce, industry, population, manufactures and navigation, facilitates such a close comparison as may furnish lessons of wisdom to the legislators of this country. The fate of Holland has suggested to the enemy the project of attempting to bring the same causes which led to it, to operate against Great Britain, with the hope of finally producing the same effects. The famous decree against English manufactures was issued with this view, of reducing the people on the continent to the necessity of making every article of their own use, and thus to effect by force a kind of rivalry in the manufactures of primary necessity, and ultimately in those of elegance and fashion. The rapid progress of manufactures in England, and in France, it is here observed, occasioned the decline of those of Holland; but the author should have added, that while Holland enjoyed the advantages of a commerce with the British dominions, what she lost by the decline of manufactures to which the climate was not particularly adapted, she gained by a trade which was congenial to the habits and principles of the Dutch nation. It is indeed suffi-

iently evident that the decline of the Dutch domestic manufactures was no great political evil, whilst the merchants and traders were much more advantageously employed as dealers and brokers of the English manufactures to the people of all the other states in the north of Germany. Had France suffered the Dutch to pursue quietly a business for which their habits and national good faith were peculiarly adapted, the prosperity of Holland would have continued amidst the wreck of nations unimpaired; and the French despot of the day, in return for this permission of neutrality, might have received, under the title of loans, annual contributions which would have been much more efficient in recruiting his armies, than the forced assistance of a few half-starved Dutchmen, who consult their personal safety in desertion or immediate capitulation. The alliance between France and Holland effected the total ruin of the latter, without either enriching or strengthening the former. But to examine the picture before us, which, as usual with French artists, is tolerably grouped, and the imperfections of the figures carefully concealed by an artificial brilliancy of colouring. It is the production of one of those six-weeks tourists with whom France always and even England latterly abounds. The hum of these migrating insects is easily discovered by the warmth of their panegyric or the bitterness of their invective: not having time to compare and reflect, and having more sensations than ideas, they leave the more arduous task of exercising reason and judgment to graver travellers, and think themselves transcendently great in the rapid expressions of feeling which only betray their own littleness and want of mind. The author of these two little volumes, however, acknowledges that he made '*un assez court séjour en Hollande*,' but that he has availed himself of the numerous topographical works published in every province or every district of that country to render his observations *calamo currente* more correct.

The author commences his view very properly with the history of the United Provinces, which he comprises in the modest space of three pages, and concludes with the observation that after these States were occupied in 1795 by the French armies, 'Holland, placed between a power which from the earliest times has been its *irreconcilable enemy*, and France, its natural ally, could not hesitate in its choice; and in calling a *French* prince to the head of their government the Dutch have consulted their true interests.' The assertions, that England has *always* been the *irreconcilable enemy* of Holland, and that the Dutch, in becoming the vassals of France, have pursued their *true* interests, are such palpable falsehoods, and such a gross insult to the people of that fallen nation, that we did not think it possible that even a Frenchman



would have dared to utter such an expression. M. Metelekamp, in his Statistical View of Holland in 1804, has explicitly declared that, without the restoration of the commercial relations with Great Britain, it is impossible for the United Provinces to maintain their political existence. We pass over the treaty with France in May 1806, constituting the remains of the Batavian republic into a kingdom, as the permanent dispensations of Providence are seldom so irreconcilable to human ideas of justice, as to induce us to suppose that what had sprung up in iniquity would not pass away with it, and "leave not a wreck behind."

The aspect of Batavia affords a field for our literary painter's imagination, and he represents the soil of Holland as a conpost of earth, sand and water, which not only yields under the pressure of the foot, but trembles and shakes at every step. This country is justly considered as the lowest and flattest in Europe, and notwithstanding its limited extent is intersected with numerous rivers, the chief of which are the Rhine, the Meuse, Vecht, Amstell, Schie, Gouwe and Yssel, and these again connected by canals which establish a communication between every city, town and village. Their dykes however are still more extraordinary; that of West-Capelle in Zealand appeared the most striking to our author, it being from 200 to 250 yards long, and raised to a height equal to that of the most elevated downs or sand hills. The annual expence of keeping it in a durable state is more than £6250 a year. The lakes, gulfs, and marshes are innumerable, and daily increasing. The picture of the climate of such a country, is of course not very flattering, and the cold and humidity of frequent fogs are assigned as the causes of rheumatic diseases, the gout, pleurisies, affections of the breast, and the scurvy, which particularly affects the inhabitants of North Holland. The fresh water is represented, but erroneously, as good in several provinces, whereas the Dutch themselves assign the badness of their water as a reason for their consumption of so much ardent spirits. The productions of the soil, although highly cultivated, are not numerous, and the corn annually raised is sufficient to nourish the inhabitants only a few months; potatoes supply the place of flour or meal. Gardening has attained considerable perfection in Holland; and the meadow land, and that occupied with tobacco, flax, and hemp, are sufficiently productive; but vast tracts exist as uncultivable moors and sand banks. The breeding of cattle the author considers as one of the bases of the prosperity of Holland. Speaking of their dairies, he mentions a custom which has prevailed during several centuries, of great numbers of persons accompanying the milkmaids to the fields on the morning of Pentecost, in Guelderland, where they per-

form their rural sports and pastures, and regale themselves with hot milk. These excursions, observes the writer, have not always pleasure for their object, and sometimes terminate very little to the satisfaction of the milkmaid, who if peevish, unsocial or not very cleanly, is generally ridiculed by the exhibition of some ridiculous effigy, while her more amiable and more cleanly associate finds her handsomest cow covered with wreaths of flowers. The butter is manufactured in Holland in the same manner as in some parts of this country, although different from the method used in France. The author asserts, what will not be believed by any persons capable of judging, that the Dutch salt butter is better than the English or Irish. The superiority of the cheese is likewise alledged, but in less dogmatical terms, although it is acknowledged that their salted provisions are greatly inferior to the British. The horses, which are chiefly from Germany, are of inferior merit; they are never made to carry loads on their backs, but constantly to draw carts or carriages disengaged from any weight, and it is observed that if France be the hell, Holland is the paradise for horses. The account of the sheep, however, is much more extraordinary. We shall give a literal translation of the author's sentiments:

'Friesland,' he observes, 'also furnishes very fine wool of a quality nearly equal to that of North Holland, but somewhat shorter. The Friesland sheep are not less remarkable for their size and beautiful figures, than the products which they yield in wool, milk and lambs. They bear a silky wool from 15 to 16 inches long, and very fine for its length. These animals, of a prodigious size, are habitually very meagre, especially in the season when they are milked. They yield from 17 to 18lbs. of wool (8 to 8½ kilogrammes). The ewes, which have udders as large as goats, are milked twice a day, and give a quart of milk each time. They bring forth every year 3, 4 and even 5 lambs! The characteristic properties of Dutch wool are cleanness, whiteness, fineness, length, softness, strength and smoothness.'

The author's view of the domestic economy of the farmers and peasantry of Holland is very imperfect. Their cleanliness and neatness is proverbial, and the slight sketch of their holiday dress rather indicates their taste than manner of life. Several places called villages are really cities in Holland greater than those of the third order in France. That class which lives solely by the produce of their milk and their vegetables, are properly considered the peasants of the country, where luxury has within a few years made some progress. The disuse of beer and the increased consumption of spirits are also allowed; and the author expresses his astonishment that the Dutch have not, like the Germans, Prussians, and

Lithuanians, adopted the manufacture of spirits from potatoes. Vinegar they make from French cyder, salt they import from Portugal. Peat-moss is generally used as fuel, the soot of which serves to scour tin and take the rust from iron, the ashes as manure, and the smoke to dry their herrings and salmon. Their coals are chiefly imported from England and Germany; and the imposts and taxes laid on the peat-moss, and on the workmen employed in the manufacture of this fuel, form an essential part of the revenue, and are highly oppressive to the people. The maintenance of the public roads has of late been neglected, and except the great rout from Harlem to Amsterdam and to the Hague, the other roads are impassable in spring and autumn. Travelling in carriages is consequently very expensive, and sometimes impracticable; but the passage in the canals is still convenient and cheap. With the public works, the author classes the windmills, which the Dutch use not only for sawing timber, pounding brick, and milling copper, but also for draining the country of water. Those used for the latter purpose are vertical windmills, which raise 700 tons of water four feet high in a minute, each ton of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  Rhenish cubic feet. It is estimated that 250 tons a minute, one with another throughout the year, are raised, which occupy 1185 cubic feet of France, or about 1260 of England.

Seven chapters of this Picture are dedicated to the subject of external and internal commerce and trade with the colonies; but as they treat confessedly of what was and not of what is, we shall pass them over, although they are not without interest, as containing several historical anecdotes, designed indeed to flatter the inhabitants of the United Provinces, yet still not without some foundation in fact. The decay of the Dutch commerce is dated from the treaty of Utrecht; and all their manufactures, it is no longer denied, have been reduced to domestic consumption. The woollen and silk manufactories are not now even in a state able to supply the internal demand for superior articles. In order to obviate the emotion that such a national catastrophe must occasion, we have all the late manufactures again minutely detailed as if still existing in the *new kingdom*. The starch-factories are recorded as producing this article of very superior quality, as also flax, linen, hemp, bleachfields, ticking, lawn, and paper. The papermills indeed have almost entirely disappeared in Holland, and the printing of books has been declining during the last century. The Dutch are now supplied with printing paper from France and writing paper from this country. 'It is not agreed,' says the writer, 'to whom the discovery of the cylinder, adopted last century in the

manufactory of paper, is owing ; one attributes the honour to the Dutch, another to the English, but it appears more likely that it is due to the French ! Such is the usual style of Frenchmen in arrogating to their countrymen the merits of inventions which they do not even understand, as appears in the present instance, in which the writer determines on the likelihood of a discovery, of the nature of which he is wholly ignorant. It is somewhat singular that all the modern French writers, without exception, should be so zealous in assuming the merit of discovering the English method of manufacturing wove-paper, as if the existence of their country depended on it, when it is notorious that they were entirely unacquainted with the process till the perfidious mania of the revolution led some infatuated Englishmen to their ungrateful country. There is indeed more truth in the assertion that the Dutch are indebted to the French for the manufactory of stained paper, and for cabinet-work, which France and this country still supply. The superiority of the Dutch madder is ascribed to the care used in drying the plant in ovens, instead of exposing it to the sun as in hotter climates ; but the once important manufacture of tobacco has fallen to ruin since the revolution, and at Amsterdam, where there were formerly 3000 persons employed at the tobacco-factories, such a trade is now scarcely known. The trade of making mats the author has also thought proper to enumerate among the products of Dutch industry. Their hair and brush manufactories are represented as still unrivalled, but their tanyards are conducted with little success, and are very inferior to the English or even the French. The art of clarifying quills is of Dutch invention, but greatly improved in this country ; in France they are still ignorant of the best process, and our author represents the Dutch method as consisting in an immersion in boiling water, and afterwards scraping the barrel of the quill with the back of a knife. The brick-works, tiles, pottery, and delft-ware, which once were distinguished in Europe, are now almost vanished. In glassmaking and manufacture of the metals the Dutch have never made any progress, and their ironmongery, clocks and watches are chiefly imported from this country. Their refineries of sugar, samphire and borax, preparations of chocolate and linseed oil, bleaching of wax, cotton manufactories, hosiery, woollen and silk manufactories, hat-making, pipe manufactories, enamels, preparations of lead, minium, ceruse, corrosive sublimate, and other salts, and the cutting of precious stones, all have sunk into irrecoverable ruin since the alliance of Holland with France. After this tedious detail, we shall give the author's conclu-

ding reflections on the operative causes which effected this general decay.

'After having examined attentively,' says our author, 'what are the sources of the wealth of Holland, it is easy to remark that besides the principal causes which should paralyze the commerce of that country, there are still others which are independant even of these circumstances. The abundance of money increasing workmanship, could not fail to injure manufactures, the number of which was already diminished by the erection of those of neighbouring states in the course of the last century. The East India company experienced a similar counterpoise. The progress of the English in the Indies, that which the French, Danish and Swedish companies made, must have diminished their operations, and by consequence the return and the profits of the company. But what principally sustained the commerce of the Dutch till the epoch of the French revolution, was the immense capitals which they possessed. It was this advantage which enabled them to prescribe the course of exchange in Europe. Amsterdam was become the general bank; the facility which merchants had of drawing on their correspondents in that city for the amount of the goods which they had sold, and of purchasing others with these draughts, preserved in Holland some branches of commerce which otherwise would not have flourished there.'

This is a sufficiently explicit avowal that the French revolution has been the immediate cause of the total ruin of Holland, although the author wished to assign it to some more remote event, which should have less effect on the minds of the Dutch in exciting their hatred towards the nation and people who had occasioned all their miseries. Tables of the Dutch liquid and dry measures are given, and also of their monies, which are numerous beyond all comparison. The author only enumerates the different species of silver coin, which amount to 21, without being certain that he has included all that are current in Holland. His picture of the religious institutions of the United Provinces may now be curious to supine French papists. It appears that there were in that country 9 synods, 53 presbyteries (which the writer calls classes) and 1570 preachers of the calvinistic faith, besides several reformed French churches. The papists have 350 churches and 400 priests; the followers of Arminius 34 communities, and 43 ministers; the Lutherans 41 communities, and 53 preachers; and the Anabaptists 86 communities and 300 pastors. To these must be added the Moravians, Greeks, Armenian Christians, Quakers, (now a very small number) and lastly the Jews, who there enjoy political rights. A new sect has recently appeared under the auspices of M. Canzius Van Onder-den-Wyngaart, called *Christo-Sacrum*, or more properly univer-

salists, who embrace and unite all sects, have no established system, no preachers only two orators, and who divide religious offices into two classes; the first, veneration to God, for which they assemble every Sunday evening; the second, religious instruction, for which they assemble every second Tuesday evening, and discuss matters relative to revealed religion. They celebrate the sacrament six times a year, and during the prayer and blessing all kneel.

The Dutch language is the subject of our author's highest admiration, and he does not hesitate to assert, although he acknowledges 'that the greater part of the German expressions have been adopted by the Dutch,' that 'it is infinitely richer in substantives than any other ancient or modern language except the Greek!' His apparently superficial knowledge of the Dutch and other European languages renders such an assertion of little moment. His remarks on their proverbial expressions as connected with navigation and domestic economy, are sufficiently obvious. He recommends the works of Weiland as the best to acquire a knowledge of the Dutch; but he does not omit to mention the universality of the French, which he calls the classical language of Europe, and states that it and English are habitually spoken in Holland.

The second part of this work treats of the *kingdom* of Holland as divided into eight departments, which include the ancient Seven United Provinces or Batavian republic. Under these divisions the author presents his readers with a topographical and picturesque view of the country now ignorantly called the '*kingdom* of Holland,' in which are several lively pictures of the dress, manners and customs of the inhabitants, their industry, cleanliness to excess,\* domestic and culinary economy, public and private education, commerce, agriculture, civil and criminal police, edifices, institutions, and public curiosities. The whole are enlivened with numerous historical and biographical anecdotes of Dutch warriors and statesmen as characteristic of their peculiar genius and nation;

Among the various incidents that are here related, we observe the effects of apophthegms and inscriptions in the standards among the Dutch. On one occasion, attacking the Spaniards with a very inferior and apparently insignificant force, the commander gave the words 'Sooner Turk than Papist;' and the enemy were routed with a celerity and slaughter surpassing all preceding actions. Another circumstance perhaps still

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\* As an instance of this excessive cleanness, the author justly observes, that the ceremony of placing a spitting-box, although very clean and neat, on the table, might be dispensed with.

more extraordinary in a modern French publication, is that in fragments, which embrace the more conspicuous facts of the history of the United Provinces during the last five centuries, no malignant or invidious insinuations (except the phrase we have before noticed) are introduced, which could tend to make it be believed that the Dutch and English have not always been in the strictest habits of friendship and commercial intercourse. The work bears much internal evidence of having been expressly written to conciliate the Dutch to their government and to the French; and neither the one nor the other, it is well known, would be facilitated by illiberal abuse of England. Another reason has been assigned for this apparent moderation. Different opinions prevail, with respect to Holland, among the Buonapartes. Fanny Beauharnois, alias her Dutch majesty, who is a much abler politician than her idiot king, is of opinion that unless the Dutch are allowed to trade with this country, the restoration of their commerce and the conservation of their country, in a few years more will be utterly impossible; that England finds every year new marts for her manufactures, but the Dutch have no longer any productive industry; and that without some alteration in the present system, the depopulation is so rapid and alarming, that the Dutch, as a people, may shortly be expected to vanish from the earth. This opinion has been strongly inculcated in Holland, and the growing apathy and drunkenness of the people tend not a little to give it the force of a politico-moral axiom.

With respect to the literary merit of these little volumes, the preceding extracts will show that they are not devoid of interesting information. But they are throughout designed to flatter the national character and people of the United Provinces, and instead of presenting a picture of that country in 1806, it is, with only one or two exceptions, not later than 1792 or 1790; if not much older.

#### ART. XIII.—*Kritische Beyträge zur Münzkunde, &c.*

*Critical Contributions to a Knowledge of the Medals of the Middle Ages. By Joseph Mader. Second Part. 8vo. Prague. 1806.*

THE first part of this work was published in 1804. Few collections have been made of the medals of the middle ages; and the medals of this period, which are to be found in private cabinets, are usually arranged not as a separate

collection, but with those of the countries to which they belong. It would perhaps be difficult to define the chronological limits of such a collection; or with what date it should begin or end. This author proposes to make it begin with the conclusion of the reign of the emperor Theodosius the Great, and to end with the accession of Charles the Fifth. This work contains many remarks which will be interesting to the connoisseurs in medals; much that he has said will perhaps be thought too minute, but these apparent minutiae lead to important results in such researches. We have a section on some obscure or mistaken inscriptions, which contains many happy conjectures and directions. We will give a few instances. The letters PRISIN, which are found on a medal of the East Angles, are read PRINCEPS INClytus. The inscription SCIPSTRUATES, which appears on a medal of Cologne, is explained, SCSPETRUS A TE, (quite in the spirit of that prelate.) The letter I which we find on many medals of the middle ages, before or after the name or title, is interpreted Indignus. e. g. RODULPH. EPS Indignus, and the author proves this from documents of those ages where such humiliating expressions often appear; e. g. Ego Conradus, licet indignus, tamen episcopus. SMPE on the Neapolitan medals is taken by the author for Sum Miles PETri. The objection that there are many Neapolitan medals of those times, in which these letters do not appear, is obviated by the consideration, that many kings of Naples were on bad terms with the court of Rome, or felt no necessity for saying this on their medals.

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ART. XIV.—*Grundriss der Geschichte der älteren, mitteren et neueren zeit, &c.*

*Principles of Ancient and Modern History, together with that of the middle Age. By Dr. Louis Wachler, Professor of History and Theology at Marburg. 1 Vol. 8vo. Marburg. 1807.*

THIS work, as the title implies, is only a kind of syllabus of a course of history: and it points out what the author considers as the best method to pursue in the study and development of the most prominent events in the history of the world. The introduction briefly points out the sources from which history has been drawn, the sentiment with which we ought to study it, the preliminary knowledge it requires, and suggests the proper divisions to enable the readers of history to classify facts with precision. The author dates his



first historical period from the reign of Cyrus 560 years before the vulgar æra. He slightly notices the events anterior to this period, and the mythologies of the different nations during these obscure and fabulous ages.

Professor Wachler divides his system of universal history into eleven grand periods. The first extends from Cyrus (560 before Christ) to Alexander (336); the second from Alexander to the birth of Christ; the third extends to the downfall of the empire of the West (476 after Christ); the fourth from A. D. 476 to Charlemagne 771; the fifth from 771 to the founding of the power of the Holy See by Gregory VII (1073); the sixth from 1073 to the discovery of America in 1492; the seventh extends to the reformation in 1517; the eighth from 1517 to the preponderance of the Austro-Spanish monarchy in 1659; the ninth extends from 1659 to 1700, being the time of the preponderance of the French monarchy; the tenth period, from 1700 to 1789, the author denominates that of the balance of Europe; the eleventh from 1789 to 1805, is the period of the French revolution, and the subsequent extension of the power of France over the continent.

At each period the author gives a succinct summary of the principal events which signalize it, he points out those which flow from the former, and mentions those authors who may be consulted with most advantage. The readers of history will no doubt find Professor Wachler's work a most excellent companion to the study of that branch of science. The chronological table of the principal epochs which he has subjoined, has to boast a display of all that indefatigable industry and minute accuracy, which distinguish the German scholars.

ART. XV.—*Kritisches Deutsches Waterbucher, &c.*  
*Critical Dictionary Greek and German, intended to assist in the reading of the profane Greek Authors; by Johan Gottlob Schneider, Professor of the Greek Language at Frankfort upon the Oder, Jena and Leipsic. 3d edition. 2 vol. 4to. 1807.*

THROUGHOUT the whole of this work, the author displays the most profound erudition accompanied by the most scrupulous anxiety to render his work a book of reference of no common character for fidelity. He gives his explanations with as much clearness and precision as the subject will admit of, pointing out the exact roots of the words, and marking the modifications of their derivatives relative to their signification.

To scholars acquainted with the German language, his Dictionary will be a very useful classical companion.

## DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

THE duty of a Review is to exhibit a brief but impartial account of the literary productions of the times. And as the progeny which the puerperal skill of the press is continually forcing into the world, is of every variety and species, it is our duty, as far as we are able, to notice the good as well as the bad, the healthy and the sick, the strong and the weak, the abortions and the still-born, as well as those with the stamina of long life, the feeble and ricketty bantling of infatuated indulgence, and the vigorous and blooming babe of genius, whose look portends length of duration, and eternity of renown.—But as of those literary labours, which come under the cognizance of our criticism, some are never read at all, while others never deserve to be read, and only a few ought either to be read or to be remembered, we have resolved at the expiration of every four months, to give a sort of *catalogue raisonné*, of the principal productions which we have reviewed during that period. By this means, the reader will be better able within a short compass to survey those works which have appeared in every branch of literature and science, of more than fugitive and trivial importance.

As religion is that topic to which the greatest and most general interest is attached, and to which the most momentous concerns, not only of time, but of eternity belong, we shall begin with those literary productions which embrace the important topic of

### RELIGION.

Under this head we have seldom any reason to complain of a paucity of articles; for it is a subject on which every blockhead presumes that he can write; and in writing on which, the individual always asserts more in proportion as he knows less. When an ignorant man writes on religion, his intolerance seldom fails to run parallel with his ignorance. The less is his stock of knowledge, the more is his want of charity. Of productions in which ignorance brandishes the pen of intolerance, or where, with only a smattering of

knowledge, there is a large mass of bigotted prepossession, we shall not deem it worth our while, or that of the reader, to mention the names a second time. We heartily wish them a safe and easy passage into the gulph of oblivion, where their authors, like themselves, will soon be at rest. Among the religious publications, which we have noticed with most satisfaction during our review of the last four months, may be reckoned 'Lancaster's Improvements in Education,' in which the attention both of the young and of the old is very judiciously abstracted from the vain and fleeting ceremonial and mysteries to the substantial realities and immutable essentials of the Christian doctrine. Those religious principles, which, divested of all ambiguous tenets and intolerant creeds, should be nurtured in the heart of youth, on the plan which is recommended by Mr. Lancaster, would soon take root, and bear in the maturity of life, and even to the extremity of age, an ample harvest of virtue and of happiness. Mr. Nightingale's Portraiture of Methodism, which we noticed at length in the last number for August, contains a full and impartial account of a sect of religionists, which, from the smallest and most contemptible beginnings, has multiplied into a host, which casts a ghastly frown on the establishment, and throws a portentous shade of superstition over the land. Of single sermons, we have as usual had enough, and to spare, but we shall never revert to any of these, except where the public attention has been vividly excited by their singularity and importance. Among such we may reckon Mr. Stone's sermon on Jewish prophecy, which we noticed in our number, for May last; and firmly convinced as we are that the man who undertakes to instruct others, ought to make the scriptures and nothing but the scriptures the rule of his judgment, and the guide of his opinion, we were far from joining in that hue and cry of heresy, which a few ignorant and bigoted priests, under the usurped title of orthodox, raised against that worthy minister of our excellent, because mild and tolerant establishment. The works entitled 'Considerations on the Alliance between Christianity and Commerce,' 'Religious Union perfective, and the Support of civil Union,' though fugitive pieces, still occupy a respectable place in the religious literature of the short period of which we are taking a retrospective view.

#### HISTORY.—BIOGRAPHY,

Johnes's translation of Froissart's Chronicles, and of Joinville's Memoirs, are works which, from the faithful, ac-

curate, and picturesque narrative which they contain of many important and interesting events, and from the simple and striking details which they afford of antient manners, contain a charm which hardly any modern history can possess. Vincent's '*Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*,' of which we noticed the concluding volume, in our Review for May last, contains a considerable share of historical and geographical information, and throws some new light on the state of the earliest commercial intercourse with the east. In the '*Review of the Affairs of India from the year 1798, to the year 1806*,' we find a compendious and useful summary of the transactions of that eventful period; during which, the merchants in Leadenhall street were placed by the rapid conquests of Marquis Wellesley on the throne of the Mogul. Some little information may be gleaned from the *Historical, literary, and political Anecdotes of Augustus von Kotzebue*; but we do not place the utmost dependance on the veracity of M. Kotzebue, and we believe that his love of the marvellous, and his affectation of more than ordinary sensibility, are continually liable, even without his design, to lead him into the grossest misrepresentations of what he hears and sees. The two last volumes of Marshall's *Life of General Washington* contain, like the three preceding, much superfluity of matter and prolixity of detail. It is rather an accumulation of materials for history, than a history itself, which ought to be a compressed and well-proportioned whole, in which there is a luminous arrangement of the matter, and a due subordination of the parts. The modern art of book-making is very adverse to the attainment of excellence in every species of composition. Taste in composition, and skill in selection, are too much sacrificed to quantity and price. We have volume upon volume of ostentatious bulk; but the bulk is usually nothing more than an hydropic tumour of vapour, of water and of wind. It is rarely that we shall be able to notice any work of equal excellence with the new and improved translation of Barthelemy's *Anacharsis*, in which we have a comprehensive detail not only of the history of Greece, but of its arts, manners, philosophy, and literature during one of its brightest and most attractive periods. Noble's '*Continuation of Granger's History of England*,' in three volumes, contains a diversity of matter, which the collector of portraits and the lover of anecdote will peruse with satisfaction. Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*, though we cannot bestow any praise on the style of the composition, contains, besides many elegant engravings, some curious matter, and many original documents which throw considerable light on the history of the arts, the

progressive advances in the price of labour, and the associated depreciation in the value of money. The *Memoirs of Dr. Percival*, which were written by his son, present an agreeable sketch of an enlightened physician, and an amiable man.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Among the voyages and travels which we have had occasion to notice during the last four months, we must assign the first place in point of interest to the *Travels of La Brequiere* into the Holy land, which, though they were undertaken in the beginning of the fifteenth century, have, in the translation of Mr. Johnes, all the freshness of a modern publication. The *Travels of the Marquis de Salvo*, in the year 1806, from Italy to England, through the Tyrol, &c. are principally interesting from the account which they give of the liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the despotic fangs of Buonaparte, by the generous intrepidity of the author. Some lively sketches are given of the countries through which they passed, and of the adventures which befell them by the way.

## POLITICS.

In politics we have not had an opportunity of noticing any work of considerable importance, but have experienced an abundant harvest of ephemeral pamphlets, most of which relate either to the dismissal of the late ministers, or to the emancipation of the catholics. On both these topics our opinions have been stated without disguise, and are too well known to need any recapitulation. In *'Britannicus's Present State of the British Constitution,'* much good sense and much sound knowledge of the English government are exhibited without any violence of political asperity. Clifford's *'Observations on some Doctrines advanced during the late Elections,'* are not destitute of many wholesome reflections and of some salutary and momentous truths. De Lisle in his pamphlet on the *Causes of the Miseries of Europe*, which we noticed at length in our number for July, has developed with considerable perspicuity, ability, and penetration, the immediate causes of that wonderful revolution, the effects of which have been felt more or less in every part of the civilized world; and which will indeed affect the destiny of ages yet unborn. Mr. Whitbread's benevolent plan for the education of the poor, has stimulated the activity of the press,

and various pamphlets have appeared both for and against this weighty measure of national reform; but none of these have been of sufficient consequence to merit any farther animadversion. On the intentions which actuate the kind, the generous, and manly bosom of Mr. Whitbread we are willing to bestow the highest praise, and as we are warm friends to the diffusion of knowledge and the culture of intellect, the general principles of his scheme are impressed on our consciences and dear to our hearts. We may entertain doubts with respect to the fitness of some of the practical regulations, but of the utility of the measure itself we have no doubt. Of the plan of moral instruction of which Mr. Whitbread recommended the adoption, we approve the more because it is incorporated with no sectarian partialities; for a system of education which is designed to be national, ought not to inculcate the peculiar tenets of any sect, but only those great and essential truths which are common to all. For the true christian knows no sect; he wears not the exclusive badge of Trinitarian, Arian, or Socinian. These are invidious appellations, invented only to indicate hostility and malevolence to all of a different opinion. The true christian delights only in the name of CHRISTIAN; and as this name is common to believers of all tenets and descriptions, none other ought to be adopted by him who scorns to forget the comprehensive benevolence of Christ within the narrow pale of any sect, whether it usurp the fostering name of Athanasius, of Arius or Socinus.

We have not hitherto noticed the several pamphlets which have appeared relative to the last election for Westminster, and to the dispute between Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paul; and, we have not done this, because we have been waiting to see whether Sir Francis Burdett himself or Mr. Horne Tooke would publish any answer to the statements of Mr. Paul. If no such pamphlet shall be announced, we shall in the number for September next notice in one article all the pamphlets which have hitherto appeared on the subject, in which we shall neither shew favour nor enmity to any of the disputants. Truth only is our object, and if we can get at the truth, we care not whether it proceed from the mouth of Peter or of Paul.

### PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

In this literary age, many minds are strenuously employed in the discovery of new truths or the elucidation of old, in developing what has hitherto been unknown, or in render-

ing familiar to many what has, till the present, been known only by a few. Thus some new light is continually thrown on the operations of mind and the combinations of matter; and that light when it is once elicited soon becomes generally diffused. Reason is the prime excellence of man, and as this reason itself is not partially bestowed but universally communicated, it was evidently the intention of God that it should be universally enlightened in the low and humble as well as in the more grand and elevated spheres of life. We are then always happy when we behold the sublime truths of philosophy brought down by perspicuous exposition and familiar illustration to a level with the apprehensions of children or of the general mass of mankind. Mrs. Bryan's Lectures on Natural Philosophy are, in this respect, a valuable addition to the stock of elementary books which we before possessed. Mr. M'Diarmid's Inquiry into the Principles of Civil and Military Subordination, is the work of a man whose thoughts are deep and whose diction is clear. He has sought for the principles of subordination where they are immutably fixed, in the moral and physical constitution of the world; and had any antidote still been wanting to the revolutionary principles of equality, an antidote of no common efficacy might have been found in this philosophical treatise of Mr. M'Diarmid. 'Brusaque's Illustrations of Taste,' which we noticed in our Review for July, may well deserve the name of a philosophical performance, as it decomposes some of the more mysterious operations of mind, and traces to their primary source many of the sensations which are excited by the beauties of nature and of art.

### MEDICINE.

Few are the medical works, which have been mentioned in our four last numbers, which deserve any additional meed of praise. The new edition of Motherby's Medical Dictionary contains many improvements which will increase its utility as a book of reference and a repository of facts. In Herdman's Essays on the Causes and Phenomena of Animal Life, we discover talents of no ordinary kind. In Dr. Clatterbuck's 'Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever, &c.' we are presented with a body of solid information and of useful facts. Some of his conclusions may be irrelevant, and some of his analogies more fanciful than just; but the medical student will do right to read his book with attention, and to make himself master both of the theory and the facts. Dr. Edmonston's 'Treatise on the Varieties and Consequences of Ophthalmia,' does not throw much new light on the subject;

but still it is a book which ought not to be laid aside without being read.

## POETRY.

The well of English poetry is so far from being dry, that it keeps full and running over; and though the larger part of the fluid which issues from the spring, have not the fragrance or the flavour of genuine inspiration, yet it does occasionally pour forth streams, which may vie in sweetness and in purity with the far-famed waters of Helicon, or even the fount of Bandusiæ, 'than glass more clear.' The last four months indeed have not been productive of poetry of such spotless fame; nor is it every four months, nor every four years that we can expect to announce any effusion of the muse equal to that of the 'Lay of the last Minstrel,' of which the beauties are so many and so transcendent as to supersede the necessity of criticism; for they may defy its censure, and they need not its praise. But still we can notice a few respectable performances even in the poetical department. The tragedy of 'Solyman,' which was reviewed in our number for June, evinces powers of no common kind; and if the author will throw off a servile attachment to the rules of the ancients, and show a little more regard to the essential requisites of the modern stage, splendour and bustle, he may produce a tragedy which will fix the attention, and interest the feelings; be acted before crowded houses, and be read with pleasure in the closet of the scholar and the critic. Mr. Cary's translation of the *Inferno* of Dante is an arduous undertaking; but in which, as far as he has advanced in the execution, he has evinced considerable industry, genius, and skill. By a more unremitting constancy in the '*limæ labor*' Mr. Cary may bring his version nearer to perfection; and we again accost him in the heroic language of his great master,

— 'vinci l'ambascia

Con l'animo che vinci ogni battaglia,  
Se col suo grave corpo non s' accascia.'

'All the Blocks,' is an animated composition; and we request the writer to continue the culture of that genius for strong and caustic satire which he possesses in a considerable degree; and as there is at present no lack either of dulness or of vice in the higher spheres of life, he need never want a subject for his pen. The *Epics of the Ton*, on which we bestowed so much praise in our last number, have not



indeed the compressed strength or the high finish which we admire so much in the characteristic sketches of Pope, but still they unite an assemblage of beauties, a fidelity of outline, and a brilliancy of colour which disarm our censure and command our praise. We are always sorry to be obliged to censure any man of genius and of worth. From that genuine good-will which we indulge towards all, and particularly towards every person of virtue and of talent, we always applaud with pleasure and censure with reluctance. We can take no delight in wounding that irritability of feeling which is the peculiar temperament of genius; but still it would be an injustice both to ourselves and to the public if we were to suffer any inferior consideration to warp the impartial morality of criticism. It is our duty to withhold praise where we think that praise is not due; and it is equally our duty, though it is one which we perform with pain, mildly to reprove where reproof is merited by negligence or affectation. Few persons appear to have possessed a more poetical mind than Mr. Wordsworth; and yet few persons have more debased their native powers by negligence and affectation. Some of his productions are such as any person of rhyming facility might have composed, '*stans pede in uno*,' and others are mingled with a degree of puerile vanity and conceit which excite hardly any other feeling than that of ridicule or disgust. Yet who is there, who will assert that Mr. Wordsworth is no poet? Who can be insensible to some of the native, unvarnished captivations of his page? Who does not feel the charm of beauty and of interest which is attached to some few of his productions? Mr. Wordsworth seems to think that whatever he writes must be worth reading; however carelessly it may be composed, or however little effort of mental exertion it may cost. But whatever may be said of the felicities of negligence, no sterling excellence ever was the produce of neglect. Some of Mr. Wordsworth's effusions remind us of Dr. Johnson's

'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'

If Mr. Wordsworth will attend to the wholesome and well-meant admonition which is given in the critique on his poems in our last Number, his next production will have a fairer claim to unmingled praise.

## NOVELS.

Of this sperm of literature there is seldom any dearth; but the number and the bulk are never equalled by the merit of the compositions. No productions indeed contain in general such a scanty portion of intellectual excellence. Out of twenty novels which issue from the press hardly one deserves

to be read; and we believe that the world would not be the worse if, with very few exceptions, a bonfire were made of the whole mass which have successively appeared from the days of the dull and prosing Richardson to our own. Of the novels which have lately engaged our critical attention, we can mention only that of 'Mandeville Castle,' as entitled to any pre-éminence of praise.

### MISCELLANEOUS.—BELLES LETTRES, &c.

Mr. Tappen's 'Professional Observations on the Architecture of the principal antient and modern Buildings in France and Italy, &c.' will be perused with pleasure by every lover of the arts; his criticisms are impartial, and evince both taste and penetration. Mr. Boyd's translation of *Select Passages of St. Chrysostom, &c.* exhibits a fair promise of powers which we hope will not be suffered to wither in neglect. Mr. Gilpin's 'Dialogues on various Subjects' display not much acuteness of remark or profundity of thought; but still some of them may be perused with satisfaction. 'Potts's Farmer's Cyclopaedia' is a performance of considerable information and extensive use. Mr. Potts is not an ignorant and conceited theorist, who writes on what he does not understand; he is thoroughly and practically acquainted with his subject. The 'Apprentice's Guide' is a work which merits general circulation. We might have swelled out this digest with a much larger recital of books and names; but to what purpose should we have enumerated books that deserve not to be read and names that will soon be forgotten? In this digest we have selected, in the various departments of our domestic literature for the last four months, such articles as ought principally to arrest the attention of the reader, who may thus be induced again to refer to the larger account of them which is exhibited in the review; and may be directed either in the perusal or the purchase. The numbers of our review must contain books of all gradations of excellence, of all varieties of merit or defect; but in this digest, which will in future appear at the end of every four months, we shall endeavour to separate the dross from the sterling ore.

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### DIGEST OF POLITICS,

PRINCIPALLY DOMESTIC, FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

UNDER whatever view we may contemplate the times in which we are living, we behold them full of danger and dis-

stress. There is no side on which we can look for comfort in the present, or for security in the future. Peace ought to be the end which we propose in war; but though we have now been at war for fifteen years, peace seems as remote as it was at the beginning.

The war which we are waging, began without any definite object; it has had no definite object during the prosecution; and, at this moment, it is as far from having any definite object as it was at the beginning. This war is marked by a character different from that of all former wars, and that is, senseless and interminable progression. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, though it has had a beginning, it seems never likely to have an end; for we appear to recede from the point of conclusion in proportion to the continuance of hostilities. In former wars our exertions have been directed towards the attainment of some particular object, and when we have either attained the object or been frustrated in the attempt, hostilities have ceased; but, at present, we are at war without any particular object before us; and our present ministers can no more tell us for what they are at war, than a man who is blindfolded can tell which way he is going. Indeed a man totally blind would be much more likely to find his way out of a Cretan labyrinth, than the present ministers are to extricate the country from the dangers with which we are surrounded, and the hostilities in which we are at present engaged. If the present ministers be asked whether they mean to humble the pride and to curtail the power of Buonaparte, they will hardly have the effrontery to aver that they harbour such a conceit or cherish such a hope. Do they intend to deliver Europe from his grasp? What are the means which they possess? Is the king of Sweden, our only remaining confederate, to effect what neither Austria, Prussia, nor even the colossal power of Russia could accomplish? Are the French to lose in Pomerania the laurels which they won at Marengo, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, and at Friedland? In the spirit of chivalry, shall we pit the king of Sweden with forty thousand raw troops against the four hundred thousand veterans of France?

Hope, we know, with more constancy than belongs to any earthly friend, will not forsake us to the last; but hope, when it passes the bounds of reason, is only the phantom of folly and the chimæra of fools. In the present situation of our affairs, when there is hardly one of the continental powers, ravenous as they are of English gold, which could be tempted even by the most lucrative proposals to become our ally, what hope is there of repressing the ambitious domination of

Buonaparte which a wise man would entertain. Have we not yet formed alliances enough, or are we so grossly infatuated, so impenetrably dull, as still to hanker after the treacherous friendship of the continent? Has not one confederacy which we have formed been dissolved after another, and left us in a worse state than we were before? And shall we still fondly imagine that our safety consists in forming new plots and hatching new conspiracies against France? Surely the experience of so many years may teach us that we cannot master France upon the continent; and that all the confederacies which we may form against her, will tend only to enlarge her territory and consolidate her power. France has become strong only by the endeavours which we have used to render her weak. Had we at the beginning of the revolution, according to the advice of Mr. Fox, the wisest of politicians and the most upright of men, only let it alone, that terrible explosion of the most opposite interests, passions and opinions would have been confined within the territory of France; and other countries would have been free from the dreadful concussion and the desolating effects. When our posterity, fifty years hence, take a calm historical survey of the present stormy period, they will pay the highest tribute of applause to his political penetration: and they will wonder how the legislature of this country could be so blind as not only not to follow his advice, but to revile him for giving it, and to engage in a war the most opposite to every sound principle of policy, to the true interest of the country, and to the happiness of mankind. But it is vain to deplore what we cannot cure. We make these reflections on the past only that we may learn wisdom for the future. For the war which we are waging is not one iota more politic now, than it was at the beginning. It is, on the contrary, impolitic in the extreme. For can that be politic of which no one can define the object, can expect the end, or foresee any thing but destruction in the prosecution? From the very beginning, the war has assumed the character of an exterminating ferocity. And this character it is so far from having lost during the continuance, that it is in fact more palpable than before. It is a war of which one party is resolved that the other shall not survive the catastrophe or witness the conclusion. When two duellists form a similar resolution, we are shocked at the unnatural savageness of the determination. It chills all the more tender sympathies of our bosoms, and almost makes the blood curdle in our veins. But when two generous and high spirited nations, formed by the contiguity of their situation for a beneficent interchange of good offices, and designed by Providence to be the kindest friends, become the most in-

veterate foes, when they call on every man who can hold a sword to assist in the destruction of each other, we regard the actual conflict and the probable result with a degree of apathy which seems to indicate the total absence of reflection and humanity. Thus it is that small evils and afflictions interest our sympathies, while greater hardly seem to be the object of any sympathetic participation. We sympathise with individual instances of suffering more than with a mighty aggregate of woe. But in the present instance we call the havoc glory; and the vain and empty sound seems to charm away the feeling of compassion. The field of carnage gratifies our pride, and that is sufficient for our satisfaction. In the desperate warfare which we are waging with France, though we may be long superior, we fear that we shall not ultimately succeed. The prosperity of which we make our boast, and in which we place our confidence, is more artificial and likely to be more fugitive than that of France. France can produce every thing within herself; every thing that is requisite to render her great by sea as well as by land. She can command the whole extent of coast from Memel to Cadiz, from Cadiz to Venice, and even to the Bosphorus. But even our maritime strength, the bulwark of all that we cherish or hold dear, is at present dependant on the capricious favour of other nations. We want continual supplies of timber, of hemp, &c. from abroad. Our money is chiefly composed of paper, and though this may do well enough for a circulating medium at home, we shall soon find it oppose almost insuperable obstacles to our intercourse with foreign nations. It is solely owing to the stoppage of the bank, and the consequent inundation of a paper currency, that the exchange with other countries has lately been so much against us, and that almost every article has been doubled in price.

The only remedy for all our numerous ills is peace; and such a peace as true wisdom, which was hardly ever more thoroughly exemplified than in the late Mr. Fox, will make in the spirit of christian moderation. What, will you make peace with Buonaparte? Yes; or with Buonaparte's barber, if he were emperor of France. But will peace ever be permanent or secure with a man of principles so loose, of religion so variable, of ambition so unrestrained? The permanency and security of any peace depend less on the moral sentiments or the metaphysical creed of any cabinet, than on the reciprocal interest of the parties. For it may seem a lamentable, but it is a certain truth that national friendships and alliances are less secured by the ties of morality than by those of interest. But then we may console ourselves by this reflection, that the only real and durable interests of

states as well as of individuals are never at variance with the obligations of morality. We say to individuals, 'Do as you would be done by;' there cannot be a more safe criterion of duty or of interest. We say the same to nations, and no injustice, no wars would ever ensue if the cabinets of Europe would revere the precept and practice the obligation. Let us adhere to this plain rule of justice and of policy in our dealings with France; let us make such a peace as Mr. Fox recommended, which constituted his living hope and his dying prayer; a peace which shall be ratified by the honour and the interest of all the parties concerned.

If we will make peace in this spirit, and attend to the wise and affectionate suggestions of Mr. Fox, we believe that such a peace, notwithstanding all that has been said of the insincerity of Buonaparte, is as likely to be lasting as any peace which we ever made in any former period of our history. If treachery and ambition be at present prevalent in the court of Buonaparte, we ask, did not these qualities always characterise the court of France? These vices are not more the habits of the man, than the appendages of the station in which he is placed. The Bourbons did not indeed possess the same facilities of aggrandizement, but as far as they had the means, they never shewed themselves inferior to the Corsican in the want of sincerity and the lust of domination. Buonaparte does not appear to exceed his predecessors in the throne, so much in the propensity to do mischief as in the potency of doing it. But this potency we have only increased by the attempt to subdue. Instead of provoking an irritable man by malicious aggression, our best way of rendering him innocuous, is, as far as possible, to leave him at rest.

If Buonaparte, like other men, be governed by his interest, we think that his interest will incline him to be at peace. He has at present more interest in peace than he can have in war. The whole continent is prostrate at his feet; and the folly, temerity and weakness of his enemies have left him nothing either to hope or to fear. He is the sovereign of continental Europe; and if success merit diadems, no man from the earliest records of history, ever deserved such a rich and brilliant crown. Alexander and Cæsar, who lived in a less civilized and reflective period of the world, and had fewer difficulties to overcome, were only heroes of dwarfish fame, compared with the victor of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Friedland. At sea this mighty chieftain has experienced nothing but disaster and disgrace. The sovereignty of the seas as well as of the land may be the object of his ambition; but it is not equally within the means of his accomplishment. But, if you make peace, he will only employ the

interval in hostile preparation. When did not France do the same? And if the dock-yards of France be never still, are those of England to be marked by silence and inaction? Ships are not built in a day; and when ships are built, where are sailors to be found? But suppose that he can, at any future time, obtain both sailors and ships able to cope with us at sea, a long period must elapse before this can be accomplished; and, in the interval, is it not better to enjoy the contingent good of peace, than to experience the certain evils of war? If peace be only a breathing time, yet such a breathing time is necessary to nations oppressed with debt, enfeebled by exertion and exhausted with toil. Of a long series of calamity, every interruption in the chain must be esteemed a good; but who is to demonstrate that this breathing time of peace will be so short as the advocates for the continuance of the war suppose? Reasoning from the state of the continent, our own opinion is, that if this country will make peace with Buonaparte on terms of an equitable reciprocity of advantages, and in the genuine undisguised spirit of peace, such a peace will be more permanent than any which either we or our forefathers have experienced. But such a peace is a boon, which the present ministers have neither the will nor the ability to bestow. They have neither the spirit of peace, the spirit of justice, nor the spirit of charity and moderation. For these we should invoke the departed genius of Fox, if we had not known that he had bequeathed them as a parting legacy to his associates in office; to Grenville and Howick, to Holland, Petty, Spencer and Fitzwilliam. If his majesty be anxious to let his long reign, which has been so often clouded with the storm of war, close, with the sunshine of peace, let him recall these men to his councils, and they will conclude a peace which shall be honorable both to England and to France.

Whatever may be the warlike propensities of Buonaparte himself, the temper of the French people is evidently pacific; and we do not believe that Buonaparte will rashly provoke another war against the wishes and the interest of France. Public opinion in France may be said to count for nothing; but, though it may seem strangled in its birth, by the arbitrary restrictions which the tyranny of Buonaparte has imposed upon the press, yet he is still awed in some measure by the liberty of discussion which is left, and by that right of private judgment which he has not been able to subdue. But whatever may be the disposition of Buonaparte, the experiment of peace is at least worth trying; for much may be gained, and nothing can be lost by the attempt. But we must again inculcate, that, if we do make peace, it ought to be in the spirit of forbearance, kindness and conciliation; not in

that of rancour, bitterness and distrust. And let us not, after making peace with our enemy, talk of him as a ruffian with whom it is a disgrace not to be at war. Let us not, as we very unwisely did after the peace of Amiens, irritate by wanton and unprovoked abuse. And whatever may be the terms of the peace which we make, let us not observe them with *punic faith*, but with inviolable truth. Let us rather give up more than we ought, than not give up what we ought. Let us not imitate that shuffling policy which refused to resign one day what we had actually stipulated to relinquish the day before. Let us not with unblushing effrontery pretend that hostile armaments are going on in the ports of France, when those ports do not contain a single ship of war which is ready for sea. Yet in such circumstances, such was the declaration which was officially made in the House of Commons; and whether those who made it were on that occasion deceived themselves, or were attempting to deceive others, it is certain that a declaration more destitute of truth was never made.

In the late address of Buonaparte to his legislature we discover more pacific sentiments and a more conciliatory spirit than we had expected from the vindictive disposition of the man, from the unbending pride of the soldier, and the presumption which is inspired by unparalleled success. From the declaration of the French emperor to his legislature, which was evidently designed as a sort of pacific overture to England, we have little doubt but that we may make peace, *whenever we are in the mind*. The will only is wanting, or the execution would soon ensue. In the last negociation, Buonaparte had finally agreed to concede Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, and the French settlements in the East Indies. These were certainly advantageous terms; and these we have little doubt but that we might obtain again. When Buonaparte arrived at Berlin after having annihilated the Prussian army in the vicinity of Jena, he declared in one of his vapouring proclamations that he would not make peace with us till we had relinquished every possession which we had taken either from France or her allies. But this was only a burst of resentment produced by the irritation of the moment. For Buonaparte is highly characterised by a precipitate and choleric impetuosity; the domineering influence of which has been increased by the accidental circumstances of his situation, since he has been liberated from the necessity of all restraint upon his will, and his ears have been corrupted by the syren song of unceasing adulation. He is naturally a passionate man, and his passion must have vent, or it would soon destroy his sickly frame. But when the fit subsides, which it soon does, this



irascible Achilles is governed, like other sovereigns, by the cold calculations of interest and ambition.

When Buonaparte triumphed over the feeble resistance of the directory and concentrated in his own person the whole power of the state, his first endeavour was to restore the relations of peace between France and this country ; but unfortunately for us, and in direct opposition to the better counsels of Mr. Fox, this offer was rejected with disdain. Not contented with slighting the pacific proposal, Mr. Pitt indulged in a personal invective against the man. In the discussions of states as well as in the transactions of private life, personalities are always to be deprecated. They never can do good ; but the evil which they may do is beyond calculation. In private life a personal affront is seldom forgotten ; but in high stations it is never effaced from the recollection. It adheres to the memory and rankles in the heart. It is a mortal wound inflicted on the pride of the individual, and it festers as long as life remains. Had Mr. Pitt lived to discuss the terms of peace with Buonaparte, his angry invectives against the man would have cost the country not a little in settling the balance of the negociation.

To us it appears, that ever since his usurpation of the government, Buonaparte has been anxious to make peace with this country. We do not say from what motives this wish originated, but it evidently is his wish. He perhaps feels the conclusion of peace with this country necessary to the preservation of his popularity in France ; or, as Talleyrand said, like other men exhausted with toil he may sigh for repose. Even success may satiate, and the laurels which he has won may feel heavy on his brow.

In the interview which Lord Whitworth had with Buonaparte in the beginning of 1803, much light is thrown upon the real sentiments and character of the man. In that interview he seems, like a person off his guard, to have spoken without duplicity or reserve ; and we may clearly discern throughout the whole that his strongest desire was to continue at peace with this country. He intimated that, if our statesmen and their hired writers had not evinced such inveterate hostility to him, there was nothing which he would not have done to conciliate, that we should have had a participation of indemnities and of continental influence, and that there was nothing which he would have omitted to testify his friendship and to have afforded satisfaction.\* But

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\* See the state papers which were published on the breach of the treaty of Amiens.

The crooked, sinister and impotent policy of those who were then at the head of affairs, caused him to renew the war contrary both to the wishes of France and to the interests of England. We are far from saying that the peace of Amiens contained such advantageous terms as we ought to have demanded, and such as under a more able minister than Lord Sidmouth we might have obtained. But if Lord Sidmouth were weak enough to consent to such a treaty, he ought to have had honesty enough to observe it. Had he observed it this country would probably at this moment have been at peace with France; and who can say what five years of peace might have done to renovate the strength and to improve the resources of Great Britain? But had we employed this interval in increasing our naval force, in checking the lavish expenditure of public money, and correcting the enormous abuses, frauds, and peculations which prevail in every department of the state; and, above all, had we, according to the plan of the immortal Alfred,\* caused the whole population of the country possessing property and paying taxes to be instructed in the use of arms, and thus have organized a truly constitutional force capable of repelling every attack on whatever point it might be made, the breathing time of peace, instead of being limited to a year, might have been extended to a century. For on this we may depend, that France will never attempt to invade us while there is not even a distant probability of success; and what chance of success could remain, while we had such a powerful navy at sea, and while myriads of freemen lined our shores, trained to the use of arms, and resolved to a man to defend against every assailant, their property, their altars and their hearths? Buonaparte, however impetuous or frantic he may be, is, on the whole, too much governed by the calculations of prudence gratuitously to rush into destruction; or to risque his diadem on English ground. Our formidable means of counteracting invasion both by sea and land would have kept him quiescent; and in such circumstances, even though peace might not be his wish, war would certainly not be his choice. The rivalry of arms which has so long subsisted between England and France might thus be converted into a more beneficent competition for superiority in arts. Nor will we omit this opportunity of inculcating this important truth, that, notwithstanding the many ages of hostility which have unfortunately elapsed between France and England, England cannot trade with any country in the world to so much advantage as with France.

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\* See our account of Major Cartwright's *England's Egis* in the *Critical Review* of September 1806.

This arises partly from contiguity of situation, which would insure quick returns; and partly from the differences of produce, which Providence designed as a bond of amity between us. The industry of the two countries would act as a reciprocal stimulant to exertion. France would afford the best and richest market for the manufactures of Britain; and the inhabitants of Britain would derive no small accession to their enjoyments from the products and industry of France. Even the physical health of Englishmen, which is so materially injured by the impure and highly alcoholized wines of Portugal, would derive no small benefit from the more general use of the lighter and more genuine wines of France. But we shall not at present expatiate any farther on the policy of making peace with France, on the probability of the continuance, or on the certainty of the advantage. What we have said, however, will, we hope, serve to dispel some prejudices, to remove some objections, and to convince our fellow-countrymen that peace is the interest of Britain and the wish of France.

On our political situation considered in other points of view we shall make only a few remarks; and those remarks shall be brief. War is the great evil which we have to deplore, and peace the great good which we are anxious to obtain. Every thing else seems to be comparatively of little moment except as it affects the question of peace or of war. We were friends to the measures of the late ministry, and we viewed with peculiar satisfaction the reforms which they executed, and the greater and more important which they are said to have had in contemplation. We have since, to our infinite regret, beheld them displaced by men, who are greatly their inferiors both in wisdom and in virtue. These men call themselves the friends of the king, and principally because they are the enemies of the people. But let them beware how long they separate that interest of king and people which ought to be reciprocal. A king of England may be the greatest of earthly sovereigns as long as he endeavours to identify his prerogative with the liberty of his people. It is the liberty of the people, which imparts the brightest lustre to the jewels of the crown,—nor was the house of Hanover ever brought here to rule over a nation of slaves. If arbitrary power should ever flourish in England, it would soon be found that England could not flourish under arbitrary power. Her prosperity depends on the degree of liberty which she enjoys. The present ministry may be nominally friends to his present majesty, but their measures are such as might well characterise his most inveterate foes. For they are measures which, if his

majesty's patriotic virtues were less known, would certainly encourage a supposition, that there is something in royalty which opposes an insuperable bar to the correction of abuses, to the extension of civil and religious liberty, and to the general happiness of the empire. If we look at home we see these ministers artfully endeavouring to undo all the good which their predecessors did in their short but brilliant reign. We have seen them attempting to exchange limited service, which Mr. Windham's bill had introduced into the army, to service for life; we have beheld them secretly labouring to stifle the financial reform which was begun, and causing the reversion bill to be thrown out of the house of lords. In Ireland we behold them pursuing the old system of oppression; and aggravating instead of appeasing the public discontents in that unfortunate and ill-governed isle. We fear lest the catholics, goaded by insult, by treachery and disappointment, should be driven to despair. Is this the wish of the present ministers? If it be, their system is not improperly adapted to the accomplishment. Perhaps they want some pretext for a more rigorous coercion than they have hitherto had the courage to propose. Tyranny never fails to furnish pleas for its own atrocity. In South America, our ministers are pursuing a system of aggrandizement which will be found impolitic at any time, but worse than impolitic in this crisis of our fate. Could we conquer all South America, and obtain possession of Mexico and Peru, the patronage of government would be increased, and a few individuals enriched; but the country at large would only exhibit stronger symptoms of debility and distress.\* Spain and Portugal, which are two of the poorest countries in Europe, are living proofs that the wealth of nations consists more in the industry of their inhabitants than in mines of silver and of gold. In North America, the dispute which has originated in the unfortunate rencontre of the *Leander* and the *Chesapeake* has assumed a serious turn; and, though war is equally opposite to the interest both of America and of Great Britain, we fear that the irritation which seems to prevail in the councils of the former country, and the want of wisdom, conciliation and address which are seen in the cabinet of this, will prevent all amicable adjustment.

Of the late unprovoked attack on Denmark, of which, while we are writing this, we know not the result, our opinion is that it is equally impolitic and unjust. Much has

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\* Since this was written, that unauthorised attack on *Bathes Ayres* which was begun in injustice, has terminated in disgrace.

been said of the atrocious aggressions of France, of her unprincipled robberies and spoliations; but was any outrage which France ever perpetrated against the liberty and independance of other states more atrocious and unprincipled than this? Had Denmark been actually attacked by France and solicited our interposition, it would have been generous in us to have undertaken her defence. But when not a French soldier had set his foot on Danish ground, when France never even menaced such an attack, we equip a mighty armament in order to take violent possession of her capital, her arsenal, and her fleet. We know not on what ground the present ministers will justify this deed of treachery and injustice, but unless they have a stronger and better plea, than that which tyrants use, they merit the execration of the country. They have brought indelible disgrace on the English name; and have ratified those mischievous calumnies which have been propagated against us by the jealousy of France. In the proclamation of Lord Cathcart no other reason is assigned for this unprovoked attack on the Danes than what might be alleged for a similar aggression on any neutral power. The whole resolves itself into this, that because the neutrality of Denmark may be violated by France, we have thought it prudent to anticipate the attempt. Tyranny and ambition have hardly ever employed a more flimsy pretext for the aggressions of iniquity. If the possibilities of injury are to justify the perpetration of crimes, what crimes are there which may not be justified? But neither in policy, nor in morals, which are the most comprehensive policy, can we be justified in doing evil that good may come. The attack on Denmark is a certain evil, done for the sake of a contingent and very uncertain good. It is an evil, which, as far as it respects Denmark, will long be felt and cannot readily be repaired; and as far as it respects ourselves it is an indelible stigma on our justice and humanity. Even had the act itself been better planned and more ably executed, we should still have reprobated the injustice and atrocity. But in the present instance, the original perfidy of the act has been rendered more daring by the mode of execution. If it were necessary to capture the place, it should have been taken by a *coup de main*, without setting fire to the capital and destroying the property and the happiness of the peaceable inhabitants. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of the wickedness and incapacity of the present ministers; and we have no hesitation in saying that those who advised the measure have sacrificed the honour of the country, and merit the utmost severity of punishment.

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